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NEW ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

POETRY.

VOL. V.

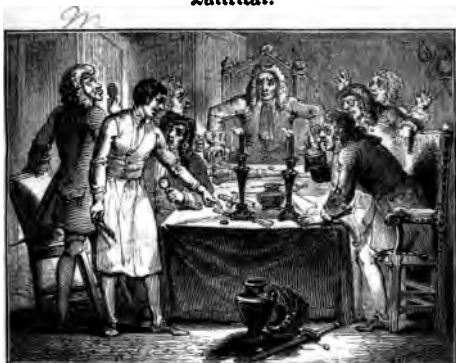
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ELEGANT EXTRACTS

FROM THE MOST EMINENT
BRITISH POETS.

PART IX.
Satirical.

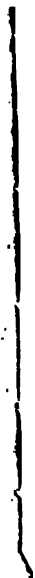


And is this group of learning
So short of sense and plain discerning,
That a mere halfpenny can be
To them a curiosity? p. 144 .

Chiswick :

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1824.



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NEW ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

A

UNIQUE SELECTION,

MORAL, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING,

FROM THE MOST EMINENT

British Poets, and Poetical Translators.

BY

R. A. DAVENPORT, ESQ.

EDITOR OF WHITTINGHAM'S EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

V.

SATIRICAL, LUDICROUS, AND SPORTIVE.

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ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

PART IX.

Satirical.

CHARACTER OF ACHITOPHEL.

SOME had in courts been great, and thrown from
thence,

Like fiends, were harden'd in impenitence :
Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
From pardon'd rebels kinsmen to the throne,
Were raised in power and public office high ;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages cursed ;
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit ;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place,
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace ;
A fiery soul which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity ; [high,
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went

He sought the storms ; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide ;
Else why should he, with wealth and honour
 bless'd,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest ?
Punish a body which he could not please ;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease ?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd, two legged thing, a son ;
Got while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like Anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate,
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.
To compass this the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke ;
Then seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name :
So easy still it proves, in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will !
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own !
Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge ;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes or hands more clean ;
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
Oh ! had he been content to serve the Crown
With virtues only proper to the gown ;

Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle that oppress'd the noble seed;
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And Heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame and lazy happiness,
Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now manifest of crimes contrived long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his prince;
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the Crown, and skulk'd behind the laws.

DRYDEN.

CHARACTER OF ZIMRI.

SOME of their chiefs were princes of the land:
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Bless'd madman! who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both (to show his judgment) in extremes;

So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was god or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert:
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late;
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laugh'd himself from court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

DRYDEN.

CHARACTER OF OG.

Now stop your noses, readers, all and some,
For here's a tun of midnight work to come,
Og from a treason tavern rolling home.
Round as a globe, and liquor'd every chink,
Goodly and great, he sails behind his link;
With all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og,
For every inch that is not fool is rogue:
A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
As all the devils had spew'd to make the batter.
When wine has given him courage to blaspheme,
He curses God; but God before cursed him:
And if man could have reason, none has more,
That made his paunch so rich and him so poor.
With wealth he was not trusted, for Heaven knew
What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew;
To what would he on quail and pheasant swell,
That e'en on tripe and carrion could rebel?

But though Heaven made him poor, with reverence
speaking,

He never was a poet of God's making ;
The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
With this prophetic blessing—' Be thou dull ;
Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk ; do any thing but write :
Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men ;
A strong nativity—but for the pen !

Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
Still thou mayst live, avoiding pen and ink.'

I see, I see 'tis counsel given in vain,
For treason botch'd in rhyme will be thy bane ;
Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck ;
'Tis fatal to thy fame, and to thy neck.

Why should thy metre good King David blast ?

A psalm of his will surely be thy last.

Darest thou presume in verse to meet thy foes,
Thou, whom the Penny Pamphlet foil'd in prose ?
Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
O'ertops thy talent in thy very trade :

Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,

A poet is, though he's the poet's horse.

A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull,

For writing treason, and for writing dull :

To die for faction is a common evil,

But to be hang'd for nonsense is the devil.

Hadst thou the glories of thy king express'd,

Thy praises had been satire at the best ;

But thou, in clumsy verse, unlick'd, unpointed,

Hast shamefully defied the Lord's anointed.

I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,

For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes ?

But of King David's foes be this the doom,
May all be like the young man Absalom;
And for my foes, may this their blessing be,
To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee.

DRYDEN.

MAC-FLECNOE.

1682.

ALL human things are subject to decay,
And, when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecnoe found, who, like Augustus, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long;
In prose and verse was own'd, without dispute,
Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And bless'd with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state;
And, pondering which of all his sons was fit
To reign and wage immortal war with Wit,
Cried—'Tis resolved; for Nature pleads that he
Should only rule who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years;
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity:
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;

Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
When fogs prevail upon the day.
His goodly fabric fills the eye,
Seems design'd for thoughtless majesty :
Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain,
Pread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Good and Shirley were but types of thee,
Last great prophet of Tautology.
O, a dunce of more renown than they,
Went before but to prepare thy way ;
Coarsely clad in Norwich drugget, came
To chide the nations in thy greater name.
Crumbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
To King John of Portugal I sung,
Was the prelude to that glorious day,
When on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
Well timed oars before the royal barge,
I with the pride of thy celestial charge ;
Sung with hymn, commander of a host,
Who was ne'er in Epsom blankets toss'd.
As I see the new Arion sail,
Thou still trembling underneath thy nail.
Well sharpen'd thumb from shore to shore
Whistles squeak for fear, the Basses roar :
From Pissing Alley Shadwell call,
Shadwell they resound from Aston Hall.
Thy boat the little fishes throng,
The morning toast that floats along.
Thou, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Yieldst thy papers in thy threshing hand.
Dance's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Than the feet of thy own Psyche's rhyme ;
As they in number as in sense excel ;
So like tautology, they fell,

That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore
The lute and sword which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more.'

Here stopp'd the good old sire, and wept for joy,
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade
That for anointed Dulness he was made.

Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind
(The fair Augusta much to fears inclined),
An ancient fabric, raised to' inform the sight,
There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight;
A watch tower once; but now, so Fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains:
From its old ruins brothel houses rise,
Scenes of lewd loves and of polluted joys,
Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets keep,
And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep*.
Near these a nursery erects its head,
Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred;
Where unfledged actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try†,
And little Maximins the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear;
But gentle Simkin just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds:
Pure clinches the suburban muse affords,
And Panton, waging harmless war with words.
Here Flecnoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiously design'd his Shadwell's throne:

* Parodies on these lines of Cowley, (Davideis, Book I.)
Where their vast courts the mother-waters keep,
And, undisturb'd by moons, in silence sleep.

† —————Where unfledged tempests lie,
And infant Winds their tender voices try.

For ancient Decker prophesied long since,
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit and flail of sense :
To whom true Dulness should some Psyches owe,
But worlds of misers from his pen should flow ;
Humourists and hypocrites it should produce,
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.

Now Empress Fame had publish'd the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.
Roused by report of fame, the nations meet,
From near Bunhill and distant Watling-street.
No Persian carpets spread the' imperial way,
But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay ;
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies, and relics of the bum.
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby, there lay,
But loads of Shadwell almost choked the way.
Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepared,
And Herringman was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd :
At his right hand our young Ascanius sate,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state :
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent Dulness play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swore by his sire a mortal foe to Rome ;
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he till death true Dulness would maintain ;
And, in his father's right and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.

In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He placed a mighty mug of potent ale;
Love's Kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway;
Whose righteous lore the prince had practised
young,

And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung.
His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head;
Just at the point of time, if Fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tiber's brook,
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took:
The' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The sire then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial Dulness: long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood:

'Heavens bless my son, from Ireland let him reign
To far Barbadoes on the western main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's Kingdom let him stretch his pen!'—
He paused, and all the people cried, 'Amen,'
Then thus continued he: 'My son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
Let virtuosos in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;

Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling charm the pit,
And in their folly show the writer's wit:
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
And justify their author's want of sense.
Let them be all by thy own model made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid,
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
All full of thee, and differing but in name:
But let no alien Sedley interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose:
And when false flowers of rhetoric thou wouldst
Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull; [cull,
But write thy best, and top; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine;
Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications fill.
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.
Let father Flecnoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part;
What share have we in nature or in art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand?
Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein,
Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain?
Where sold he bargains, Whip-stich, Kiss my arse,
Promised a play, and dwindled to a farce?
When did his muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
As thou whole Etherege dost transfuse to thine?
But so transfused as oil and waters flow,
His always floats above, thine sinks below.

This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humours to invent for each new play :
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which, one way, to dulness 'tis inclined :
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain belly make pretence
Of likeness ; thine's a tympany of sense ;
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep ;
Thy Tragic Muse gives smiles ; thy Comic, sleep.
With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
Thy inoffensive satires never bite.
In thy felonious heart though venom lies,
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.
Leave writing Plays, and choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in Acrostic land :
There thou mayst wings display, and altars raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways :
Or if thou wouldst thy different talents suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute.'

He said ; but his last words werescarcely heard ;
For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepared,
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
Sinking, he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind :
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

DRYDEN.

ON THE YOUNG STATESMEN.

1680.

CLARENDON had law and sense,
Clifford was fierce and brave;
Bennet's grave look was a pretence,
And Danby's matchless impudence
Help'd to support the knave.

But Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory,
These will appear such chits in story,
'Twill turn all politics to jests,
To be repeated like John Dory,
When fiddlers sing at feasts.

Protect us, mighty Providence!
What would these madmen have?
First they would bribe us without pence,
Deceive us without common sense,
And without power enslave.

Shall free-born men, in humble awe,
Submit to servile shame,
Who from consent and custom draw
The same right to be ruled by law,
Which kings pretend to reign?

The Duke shall wield his conquering sword,
The Chancellor make a speech,
The King shall pass his honest word,
The pawn'd revenue sums afford,
And then, Come kiss my breech.

So have I seen a king on chess
(His rooks and knights withdrawn,
His queen and bishops in distress)
Shifting about, grow less and less,
With here and there a pawn.

DRYDEN.

CHARACTER OF URIM.

URIM* was civil, and not void of sense,
Had humour and a courteous confidence;
So spruce he moves, so gracefully he cocks,
The hallow'd rose declares him orthodox;
He pass'd his easy hours, instead of prayer,
In madrigals, and Phillising the fair;
Constant at feasts, and each decorum knew,
And soon as the dessert appear'd, withdrew:
Always obliging, and without offence,
And fancied for his gay impertinence.
But see how ill mistaken parts succeed;
He threw off my dominion, and would read;
Engaged in controversy, wrangled well;
In convocation language could excel;
In volumes proved the church without defence,
By nothing guarded, but by Providence:
How grace and moderation disagree;
And violence advances charity:
Thus writ till none would read, becoming soon
A wretched scribbler of a rare buffoon.

GARTH.

* Dr. Atterbury, afterwards Bishop of Rochester.

**CHARACTERS OF QUERPO, CARUS,
AND UMBRA.**

To this design shrill Querpo * did agree,
A zealous member of the faculty ;
His sire's pretended pious steps he treads,
And where the doctor fails the saint succeeds.
A conventicle flesh'd his greener years,
And his full age the righteous rancour shares.
Thus boys hatch game eggs under birds of prey,
To make the fowl more furious for the fray.

Slow Carus † next discover'd his intent,
With painful pauses muttering what he meant.
His sparks of life, in spite of drugs, retreat,
So cold that only calentures can heat.
In his chill veins the sluggish puddle flows,
And loads with lazy fogs his sable brows.
Legions of lunatics about him press,
His province is, lost reason to redress.
So when perfumes their fragrant scent give o'er,
Nought can their odour, like a jakes, restore.
When for advice the vulgar throng, he's found
With lumber of vile books besieged around.
The gazing throng acknowledge their surprise,
And, deaf to reason, still consult their eyes.
Well he perceives the world will often find,
To catch the eye is to convince the mind.
Thus a weak state, by wise distrust inclines
To numerous stores, and strength in magazines :

* Dr. Howe.

† Dr. Tyson.

So fools are always most profuse of words,
 And cowards never fail of longest swords.
 Abandon'd authors here a refuge meet,
 And from the world, to dust and worms retreat.
 Here dregs and sediment of auctions reign,
 Refuse of fairs, and gleanings of Duck Lane:
 And up these walls much Gothic lumber climbs,
 With Swiss philosophy, and Runic rhymes.
 Hither, retrived from cooks and grocers, come
 Mede's works entire, and endless reams of Brome.
 Where would the long-neglected Collins fly,
 If bounteous Carus should refuse to buy?
 But each vile scribbler's happy on this score;
 He'll find some Carus still to read him o'er.

Nor must we the obsequious Umbra * spare,
 Who soft by nature, yet declared for war.
 But when some rival power invades a right,
 Flies set on flies, and turtles turtles fight.
 Else courteous Umbra to the last had been
 Demurely meek, insipidly serene.
 With him † the present still some virtues have,
 The vain are sprightly, and the stupid grave;
 The slothful, negligent; the foppish, neat;
 The lewd are airy; and the sly discreet.
 A wren's an eagle, a baboon a beau;
 Colt ‡ a Lycurgus, and a Phocion, Rowe §.

GARTH.

* Dr. Gould.

† See the Imitation, Hor. Sat 3.

‡ Sir H. Dutton Colt.

§ Mr. Anthony Rowe.

THERSITES ; OR, THE LORDLING ;

THE GRANDSON OF A BRICKLAYER—GREAT GRAND-
SON OF A BUTCHER.

THERSITES, of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mongrel seed,
By the dam from lordlings sprung,
By the sire exhaled from dung :
Think on every vice in both ;
Look on him, and see the growth.

View him on the mother's side,
Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride,
Positive and overbearing,
Changing still, and still adhering,
Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward :
When his friends he most is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon ;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever dearest friendship swearing ;
Judgment weak and passion strong,
Always various, always wrong ;
Provocation never waits
Where he loves or where he hates ;
Talks whate'er comes in his head,
Wishes it were all unsaid.

Let me now the vices trace
From his father's scoundrel race.
Who could give the looby such airs ?
Were they masons ? Were they butchers ?

Herald, lend the Muse an answer,
From his atavus and grandsire ;
This was dexterous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well :
Hence the greasy clumsy mien,
In his dress and figure seen ;
Hence that mean and sordid soul,
Like his body rank and foul ;
Hence that wild suspicious peep,
Like a rogue that steals a sheep ;
Hence he learn'd the butcher's guile,
How to cut a throat and smile ;
Like a butcher doom'd for life
In his mouth to wear his knife ?
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenants' vital blood.

Lastly, let his gifts be tried,
Borrow'd from the mason side.
Some perhaps may think him able
In the state to build a Babel,
Could we place him in a station
To destroy the old foundation ;
True indeed I should be gladder,
Could he learn to mount a ladder :
May he, at his latter end,
Mount alive and dead descend.
In him tell me which prevail,
Female vices most or male ?
What produced them, can you tell ?
Human race, or imp of hell?—

TICKEI

VERSES,

TO BE PLACED UNDER THE PICTURE OF SIR RICHARD
BLACKMORE, ENGLAND'S ARCHPOET:

CONTAINING A COMPLETE CATALOGUE OF HIS WORKS.

SEE who ne'er was, nor will be half read;
Who first sang Arthur*, then sang Alfred†;
Praised great Eliza‡ in God's anger,
Till all true Englishmen cried, 'Hang her!'
Made William's virtues wipe the bare a—
And hang'd up Marlborough in arras§;
Then hiss'd from earth, grew heavenly quite;
Made every reader curse the light||;
Maul'd human wit in one thick satire¶,
Next, in three books, spoil'd human nature**,
Undid creation†† at a jirk,
And of redemption‡‡ made damn'd work.
Then took his Muse at once and dipp'd her
Full in the middle of the Scripture.
What wonders there the man grown old did!
Sternhold himself he out-Sternholded:

* Two heroic poems, in folio, twenty books.

† Heroic poem, in twelve books.

‡ Heroic poem, in folio, ten books.

§ Instructions to Vanderbank, a tapestry weaver.

|| Hymn to the light.

¶ Satire against wit.

** Of the nature of man.

†† Creation, a poem, seven books.

‡‡ The Redeemer, another heroic poem, six books.

Made David * seem so mad and freakish,
 All thought him just what thought King Achish.
 No mortal read his Solomon†,
 But judged Re'boam his own son.
 Moses he served as Moses Pharaoh,
 And Deborah, as she Sisera‡:
 Made Jeremy§ full sore to cry,
 And Job|| himself curse God and die.

What punishment all this must follow?
 Shall Arthur use him like King Tollo?
 Shall David as Uriah slay him?
 Or dexterous Deborah Sisera-him?
 Or shall Eliza lay a plot,
 To treat him like her sister Scot?
 Shall William dub his better end¶,
 Or Marlborough serve him like a friend?
 No!—none of these?—Heaven spare his life!
 But send him, honest Job! thy wife.

GAY.

AN ELEGY.

TO AN OLD BEAUTY.

IN vain, poor nymph, to please our youthful sight,
 You sleep in cream and frontlets all the night,
 Your face with patches soil, with paint repair,
 Dress with gay gowns, and shade with foreign hair:

* Translation of all the Psalms.

† Canticles and Ecclesiastes.

‡ Paraphrase of the Canticles of Moses and Deborah, &c.

§ The Lamentations.

|| The whole book of Job, a poem, in folio.

¶ Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the shoulder.

If truth, in spite of manners, must be told,
Why, really, fifty-five is something old. •{long

Once you were young; or one, whose life's so
She might have borne my mother, tells me wrong:
And once, since Envy's dead before you die,
The women own you play'd a sparkling eye,
Taught the light foot a modish little trip,
And pouted with the prettiest purple lip.—

To some new charmer are the roses fled,
Which blew, to damask all thy cheek with red;
Youth calls the Graces there to fix their reign,
And airs by thousands fill their easy train.
So parting summer bids her flowery prime
Attend the sun to dress some foreign clime,
While withering seasons in succession, here,
Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year.

But thou, since Nature bids, the world resign;
'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to shine;
With more address, or such as pleases more,
She runs her female exercises o'er,
Unfurls or closes, raps or turns the fan,
And smiles, or blushes, at the creature—man.
With quicker life, as gilded coaches pass,
In sideling courtesy she drops the glass,
With better strength, on visit days she bears
To mount her fifty flights of ample stairs.
Her mien, her shape, her temper, eyes, and tongue
Are sure to conquer—for the rogue is young:
And all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,
We call it only pretty Fanny's way.

Let time that makes you homely make you sage,
The sphere of wisdom is the sphere of age.
'Tis true, when beauty dawns with early fire,
And hears the flattering tongues of soft desire,

If not from virtue, from its gravest ways
The soul with pleasing avocation strays:
But beauty gone, 'tis easier to be wise;
As harpers better by the loss of eyes.

Henceforth retire, reduce your roving airs,
Haunt less the plays, and more the public prayers,
Reject the Mechlin head and gold brocade,
Go pray, in sober Norwich crape array'd.
Thy pendent diamonds let thy Fanny take
(Their trembling lustre shows how much you
shake),

Or bid her wear thy necklace, row'd with pearl,
You'll find your Fanny an obedient girl.
So for the rest, with less incumbrance hung,
You walk through life, unmingled with the young;
And view the shade and substance as you pass,
With joint endeavour trifling at the glass;
Or Folly dress'd, and rambling all her days,
To meet her counterpart, and grow by praise:
Yet still sedate yourself, and gravely plain,
You neither fret nor envy at the vain.

'Twas thus, if man with woman we compare,
The wise Athenian cross'd a glittering fair;
Unmoved by tongues and sights, he walk'd the
place, [lace;
Through tape, toys, tinsel, gimp, perfume, and
Then bends from Mars's hill his awful eyes,
And 'What a world I never want!' he cries;
But cries unheard: for folly will be free,
So parts the buzzing gaudy crowd and he:
As careless he for them, as they for him;
He wrapp'd in wisdom, and they whirl'd by whim.

PARNELL.

TO A LADY,

WHO DESIRED THE AUTHOR TO WRITE SOME VERSES
UPON HER, IN THE HEROIC STYLE.

WRITTEN AT LONDON, 1726.

‘ AFTER venting all my spite,
Tell me what I have to write?
Every error I could find
Through the mazes of your mind,
Have my busy Muse employ’d,
Till the company was cloy’d.
Are you positive and fretful,
Heedless, ignorant, forgetful?
These, and twenty follies more,
I have often told before.’

Hearken what my lady says;
‘ Have I nothing then to praise?
Ill it fits you to be witty,
Where a fault should move your pity.
If you think me too conceited,
Or to passion quickly heated;
If my wandering head be less
Set on reading than on dress;
If I always seem so dull t’ye,
I can solve the diffi—culty.

‘ You would teach me to be wise,
Truth and honour how to prize;
How to shine in conversation,
And with credit fill my station;
How to relish notions high;
How to live, and how to die.

‘ But it was decreed by Fate,
Mr. Dean, you come too late;
Well I know you can discern
I am now too old to learn;
Follies, from my youth instill’d,
Have my soul entirely fill’d;
In my head and heart they centre,
Nor will let your lessons enter.

‘ Bred a fondling and an heiress,
Dress’d like any lady-mayoreess;
Cocker’d by the servants round,
Was too good to touch the ground!
Thought the life of every lady
Should be one continued playday,
Balls, and masquerades, and shows,
Visits, plays, and powder’d beaux.

‘ Thus you have my case at large,
And may now perform your charge.
Those materials I have furnish’d,
When by you refined and burnish’d,
Must, that all the world may know ’em,
Be reduced into a poem.

But, I beg, suspend awhile
That same paltry burlesque style;
Drop for once your constant rule,
Turning all to ridicule;
Teaching others how to ape ye,
Court nor Parliament can scape ye;
Treat the public and your friends
Both alike, while neither mends.

‘ Sing my praise in strains sublime;
Treat not me with doggrel rhyme.
’Tis but just you should produce,
With each fault, each fault’s excuse;

Not to publish every trifle,
And my few perfections stifle.
With some gifts at least endow me,
Which my very foes allow me.
Am I spiteful, proud, unjust?
Did I ever break my trust?
Which of all your modern dames
Censures less, or less defames?
In good manners am I faulty?
Can you call me rude or haughty?
Did I e'er my mite withhold
From the impotent and old?
When did ever I omit
Due regard for men of wit?
When have I esteem express'd
For a coxcomb gaily dress'd?
Do I, like the female tribe,
Think it wit to flee and gibe?
Who, with less designing ends,
Kindlier entertains their friends;
With good words and countenance sprightly
Strive to treat them all politely?
'Think not cards my chief diversion;
'Tis a wrong unjust aspersion:
Never knew I any good in 'em,
But to doze my head like laudanum.
We by play, as men by drinking,
Pass our nights to drive out thinking.
From my ailments give me leisure,
I shall read and think with pleasure;
Conversation learn to relish,
And with books my mind embellish.
Now, methinks, I hear you cry,
Mr. Dean, you must reply.'

‘ Madam, I allow ’tis true ;
All these praises are your due.
You, like some acute philosopher,
Every fault have drawn a gloss over,
Placing in the strongest light
All your virtues to my sight.

‘ Though you lead a blameless life,
Live an humble, prudent wife ;
Answer all domestic ends,
What is this to us, your friends ?
Though your children by a nod
Stand in awe without the rod ;
Though, by your obliging sway,
Servants love you, and obey ;
Though you treat us with a smile,
Clear your looks, and smooth your style,
Load our plates from every dish,
This is not the thing we wish :
Colonel —— may be your debtor ;
We expect employment better.
You must learn, if you would gain us,
With good sense to entertain us.

‘ Scholars, when good sense describing,
Call it tasting and imbibing ;
Metaphoric meat and drink
Is to understand and think :
We may carve for others thus,
And let others carve for us :
To discourse, and to attend,
Is to help yourself and friend.
Conversation is but carving ;
Carve for all, yourself is starving :
Give no more to every guest
Than he’s able to digest ;

Give him always of the prime,
 And but little at a time.
 Carve for all but just enough,
 Let them neither starve nor stuff;
 And, that you may have your due,
 Let your neighbours carve for you.
 This comparison will hold,
 Could it well in rhyme be told,
 How conversing, listening, thinking,
 Justly may resemble drinking;
 For a friend a glass you fill,
 What is this but to instil?

‘ To conclude this long essay :

Pardon if I disobey,
 Nor, against my natural vein,
 Treat you in heroic strain.
 I, as all the parish knows,
 Hardly can be grave in prose :
 Still to lash, and lashing smile,
 Ill befits a lofty style.
 From the planet of my birth
 I encounter vice with mirth.
 Wicked ministers of state
 I can easier scorn than hate ;
 And I find it answers right :
 Scorn torments them more than spite.
 All the vices of a court
 Do but serve to make me sport.
 Were I in some foreign realm,
 Which all vices overwhelm,

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

‘ When my Muse officious ventures
On the nation’s representers,
Teaching by what golden rules
Into knaves they turn their fools;
How the helm is ruled by Walpole,
At whose oars, like slaves, they all pull;
Let the vessel split on shelves,
With the freight enrich themselves;
Safe within my little wherry,
All their madness makes me merry:
Like the watermen on Thames,
I row by, and call them names;
Like the ever laughing sage,
In a jest I spend my rage,
(Though it must be understood,
I would hang them, if I could.)
If I can but fill my nitch,
I attempt no higher pitch;
Leave to D’Anvers and his mate
Maxims wise to rule the state;
Pulteney deep, accomplished St. Johns,
Scourge the villains with a vengeance:
Let me, though the smell be noisome,
Strip their bums, let Caleb* hoise ’em,
Then apply Alecto’s whip,
Till they wriggle, howl, and skip.’

‘ Deuce is in you, Mr. Dean;
What can all this passion mean!
Mention courts, you’ll ne’er be quiet,
On corruptions running riot.

* Caleb D’Anvers, the famous writer of the paper called *The Craftsman*. These papers were supposed to be written by Lord Bolingbroke and Pulteney Earl of Bath.

End as it befits your station;
Come to use and application;
Nor with senates keep a fuss.
I submit, and answer thus:

‘ If the machinations brewing,
To complete the public ruin,
Never once could have the power
To affect me half an hour;
Sooner would I write in buskins
Mournful elegies on Blueskins*;
If I laugh at Whig and Tory,
I conclude, *à fortiori*,
All your eloquence will scarce
Drive me from my favourite farce.
This I must insist on: for, as
It is well observed by Horace†,
Ridicule has greater power
To reform the world, than sour.
Horses thus, let jockeys judge else,
Switches better guide than cudgels:
Bastings heavy, dry, obtuse
Only dulness can produce,
While a little gentle jerking
Sets the spirits all a working.

‘ Thus, I find it by experiment,
Scolding moves you less than merriment.
I may storm and rage in vain,
It but stupifies your brain;
But with raillery to nettle,
Sets your thoughts upon their mettle;

* A famous thief who was hanged some years since.

† ‘ *Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius,*’ &c.

Gives imagination scope ;
Never lets your mind elope ;
Drives out brangling and contention,
Brings in reason and invention.
For your sake, as well as mine,
I the lofty style decline.

‘ I, who love to have a fling
Both at senate-house and king,
That they might some better way tread
To avoid the public hatred,
Thought no method more commodious
Than to show their vices odious ;
Which I chose to make appear,
Not by anger, but a sneer ;
As my method of reforming
Is by laughing, not by storming ;
(For my friends have always thought
Tenderness my greatest fault.)
Would you have me change my style,
On your faults no longer smile,
But, to patch up all your quarrels,
Quote you texts from Plutarch’s Morals,
Or from Solomon produce
Maxims teaching wisdom’s use ?

‘ If I treat you like a crown’d head,
You have cheap enough compounded.
Can you put in higher claims
Than the owners of St. James ?
You are not so great a grievance
As the hirelings of St. Stephen’s ;
You are of a lower class
Than my friend Sir Robert Brass.
None of these have mercy found :
I have laugh’d, and lash’d them round.

‘ Have you seen a rocket fly?
You would swear it pierced the sky ;
It but reach’d the middle air,
Bursting into pieces there ;
Thousand sparkles, falling down,
Light on many a coxcomb’s crown :
See what mirth the sport creates ;
Singes hair, but breaks not pates.
Thus, should I attempt to climb,
Treat you in a style sublime,
Such a rocket is my Muse ;
Should I lofty numbers choose,
Ere I reach’d Parnassus’ top,
I should burst, and bursting drop :
All my fire would fall in scraps,
Give your head some gentle raps,
Only make it smart a while ;
Then could I forbear to smile,
When I found the tingling pain
Entering warm your frigid brain ;
Make you able upon sight
To decide of wrong or right ;
Talk with sense whate’er you please on,
Learn to relish truth and reason ?
‘ Thus we both should gain our prize,
I to laugh, and you grow wise.’

SWIFT.

TO DR. DELANY,
ON THE LIBELS WRITTEN AGAINST HIM.
1729.

—Tanti tibi non sit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi. Juv.

As some raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirst of honour led,
When at a skirmish first he hears
The bullets whistling round his ears,
Will duck his head aside, will start,
And feel a trembling at his heart,
Till scaping oft without a wound
Lessens the terror of the sound;
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon's chops:
An author thus, who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and shame:
When first in print you see him dread
Each popgun level'd at his head:
The lead yon critic's quill contains
Is destined to beat out his brains:
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, Lord, have mercy on his soul!
Concluding that another shot
Will strike him dead upon the spot:
But when with squibbing, flashing, popping,
He cannot see one creature dropping,
That missing fire, or missing aim,
His life is safe, I mean his fame,

The danger pass'd, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critic in the face.

Though splendour gives the fairest mark
To poison'd arrows from the dark,
Yet in yourself when smooth and round *,
They glance aside without a wound.

'Tis said the gods tried all their art
How Pain they might from Pleasure part;
But little could their strength avail;
Both still are fasten'd by the tail:
Thus Fame and Censure with a tether
By Fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In wit before the common herd,
And yet grow mortified and vex'd
To pay the penalty annex'd?
'Tis eminence makes envy rise,
As fairest fruits attract the flies.
Should stupid libels grieve your mind,
You soon a remedy may find;
Lie down obscure, like other folks,
Below the lash of snarlers' jokes:
Their faction is five hundred odds,
For every coxcomb lends them rods,
And sneers as learnedly as they,
Like females o'er their morning tea.

You say the Muse will not contain,
And write you must, or break a vein.
Then if you find the terms too hard,
No longer my advice regard,
But raise your fancy on the wing;
The Irish senate's praises sing;

* In seipso totus teres atque rotundus.

How jealous of the nation's freedom!
And for corruptions, how they weed 'em!
How each the public good pursues,
How far their hearts from private views!
Make all true patriots, up to shoe-boys,
Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys*.
Thus grown a member of the club,
No longer dread the rage of Grub.

How oft am I for rhyme to seek!
To dress a thought I toil a week;
And then how thankful to the town,
If all my pains will earn a crown!
Whilst every critic can devour
My work and me in half an hour.
Would men of genius cease to write,
The rogues must die for want and spite;
Must die for want of food and raiment,
If scandal did not find them payment.
How cheerfully the hawkers cry
A Satire! and the gentry buy;
While my hard labour'd poem pines
Unsold upon the printer's lines.

A genius in the reverend gown
Must ever keep its owner down;
'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
And spoils the credit of the function.
Round all your brethren cast your eyes;
Point out the surest men to rise;
That club of candidates in black,
The least deserving of the pack,
Aspiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
With grace and learning unendowed,

* The Irish parliament sat at the Blue-boy's Hospital while the new parliament-house was building.

Can turn their hands to every job,
 The fittest tools to work for Bob* :
 Will sooner coin a thousand lies
 Than suffer men of parts to rise ;
 They crowd about Preferment's gate,
 And press you down with all their weight ;
 For as of old mathematicians
 Were by the vulgar thought magicians,
 So academic dull ale-drinkers
 Pronounce all men of wit Freethinkers.

Wit, as the chief of Virtue's friends,
 Disdains to serve ignoble ends ;
 Observe what loads of stupid rhymes
 Oppress us in corrupted times ;
 What pamphlets in a court's defence
 Show reason, grammar, truth, or sense ?
 For though the Muse delights in fiction,
 She ne'er inspires against conviction.
 Then keep your virtue still unmix'd,
 And let not faction come betwixt ;
 By party-steps no grandeur climb at,
 Though it would make you England's primate :
 First learn the science to be dull,
 You then may soon your conscience lull ;
 If not, however seated high, -
 Your genius in your face will fly.

When Jove was from his teeming head
 Of Wit's fair goddess brought to bed,
 There follow'd at his lying-in,
 For afterbirth, a sooterkin,
 Which, as the nurse pursued to kill,
 Attain'd by flight the Muses' hill,

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.

There in the soil began to root,
And litter'd at Parnassus' foot.
From hence the critic-vermin sprung,
With harpy claws and poisonous tongue,
Who fatten on poetic scraps,
Too cunning to be caught in traps.
Dame Nature, as the learned show,
Provides each animal its foe ;
Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
Devours your geese, the wolf your flocks :
Thus Envy pleads a natural claim
To persecute the Muses' fame,
On poets in all times abusive,
From Homer down to Pope inclusive.

Yet what avails it to complain?
You try to take revenge in vain.
A rat your utmost rage defies,
That safe behind the wainscot lies.
Say, did you ever know by sight
In cheese an individual mite ?
Show me the same numeric flea
That bit your neck but yesterday ;
You then may boldly go in quest
To find the Grub-street poets' nest ;
What spunging-house, in dread of jail,
Receives them while they wait for bail ;
What alley are they nestled in,
To flourish o'er a cup of gin ;
Find the last garret where they lay,
Or cellar where they starve to-day,
Suppose you had them all trepann'd,
With each a libel in his hand,
What punishment would you inflict !
Or call them rogues, or get them kick'd ?

These they have often tried before ;
 You but oblige them so much more :
 Themselves would be the first to tell,
 To make their trash the better sell.

You have been libel'd——Let us know
 What fool officious told you so ?
 Will you regard the hawker's cries,
 Who in his titles always lies ?
 Whate'er the noisy scoundrel says,
 It might be something in your praise ;
 And praise bestow'd in Grub-street rhymes
 Would vex one more a thousand times.
 Till critics blame, and judges praise,
 The poet cannot claim his bays.
 On me when dunces are satiric,
 I take it for a panegyric.
 Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
 Be that my motto, and my fate.

SWIFT.

DIRECTIONS

FOR MAKING A BIRTHDAY SONG.

1729.

To form a just and finish'd piece,
 Take twenty gods of Rome or Greece,
 Whose godships are in chief request,
 And fit your present subject best ;
 And should it be your hero's case
 To have both male and female race,
 Your business must be to provide
 A score of goddesses beside.

Some call their monarchs-sons of Saturn,
 For which they bring a modern pattern,

Because they might have heard of one
Who often long'd to eat his son ;
But this, I think, will not go down,
For here the father kept his crown.

Why, then, appoint him son of Jove,
Who met his mother in a grove.
To this we freely shall consent,
Well knowing what the poets meant,
And in their sense, 'twixt me and you,
It may be literally true.

Next, as the laws of verse require,
He must be greater than his sire,
For Jove, as every schoolboy knows,
Was able Saturn to depose :
And sure no Christian poet breathing
Would be more scrupulous than a heathen ;
Or if to blasphemy it tends,
That's but a trifle among friends.

Your hero now another Mars is,
Makes mighty armies turn their a—s ;
Behold his glittering falchion mow
Whole squadrons at a single blow,
While Victory, with wings outspread,
Flies like an eagle o'er his head.
His milkwhite steed upon its haunches,
Or pawing into dead men's paunches,
As Overton has drawn his sire,
Still seen o'er many an alehouse fire.
Then from his arm hoarse thunder rolls,
As loud as fifty mustard bowls ;
For thunder still his arm supplies,
And lightning always in his eyes ;
They both are cheap enough in conscience,
And serve to echo rattling nonsense :

The rumbling words march fierce along,
Made trebly dreadful in your song.

Sweet poet! hired for birthday rhymes,
To sing of wars choose peaceful times.
What though, for fifteen years and more,
Janus hath lock'd his temple-door;
Though not a coffee-house we read in
Hath mention'd arms on this side Sweden,
Nor London journals, nor the postmen,
Though fond of warlike lies as most men;
Thou still with battles stuff thy head full,
For must thy hero not be dreadful?

Dismissing Mars, it next must follow
Your conqueror is become Apollo;
That he's Apollo is as plain as
That Robin Walpole is Mæcenas:
But that he struts, and that he squints,
You'd know him by Apollo's prints.
Old Phœbus is but half as bright,
For yours can shine both day and night.
The first, perhaps, may once an age
Inspire you with poetic rage;
Your Phœbus Royal every day
Not only can inspire, but pay.

Then make this new Apollo sit
Sole patron, judge, and god of wit.
'How from his altitude he stoops
To raise up Virtue when she droops!
On Learning how his bounty flows,
And with what justice he bestows!
Fair Isis! and ye banks of Cam!
Be witness if I tell a fiam.
What prodigies in arts we drain,
From both your streams in George's reign,

As from the flowery bed of Nile;—
But here's enough to show your style.
Broad inuendos, such as this,
If well applied, can hardly miss;
For when you bring your song in print,
He'll get it read, and take the hint
(It must be read before 'tis warbled,
The paper gilt, and cover marbled),
And will be so much more your debtor,
Because he never knew a letter;
And as he hears his wit and sense
(To which he never made pretence),
Set out in hyperbolic strains,
A guinea shall reward your pains;
For patrons never pay so well
As when they scarce have learn'd to spell.

Next call him Neptune: with his trident
He rules the sea; you see him ride in't:
And if provoked, he soundly firks his
Rebellious waves with rods, like Xerxes.
He would have seized the Spanish plate,
Had not the fleet gone out too late;
And in their very ports besiege them,
But that he would not disoblige them;
And made the rascals pay him dearly
For those affronts they give him yearly.

'Tis not denied that, when we write,
Our ink is black, our paper white,
And when we scrawl our paper o'er,
We blacken what was white before:
I think this practice only fit
For dealers in satiric wit.
But you some white lead ink must get,
And write on paper black as jet;

Your interest lies to learn the knack
Of whitening what before was black.

Thus your encomium, to be strong,
Must be applied directly wrong :

A tyrant for his mercy praise,
And crown a royal dunce with bays;
A squinting monkey load with charms,
And paint a coward fierce in arms.

Is he to avarice inclined ?

Extol him for his generous mind :

And when we starve for want of corn,
Come out with Amalthea's horn.

For all experience this evinces

The only art of pleasing princes ;

For princes love you should descant

On virtues which they know they want.

One compliment I had forgot,

But songsters must omit it not ;

I freely grant the thought is old :

Why then your hero must be told

In him such virtues lie inherent,

To qualify him God's vicegerent,

That, with no title to inherit,

He must have been a king by merit :

Yet be the fancy old or new,

'Tis partly false and partly true ;

And, take it right, it means no more

Than George and William claim'd before.

Should some obscure inferior fellow,

Like Julius or the youth of Pella,

When all your list of gods is out,

Presume to show his mortal snout,

And as a deity intrude,

Because he had the world subdued,

Oh! let him not debase your thoughts,
Or name him but to show his faults.

Of gods I only quote the best,
But you may hook in all the rest.

Now, Birthday bard! with joy proceed
To praise your empress and her breed.
First, of the first, to vouch your lies,
Bring all the females of the skies;
The Graces, and their mistress Venus,
Must venture down to entertain us:
With bended knees, when they adore her,
What dowdies they appear before her!
Nor shall we think you talk at random,
For Venus might be her great grandam;
Six thousand years has lived the goddess,
Your heroine hardly fifty odd is.

Besides your songsters oft have shown
That she hath Graces of her own;
Three Graces, by Lucina brought her,
Just three, and every Grace a daughter.
Here many a king his heart and crown
Shall at their snowy feet lay down;
In royal robes they come by dozens
To court their English-German cousins,
Besides a pair of princely babies,
That five years hence will both be Hebes.

Now see her seated in her throne
With genuine lustre all her own:
Poor Cynthia never shone so bright,
Her splendour is but borrow'd light,
And only with her brother link'd
Can shine, without him is extinct;
But Carolina shines the clearer
With neither spouse nor brother near her,

And darts her beams o'er both our isles,
Though George is gone a thousand miles.
Thus Berecynthia takes her place,
Attended by her heavenly race,
And sees a son in every god,
Unawed by Jove's all-shaking nod.

Now sing his little highness Freddy,
Who struts like any king already:
With so much beauty, show me any maid
That could resist this charming Ganymede,
Where majesty with sweetness vies,
And, like his father, early wise.
Then cut him out a world of work,
To conquer Spain, and quell the Turk;
Foretell his empire crown'd with bays,
And golden times, and halcyon days;
And swear his line shall rule the nation
For ever—till the conflagration.

But now it comes into my mind
We left a little duke behind,
A Cupid in his face and size,
And only wants to want his eyes.
Make some provision for the younker,
Find him a kingdom out to conquer;
Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,
Make Gulliver his Commodore,
Into whose pocket valiant Willy put,
Will soon subdue the realm of Liliiput.

A skilful critic justly blames
Hard, tough, crank, guttural, harsh, stiff names:
The sense can ne'er be too jejune,
But smooth your words to fit the tune.
Hanover may do well enough,
But George and Brunswick are too rough:

Hesse-Darmstadt makes a rugged sound,
And Guelp the strongest ear will wound.
In vain are all attempts from Germany
To find out proper names for harmony :
And yet I must except the Rhine,
Because it clinks to Caroline.
Hail! Queen of Britain! Queen of Rhymes !
Be sung ten hundred thousand times !
Too happy were the poets' crew,
If their own happiness they knew.
Three syllables did never meet
So soft, so sliding, and so sweet ;
Nine other tuneful words like that
Would prove even Homer's numbers flat.
Behold three beauteous vowels stand,
With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand,
In concord here for ever fix'd,
No jarring consonant betwixt.

May Caroline continue long,
For ever fair and young!—in song.
What though the royal carcass must,
Squeezed in a coffin, turn to dust ;
Those elements her name compose,
Like atoms, are exempt from blows.

Though Caroline may fill your gaps,
Yet still you must consult your maps ;
Find rivers with harmonious names,
Sabrina, Medway, and the Thames.
Britannia long will wear like steel,
But Albion's cliffs are out at heel,
And patience can endure no more
To hear the Belgic Lion roar.
Give up the phrase of haughty Gaul,
But proud Iberia soundly maul ;

Restore the ships by Philip taken,
And make him crouch to save his bacon.
Nassau, who got the name of glorious,
Because he never was victorious,
A hanger-on has always been ;
For old acquaintance bring him in.

To Walpole you might lend a line,
But much I fear he's in decline ;
And if you chance to come too late,
When he goes out, you share his fate,
And bear the new successor's frown ;
Or whom you once sang up sing down.

Reject with scorn that stupid notion,
To praise your hero for devotion ;
Nor entertain a thought so odd,
That princes should believe in God ;
But follow the securest rule,
And turn it all to ridicule :
'Tis grown the choicest wit at court,
And gives the maids of honour sport ;
For since they talk'd with Doctor Clarke,
They now can venture in the dark :
That sound divine the truth hath spoke all,
And pawn'd his word, hell is not local.
This will not give them half the trouble
Of bargains sold, or meanings double.

Supposing now your song is done,
To Mynheer Handel next you run,
Who artfully will pare and prune
Your words to some Italian tune ;
Then print it in the largest letter,
With capitals, the more the better ;
Present it boldly on your knee,
And take a guinea for your fee.

SWIFT.

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT,

**OCCASIONED BY READING THE FOLLOWING
MAXIM IN ROCHEFOUCAULT.**

*Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours
quelque chose qui ne nous déplait pas.*

‘ In the adversity of our best friends we always find something
that doth not displease us.’

NOV. 1731.

As Rochefoucault his Maxims drew
From Nature, I believe them true ;
They argue no corrupted mind
In him ; the fault is in mankind.
‘ This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast,
‘ In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends,
While Nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us.’

If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals raised above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low ?
I love my friend as well as you,
But why should he obstruct my view ?
Then let me have the higher post,
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One whom you love of all mankind

Had some heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won,
Rather than thus be overtopp'd,
Would you not wish his laurels cropp'd?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without;
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!

What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he?
But rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell?

Her end when Emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings, and hisses.
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.

Vain humankind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and station,
'Tis all on me an usurpation.
I have no title to aspire,
Yet when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line
But, with a sigh, I wish it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six,
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, 'Pox take him and his wit!'
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,

Which I was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and show'd its use.
St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had some repute for prose,
And till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside,
If with such talents Heaven hath bless'd them
Have I not reason to detest them?

To all my foes, dear Fortune! send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend;
I tamely can endure the first,
But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends;
And though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
' See how the Dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman! he droops apace;
You plainly find it in his face:
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays,
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind,
Forgets the place where last he dined,
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.

How does he fancy we can sit
 To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
 But he takes up with younger folks,
 Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
 Faith, he must make his stories shorter,
 Or change his comrades once a quarter:
 In half the time he talks them round;
 There must another set be found.

‘For poetry he’s pass’d his prime;
 He takes an hour to find a rhyme:
 His fire is out, his wit decay’d,
 His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
 I’d have him throw away his pen;—
 But there’s no talking to some men.’

And then their tenderness appears
 By adding largely to my years:
 ‘He’s older than he would be reckon’d,
 And well remembers Charles the Second:
 He hardly drinks a pint of wine,
 And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
 His stomach too begins to fail:
 Last year we thought him strong and hale,
 But now he’s quite another thing;
 I wish he may hold out till spring.’
 They hug themselves, and reason thus,
 ‘It is not yet so bad with us.’

In such a case they talk in tropes,
 And by their fears express their hopes.
 Some great misfortune to portend,
 No enemy can match a friend.
 With all the kindness they profess,
 The merit of a lucky guess
 (When daily how-d’ye’s come of course,
 And servants answer, ‘Worse and worse!’)

Would please them better than to tell
That, 'God be praised! the Dean is well.'
Then he who prophesied the best
Approves his foresight to the rest:
'You know I always fear'd the worst,
And often told you so at first.'
He'd rather choose that I should die
Than his prediction prove a lie:
Not one foretells I shall recover,
But all agree to give me over.

Yet should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain,
How many a message would he send!
What hearty prayers that I should mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept,
What gave me ease, and how I slept!
And more lament, when I was dead,
Than all the snivellers round my bed.

My good companions! never fear,
For though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.
'Behold the fatal day arrive!
'How is the Dean?' 'He's just alive.'
Now the departing prayer is read;
He hardly breathes—The Dean is dead.

Before the passing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
'Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?'
'I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses.'
'To public uses! there's a whim!
What had the public done for him?

Mere envy, avarice, and pride ;
He gave it all—but first he died.
And had the Dean in all the nation
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood !

Now Grub-street wits are all employ'd ;
With elegies the town is cloy'd ;
Some paragraph in every paper
To curse the Dean, or bless the Drapier.
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame.
' We must confess his case was nice,
But he would never take advice :
Had he been ruled, for aught appears,
He might have lived these twenty years,
For, when we open'd him, we found
That all his vital parts were sound.'

From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court the Dean is dead,
And Lady Suffolk, in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the queen :
The queen so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, ' Is he gone ? 'tis time he should.
He's dead, you say ; then let him rot ;
I'm glad the medals were forgot.
I promised him, I own ; but when ?
I only was the princess then ;
But now, as consort of the king,
You know 'tis quite a different thing.'

Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy :
' Why, if he died without his shoes,
(Cries Bob) I'm sorry for the news.

Oh! were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will!
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke were dead!

Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's Remains!
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revised by Tibbald, Moore, and Cibber.
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die,
Which Pope must bear as well as I.

Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament:
Poor Pope will grieve a month; and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen and drop a tear:
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
'I'm sorry—but we all must die!'

Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies;
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt?
When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortured with suspense and fear,
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd, to stand between;
The screen removed, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,

the news in doleful dumps ;
 Dean is dead, (pray what is trumps ?)
 Lord have mercy on his soul !
 I'll venture for the vole.)
 ns, they say, must bear the pall,
 I knew what king to call.)
 , your husband will attend
 leral of so good a friend.'
 adam, 'tis a shocking sight,
 's engaged to-morrow night;
 ly Club will take it ill
 ould fail her at quadrille.
 ed the Dean—(I lead a heart)
 arest friends, they say, must part.
 e was come ; he ran his race ;
 e he's in a better place.'
 do we grieve that friends should die ?
 more easy to supply.
 ar is pass'd : a different scene !
 her mention of the Dean,
 ow, alas ! is no more miss'd
 he never did exist.
 s now the favourite of Apollo ?
 ed :—' and his Works must follow :'
 ndergo the common fate ;
 d of wit is out of date.
 country squire to Lintot goes,
 s for Swift in verse and prose ?
 ntot, ' I have heard the name ;
 l a year ago.'—' The same.'
 ches all the shop in vain :
 ou may find them in Duck-lane ;
 hem with a load of books,
 onday, to the pastrycook's.

To fancy they could live a year !
I find you're but a stranger here.
The Dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme :
His way of writing now is pass'd ;
The town has got a better taste.
I keep no antiquated stuff,
But spick and span I have enough.
Pray, do but give me leave to show 'em :
Here's Colly Cibber's birthday poem.
This ode you never yet have seen,
By Stephen Duck upon the Queen.
Then here's a letter finely penn'd
Against the Craftsman and his friend ;
It clearly shows that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.
Next, here's Sir Robert's Vindication,
And Mr. Henley's last oration :
The hawkers have not got them yet :
Your honour, please to buy a set ?
 ' Here's Woolston's Tracts, the twelfth edition ;
'Tis read by every politician.
The country members, when in town,
To all their boroughs send them down ;
You never met a thing so smart ;
The courtiers have them all by heart ;
Those maids of honour who can read
Are taught to use them for their creed.
The reverend author's good intention
Hath been rewarded with a pension :
He doth an honour to his gown,
By bravely running priestcraft down ;
He shows, as sure as God's in Gloster,
That Moses was a grand impostor,

That all his miracles were cheats,
Perform'd as jugglers do their feats :
The church had never such a writer ;
A shame he hath not got a mitre !

Suppose me dead, and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose,
Where from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat,
And while they toss my name about,
With favour some, and some without,
One, quite indifferent in the cause,
My character impartial draws.

' The Dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill received at court :
Although ironically grave,
He shamed the fool, and lash'd the knave :
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own.'

' Sir, I have heard another story,
He was a most confounded Tory ;
And grew, or he is much belied,
Extremely dull before he died.'

' Can we the Drapier then forget?
Is not our nation in his debt?

'Twas he that writ the Drapier's Letters!'

' He should have left them for his betters ;
We had a hundred abler men,
Nor need depend upon his pen.—
Say what you will about his reading,
You never can defend his breeding,
Who, in his satires running riot,
Could never leave the world in quiet,
Attacking, when he took the whim,
Court, city, camp,—all one to him.

But why would he, except he slobber'd,
Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert;
Whose counsels aid the sovereign power
To save the nation every hour?
What scenes of evil he unravels
In satires, libels, lying travels!
Not sparing his own clergy-cloth,
But eats into it like a moth!—

‘ Perhaps I may allow the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seem’d determined not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it:
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash’d the vice, but spared the name:
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant:
His satire points at no defect,
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhorr’d that senseless tribe
Who call it humour when they gibe.
He spared a hump or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux:
True genuine dulness moved his pity,
Unless it offer’d to be witty.
Those who their ignorance confess’d
He ne’er offended with a jest;
But laugh’d to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace, learn’d by rote.
Vice, if it e’er can be abash’d,
Must be or ridiculed or lash’d.
If you resent it, who’s to blame?
He neither knew you nor your name.
Should vice expect to scape rebuke,
Because its owner is a duke?

His friendships, still to few confined,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank, or mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed,
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a wither'd flower:
He would have deem'd it a disgrace
If such a wretch had known his face.
On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
He vented oft his wrath in vain;
—— squires to market brought,
Who sell their souls and —— for nought;
The —— go joyful back
To —— the church, their tenants rack,
Go snacks with **** justices,
And keep the peace to pick up fees;
In every job to have a share,
A gaol or turnpike to repair,
And turn the —— for public roads
Commodious to their own abodes.

‘ He never thought an honour done him,
Because a peer was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes:
And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He never courted men in station,
Nor persons held in admiration;
Of no man's greatness was afraid,
Because he sought for no man's aid.
Though trusted long in great affairs,
He gave himself no haughty airs:
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends,

And only chose the wise and good ;
No flatterers, no allies in blood ;
But succour'd virtue in distress,
And seldom fail'd of good success,
As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who but for him had been unknown.

‘ He kept with princes due decorum,
Yet never stood in awe before ’em.
He follow’d David’s lesson just,
In princes never put his trust ;
And, would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The Irish senate if you named,
With what impatience he declaim’d !
Fair liberty was all his cry ;
For her he stood prepared to die ;
For her he boldly stood alone ;
For her he oft exposed his own.
Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head :
But not a traitor could be found,
To sell him for six hundred pound.

‘ Had he but spared his tongue and pen,
He might have rose like other men ;
But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valued not a groat.
Ingratitude he often found,
And pitied those who meant the wound,
But kept the tenor of his mind
To merit well of humankind ;
Nor made a sacrifice of those
Who still were true, to please his foes.
He labour’d many a fruitless hour
To reconcile his friends in power ;

Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
While they pursued each other's ruin ;
But finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere despair.

‘ And, oh ! how short are human schemes !
Here ended all our golden dreams.
What St. John's skill in state affairs,
What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
To save their sinking country lent,
Was all destroy'd by one event ;
Too soon that precious life was ended
On which alone our weal depended.
When up a dangerous faction starts,
With wrath and vengeance in their hearts,
By solemn league and covenant bound,
To ruin, slaughter, and confound ;
To turn religion to a fable,
And make the government a Babel ;
Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
Corrupt the senate, rob the crown ;
To sacrifice old England's glory,
And make her infamous in story.
When such a tempest shook the land,
How could unguarded Virtue stand ?

‘ With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
Beheld the dire destructive scene ;
His friends in exile or the Tower,
Himself within the frown of power ;
Pursued, by base envenom'd pens,
Far to the land of S—— and fens,
A servile race, in folly nursed,
Who truckle most when treated worst.

‘ By innocence and resolution
He bore continual persecution,

While numbers to preferment rose,
Whose merits were to be his foes ;
When even his own familiar friends,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegadoes, now he feels
Against him lifting up their heels.

‘ The Dean did by his pen defeat
An infamous destructive cheat ;
Taught fools their interest how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy hath own’d it was his doing,
To save that hapless land from ruin,
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reap’d the profit, sought his blood.

‘ To save them from their evil fate
In him was held a crime of state.
A wicked monster on the bench,
Whose fury blood could never quench,
As vile and profligate a villain
As modern Scroggs or old Tressilian ;
Who long all justice had discarded,
Nor fear’d he God, nor man regarded,
Vow’d on the Dean his rage to vent,
And make him of his zeal repent ;
But Heaven his innocence defends ;
The grateful people stand his friends :
Not strains of law, nor judges’ frown,
Nor topics brought to please the crown,
Nor witness hired, nor jury pick’d,
Prevail to bring him in convict.

‘ In exile with a steady heart
He spent his life’s declining part,
Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay.’—

‘ Alas, poor Dean ! his only scope
Was to he held a misanthrope ;
This into general odium drew him,
Which if he liked, much good may’t do him.
His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
But discontent against the times :
For had we made him timely offers
To raise his post or fill his coffers,
Perhaps he might have truckled down,
Like other brethren of his gown.
For party he would scarce have bled :—
I say no more—because he’s dead—’
‘ What writings has he left behind ?—’
‘ I hear they’re of a different kind :
A few in verse ; but most in prose—’
‘ Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose,—
All scribbled in the worst of times,
To palliate his friend Oxford’s crimes ;
To praise Queen Anne, nay, more, defend her,
As never favouring the Pretender :—
Or libels yet conceal’d from sight,
Against the court to show his spite.
Perhaps his Travels, part the third,
A lie at every second word—
Offensive to a loyal ear :—
But—not one sermon, you may swear.’—
‘ He knew a hundred pleasant stories,
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories
Was cheerful to his dying day,
And friends would let him have his way.
As for his works in verse or prose,
I own myself no judge of those ;
Nor can I tell what critics thought them,
But this I know, all people bought them,

As with a moral view design'd,
To please and to reform mankind;
And if he often miss'd his aim,
The world must own it, to their shame,
The praise is his, and theirs the blame.
He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad ;
To show, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
I wish it soon may have a better :
And since you dread no farther lashes,
Methinks you may forgive his ashes.'

SWIF

ON POETRY.

A Rhapsody.

1733.

ALL human race would fain be wits,
And millions miss for one that hits :
Young's universal passion, pride,
Was never known to spread so wide.
Say, Britain! could you ever boast
Three poets in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A sprig of bays in fifty years,
While every fool his claim alleges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reason can there be assign'd
For this perverseness in the mind?

Brutes find out where their talents lie :
A bear will not attempt to fly ;
A founder'd horse will oft debate
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate ;
A dog by instinct turps aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide ;
But man we find the only creature
Who, led by folly, combats Nature ;
Who, when she loudly cries, ' Forbear,'
With obstinacy fixes there ;
And where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.

Not empire to the rising sun
By valour, conduct, fortune, won ;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states ;
Not skill in sciences profound,
So large to grasp the circle round,
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.

Not beggar's brat on bulk begot ;
Not bastard of a pedler Scot ;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews ;
Not infants dropp'd, the spurious pledges
Of gipsies littering under hedges,
Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in church or law or state
As he whom Phoebus in his ire
Hath blasted with poetic fire.

What hope of custom in the fair,
While not a soul demands your ware ?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life, or public use ?

Court, city, country, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets law makes no provision;
The wealthy have you in derision:
Of state affairs you cannot smatter;
Are awkward when you try to flatter:
Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was just one annual hundred pound*;
Now nor so much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought in an attainder;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grub-street line.

Poor starveling bard! how small thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a simile comes pat in;
Though chickens take a month to fatten,
The guests in less than half an hour
Will more than half a score devour.
So after toiling twenty days
To earn a stock of pence and praise,
Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea;
Gone, to be never heard of more,
Gone, where the chickens went before.

How shall a new attempter learn
Of different spirits to discern?
And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein, or scribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienced sinner
Instructing thus a young beginner:

Consult yourself, and if you find
A powerful impulse urge your mind,

* Paid to the Poet Laureat, which place was given to Mr. Colley Cibber, a player.

Impartial judge within your breast
 What subject you can manage best ;
 Whether your genius most inclines
 To satire, praise, or humorous lines ;
 To elegies in mournful tone,
 Or prologue sent from hand unknown ;
 Then rising with Aurora's light,
 The Muse invoked, sit down to write ;
 Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
 Enlarge, diminish, interline ;
 Be mindful, when invention fails,
 To scratch your head and bite your nails.

Your poem finish'd, next your care
 Is needful to transcribe it fair :
 In modern wit all printed trash is
 Set off with numerous breaks—and dashes.—

To statesmen would you give a wipe,
 You print it in *Italic* type :
 When letters are in vulgar shapes,
 'Tis ten to one the wit escapes ;
 But when in capitals express'd,
 The dullest reader smokes the jest ;
 Or else perhaps he may invent
 A better than the poet meant,
 As learned commentators view
 In Homer more than Homer knew.

Your poem in its modish dress,
 Correctly fitted for the press,
 Convey by penny-post to Lintot,
 But let no friend alive look into't.
 If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
 You need not fear your labour lost :
 And how agreeably surprised
 Are you to see it advertised !

The hawker shows you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint,
The product of your toil and sweating,
A bastard of your own begetting.

Be sure at Will's the following day
Lie snug, and hear what critics say;
And if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little;
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle:
Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion;
Or praise the judgment of the town,
And help yourself to run it down;—
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker side;
For poems read without a name
We justly praise, or justly blame;
And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse;
And since you ne'er provoked their spite,
Depend upon't their judgment's right.
But if you blab, you are undone;
Consider what a risk you run;
You lose your credit all at once,
The town will mark you for a dunce;
The vilest doggrel Grub-street sends
Will pass for yours with foes and friends,
And you must bear the whole disgrace,
Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.

Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
And sent in quires to line a trunk,
If still you be disposed to rhyme,
Go try your hand a second time.

Again you fail; yet safe's the word;
Take courage, and attempt a third:
But first with care employ your thoughts
Where critics mark'd your former faults;
The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The similes that nothing fit;
The cant which every fool repeats,
Town jests, and coffeehouse conceits;
Descriptions tedious, flat, and dry,
And introduced the Lord knows why;
Or where we find your fury set
Against the harmless alphabet;
On A's and B's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant;
A public or a private robber,
A statesman, or a South Sea jobber;
A prelate, who no God believes;
A parliament, or den of thieves;
A pickpurse at the bar or bench;
A duchess, or a suburb wench;
A House of Peers, a gaming crew;
A griping lawyer, or a Jew.
Or oft, when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink,
Like stepping stones to save a stride
In streets where kennels are too wide;
Or like a heelpiece to support
A cripple, with one foot too short;
Or like a bridge that joins a marish
To moorlands of a different parish.
So have I seen ill coupled hounds
Drag different ways in miry grounds;
So geographers in Afric maps
With savage pictures fill their gaps,

And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.

But though you miss your third essay,
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
To spring more profitable game.
From party-merit seek support ;
The vilest verse thrives best at court :
And may you ever have the luck
To rhyme almost as ill as Duck ;
And though you never learn'd to scan verse,
Come out with some lampoon on D'Anvers.
A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring in pence :
Nor be concern'd about the sale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.
Display the blessings of the nation,
And praise the whole administration :
Extol the bench of bishops round ;
Who at them rail, bid —— confound :
To bishop haters answer thus
(The only logic used by us),
What though they don't believe in ——,
Deny them Protestants—thou liest.

A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the sovereign power,
Like other baubles in the tower ;
Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
And so continues till he dies :
His humble senate this professes
In all their speeches, votes, addresses ;
But once you fix him in a tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom,

And each perfection, wrong imputed,
 Is fully at his death confuted.
 The loads of poems in his praise,
 Ascending, make one funeral blaze;
 His panegyrics then are ceased;
 He grows a tyrant, dunce, or beast:
 As soon as you can hear his knell,
 This god on earth turns devil in hell:
 And, lo! his ministers of state,
 Transform'd to imps, his levee wait,
 Where, in the scenes of endless woe,
 They ply their former arts below;
 And as they sail in Charon's boat,
 Contrive to bribe the judge's vote.
 To Cerberus they give a sop,
 His triple barking mouth to stop;
 Or in the ivory gate of dreams*
 Project Excise and South Sea schemes;
 Or hire their party-pamphleteers
 To set Elysium by the ears.

Then, poet! if you mean to thrive,
 Employ your Muse on kings alive,
 With prudence gathering up a cluster
 Of all the virtues you can muster,
 Which, form'd into a garland sweet,
 Lay humbly at your monarch's feet,
 Who, as the odours reach his throne,
 Will smile, and think them all his own;
 For law and gospel doth determine
 All virtues lodge in royal ermine
 (I mean the oracles of both,
 Who shall depose it upon oath).

* *Sunt geminae somni portæ, &c.*
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto.

Virg.

Your garland in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.

But if you think this trade too base
(Which seldom is the dunce's case),
Put on the critic's brow, and sit
At Will's, the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
With caution used, may serve a while :
Proceed no farther in your part
Before you learn the terms of art ;
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern critics' jargon :
Then talk with more authentic face
Of unities in time and place ;
Get scraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers' ends ;
Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote ;
Judicious Rymer oft review,
Wise Dennis, and profound Bossu :
Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in
(Though merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling).

A forward critic often dupes us
With sham quotations Peri Hupsous*,
And if we have not read Longinus
Will magisterially outshine us.
Then, lest with Greek he overrun ye,
Procure the book, for love or money,
Translated from Boileau's translation†,
And quote quotation on quotation.

* A famous treatise of Longinus.

† By Welsted.

At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battus from the table-head,
Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgment with decisive air;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle submits:
He gives directions to the town
To cry it up, or run it down,
Like courtiers when they send a note,
Instructing members how to vote;
He sets the stamp of bad and good,
Though not a word be understood.
Your lesson learn'd, you'll be secure
To get the name of connoisseur,
And when your merits once are known,
Procure disciples of your own:
For poets (you can never want 'em)
Spread through Augusta Trinobantum*,
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to just nine thousand souls:
These o'er their proper districts govern,
Of wit and humour judges sovereign,
In every street a city bard
Rules, like an alderman his ward;
His indisputed rights extend
Through all the lane from end to end;
The neighbours round admire his shrewdness
For songs of loyalty and lewdness;
Outdone by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learn'd to spell.
Two bordering wits contend for glory,
And one is Whig, and one is Tory;

* The ancient name of London.

And this for epics claims the bays,
And that for elegiac lays :
Some famed for numbers soft and smooth,
By lovers spoke in Punch's booth ;
And some as justly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish Town ;
Tigellius, placed in Phœbus' car,
From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar ;
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birthday strains ;
Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace,
Where Pope will never show his face,
Where Young must torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.

But these are not a thousandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper station,
And all in due subordination,
Through every alley to be found,
In garrets high, or underground,
And when they join their pericranies,
Out skips a book of Miscellanies.
Hobbes clearly proves that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature ;
The greater for the smaller watch,
But meddle seldom with their match.
A whale of moderate size will draw
A shoal of herrings down his maw ;
A fox with geese his belly crams ;
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs ;
But search among the rhyming race,
The brave are worried by the base.

If on Parnassus' top you sit,
 You rarely bite, are always bit:
 Each poet of inferior size
 On you shall rail and criticise,
 And strive to tear you limb from limb,
 While others do as much for him.

The vermin only tease and pinch
 Their foes superior by an inch.
 So naturalists observe a flea
 Hath smaller fleas, that on him prey;
 And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
 And so proceed *ad infinitum*.
 Thus every poet in his kind
 Is bit by him that comes behind,
 Who, though too little to be seen,
 Can tease and gall and give the spleen;
 Call dunces, fools, and sons of whores,
 Lay Grub-street at each other's doors;
 Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
 And curse our modern poetasters;
 Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
 How genius is no more rewarded;
 How wrong a taste prevails among us;
 How much our ancestors outsung us;
 Can personate an awkward scorn
 For those who are not poets born,
 And all their brother-dunces lash,
 Who crowd the press with hourly trash.

O Grub-street! how do I bemoan thee,
 Whose graceless children scorn to own thee;
 Their filial piety forgot,
 Deny their country like a Scot,
 Though by their idiom and grimace
 They soon betray their native place;

Yet thou hast greater cause to be
Ashamed of them than they of thee;
Degenerate from their ancient brood,
Since first the court allow'd them food.

Remains a difficulty still,
To purchase fame by writing ill.
From Flecknoe down to Howard's time
How few have reach'd the low sublime!
For when our high-born Howard died,
Blackmore alone his place supplied;
And lest a chasm should intervene,
When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,
The leaden crown devolved to thee,
Great poet of the Hollow Tree*!
But, ah! how unsecure thy throne!
A thousand bards thy right disown:
They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncinea to a commonweal,
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal privilege to descend.

In bulk there are not more degrees
From elephants to mites in cheese
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worse and worse they fall;
But who can reach to worst of all?
For though in nature depth and height
Are equally held infinite,
In poetry the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.
For instance; when you rashly think
No rhymers can like Welsted sink;

* Lord Grimston, author of a play called *Love in a Hollow Tree*.

His merits balanced, you shall find
 The Laureate* leaves him far behind.
 Concanen, more aspiring bard,
 Soars downwards deeper by a yard.
 Smart Jemmy Moore with vigour'drops,
 The rest pursue as thick as hops;
 With heads to points the gulf they enter,
 Link'd perpendicular to the centre,
 And as their heels elated rise,
 Their heads attempt the nether skies.

O, what indignity and shame,
 To prostitute the Muse's name!
 By flattering kings, whom Heaven design'd
 The plagues and scourges of mankind,
 Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
 And every vice that nurses both.

Perhaps you say Augustus shines,
 Immortal made in Virgil's lines,
 And Horace brought the tuneful quire
 To sing his virtues on the lyre,
 Without reproach for flattery; true,
 Because their praises were his due:
 For in those ages kings we find
 Were animals of humankind,
 But now go search all Europe round
 Among the savage monsters crown'd,
 With vice polluting every throne
 (I mean all —s except our own)
 In vain you make the strictest view
 To find a — in all the crew
 With whom a footman out of place
 Would not conceive a high disgrace,

* In some editions, instead of the *Laureate*, was maliciously inserted *M^r. Fielding*, for whose ingenious writings the author hath manifested a great esteem.

A burning shame, a crying sin,
To take his morning's cup of gin.

Thus all are destined to obey
Some beast of burden or of prey.

'Tis sung Prometheus, forming man,
Through all the brutal species ran,
Each proper quality to find
Adapted to a human mind,
A mingled mass of good and bad,
The best and worst that could be had ;
Then from a clay of mixture base
He shaped a —— to rule the race,
Endued with gifts from every brute
That best the ** nature suit.
Thus think on ——s, the name denotes,
Hogs, asses, wolves, baboons, and goats ;
To represent, in figure just,
Sloth, folly, rapine, mischief, lust.
Oh! were they all but Neb-cadnezers,
What herds of ——s would turn to graze!
Fair Britain! in thy monarch bless'd,
Whose virtues bear the strictest test,
Whom never faction could bespatter,
Nor minister nor poet flatter.
What justice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of spirit!
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face!
Though peace with olive binds his hands,
Confess'd the conquering hero stands,
Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges*,
Dread from his hand impending changes:

* —— Super et Garamantus et Indos
Proferet imperium, &c.
—— Jam nunc et Caspia regna
Responsis horrent divum, &c.

From him the Tartar and Chinese,
 Short by the knees entreat for peace* ;
 The consort of his throne and bed,
 A perfect goddess born and bred,
 Appointed sovereign judge to sit
 On learning, eloquence, and wit.
 Our eldest hope, divine Iulus,
 (Late, very late, O may he rule us !)
 What early manhood has he shown,
 Before his downy beard was grown !
 Then think what wonders will be done
 By going on as he begun ;
 An heir for Britain to secure
 As long as sun and moon endure.

The remnant of the royal blood
 Comes pouring on me like a flood ;
 Bright goddesses, in number five ;
 Duke William, sweetest prince alive !

Now sing the minister of state †,
 Who shines alone without a mate.
 Observe with what majestic port
 This Atlas stands to prop the court,
 Intent the public debts to pay,
 Like prudent Fabius ‡, by delay.
 Thou great vicegerent of the king !
 Thy praises every Muse shall sing.
 In all affairs thou sole director,
 Of wit and learning chief protector !
 Though small the time thou hast to spare,
 The church is thy peculiar care.
 Of pious prelates what a stock
 You choose, to rule the sable flock !

* Genibus minor, &c.

† Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.

‡ Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem.

You raise the honour of the peerage,
Proud to attend you at the steerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourself with humbler place.
Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,
To titles give the sole pretence.
St. George beheld thee with delight
Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breast and sides Herculean
He fix'd the star and string cerulean.

Say, poet! in what other nation
Shone ever such a constellation!
Attend, ye Popes! and Youngs! and Gays!
And tune your harps, and strow your bays;
Your panegyrics here provide;
You cannot err on flattery's side:
Above the stars exalt your style,
You still are low ten thousand mile.
On Lewis all his bards bestow'd
Of incense many a thousand load;
But Europe mortified his pride,
And swore the fawning rascals lied:
Yet what the world refused to Lewis,
Applied to George, exactly true is.
Exactly true! invidious poet!
'Tis fifty thousand times below it.

Translate me now some lines if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan;
They could all power in heaven divide,
And do no wrong to either side:
They teach you how to split a hair,
Give George and Jove an equal share*.
Yet why should we be laced so strait?
I'll give my monarch butter-weight.

* *Divisam imperiam cum Jove Cæsar habet.*

And reason good ; for many a year
 Jove never intermeddled here ;
 Nor, though his priests be duly paid,
 Did ever we desire his aid :
 We now can better do without him,
 Since Woolston gave us arms to rout him.
Cetera desiderantur.

SWIFT.

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

LOGICIANS have but ill defined,
 As rational, the humankind ;
 Reason, they say, belongs to man,
 But let them prove it if they can.
 Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
 By ratiocination specious,
 Have strove to prove with great precision,
 With definition and division,
Homo est ratione præditum,
 But for my soul I cannot credit 'em,
 And must, in spite of them, maintain
 That man and all his ways are vain,
 And that this boasted lord of Nature
 Is both a weak and erring creature ;
 That instinct is a surer guide
 Than reason-boasting mortals' pride ;
 And that brute beasts are far before 'em,
Deus est animo brutorum.
 Who ever knew an honest brute
 At law his neighbour prosecute ?
 Bring action for assault and battery,
 Or friend beguile with lies and flattery ?
 O'er plains they ramble unconfined,
 No politics disturb their mind ;

They eat their meals and take their sport,
Nor know who's in or out at court:
They never to the levee go
To treat as dearest friend a foe;
They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob:
Fraught with invective they ne'er go
To folks at Paternoster-row:
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
No pickpockets or poetasters
Are known to honest quadrupeds;
No single brute his fellows leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beasts it is confess'd the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape;
Like man he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion;
But both in malice and grimaces
A courtier any ape surpasses:
Behold him humbly cringing wait
Upon the minister of state;
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors:
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators;
At court the porters, lackeys, waiters,
Their masters' manners still contract,
And footmen lords and dukes can act.
Thus at the court both great and small
Behave alike, for all ape all.

SWIF

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

BEING THE PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

Advertisement.

This paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune [the authors of 'Verses to the Imitator of Horace,' and of an 'Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a nobleman at Hampton Court'] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings (of which, being public, the public is judge) but my person, morals, and family; whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the truth and the sentiment: and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the most part, spared their names, and they may escape being laughed at if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend, to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honour on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out but by its truth and likeness.

P. 'SHUT, shut the door, good John! (fatigued I said),

Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.'

The dogstar rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt

All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out:

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can
hide? [glide.

They pierce my thickets, through my grot they
By land, by water they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
E'en Sunday shines no sabbathday to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me—just at dinner time.

Is there a parson much bemused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross?
Is there who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.
To laugh were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave exceeds all power of face.

I sit with sad civility, I read
 With honest anguish and an aching head,
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel, 'Keep your piece nine years.'

'Nine years!' cries he, who, high in Drury-lane,
 Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
 Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
 Obligated by hunger and request of friend—

'The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it,
 I'm all submission; what you'd have it—make it.'

Three things another's modest wishes bound;—
 'My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.'

Pitholeon sends to me: 'You know his grace:
 I want a patron; ask him for a place.'

Pitholeon libel'd me—'But here's a letter
 Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine;
 He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine.'

Bless me! a packet.—'Tis a stranger sues,
 A virgin tragedy, an orphan Muse.'

If I dislike it, 'Furies, death, and rage!'

If I approve, 'Commend it to the stage.'

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
 The players and I are, luckily, no friends.

Fired that the house rejects him, 'Sdeath, I'll
 print it, [Lintot.'

And shame the fools—your interest, sir, with
 Lintot, dull rogue, will think your price too much:

'Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch.'

All my demurs but double his attacks;

At last he whispers, 'Do, and we go snacks.'

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door;

'Sir, let me see your works and you no more.'

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
(Midas, a sacred person and a king),
His very minister who spied them first
(Some say his queen) was forced to speak or burst.
And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When every coxcomb perks them in my face!

A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dangerous
things;

I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings;
Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
'Tis nothing.—P. Nothing! if they bite and kick?
Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an ass:
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus, round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gallery in convulsions hurld,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb
through,

He spins the slight self-pleasing thread anew:
Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain!
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Throned on the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has poet yet or peer
Lost the arch'd eyebrow or Parnassian sneer!
And has not Colley still his lord and whore?
His butchers Henley? his freemasons Moore?
Does not one table Bavus still admit?
Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit?

Still Sappho—A. Hold! for God's sake—you'll offend.

No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like these—P. One flatterer's worse
than all.

Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, 'Subscribe, subscribe!'

There are who to my person pay their court:—
I cough like Horace; and, though lean, am short;
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and 'Sir! you have an eye—'
Go on, obliging creatures! make me see
All that disgraced my betters met in me.
Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
'Just so immortal Maro held his head:'
And, when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipp'd me in ink, my parents' or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came:
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd:
The Muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me through this long disease, my life

To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved to bear.

But why then publish? Granville the polite
And knowing Walsh would tell me I could write;
Well natured Garth inflamed with early praise,
And Congreve loved, and Swift endured my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield, read,
E'en mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friend before)
With open arms received one poet more.

Happy my studies, when by these approved!
Happier their author, when by these beloved!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
'A painted mistress, or a purling stream.'
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sat still:
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
I never answer'd; I was not in debt.
If want provoked, or madness made them print,
I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smiled; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite;
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these ribalds,
From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibbalds:
Each wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher that lives on syllables,

E'en such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserved in Milton's or in Shakspeare's name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs or straws or dirt or grubs or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry: I excused them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This who can gratify? for who can guess?
The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a
year;

He who still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left;
And he who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad;
All these my modest satire bade translate,
And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume and stamp and roar and chafe!
And swear not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such! But were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires,
Bless'd with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live, with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools; by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

What though my name stood rubric on the walls
Or plaster'd posts, with claps in capitals?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
On wing of winds came flying all abroad?
I sought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight:
Poems I heeded (now berhymed so long)
No more than thou, great George! a birthday song.
I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise:
Nor like a puppy daggled through the town,
To fetch and carry singsong up and down;
Nor at rehearsals sweat and mouth'd and cried,
With handkerchief and orange at my side;
But, sick of fops and poetry and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sat full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill:
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song;

His library (where busts of poets dead
 And a true Pindar stood without a head)
 Received of wits an undistinguish'd race,
 Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place ;
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
 And flatter'd every day, and some days eat :
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
 He paid some bards with port, and some with
 To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd, [praise ;
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
 Dryden alone (what wonder!) came not nigh ;
 Dryden alone escaped this judging eye :
 But still the great have kindness in reserve ;
 He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each gray goose-
 May every Bavius have his Bufo still! [quill!
 So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
 Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,
 Or simple Pride for flattery makes demands,
 May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
 Bless'd be the great! for those they take away,
 And those they left me—for they left me Gay ;
 Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
 Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb :
 Of all thy blameless life the sole return,
 My verse and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn!

Oh! let me live my own, and die so too!
 (To live and die is all I have to do)
 Maintain a poet's dignity and ease, [please ;
 And see what friends and read what books I
 Above a patron, though I condescend
 Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
 I was not born for courts or great affairs ;
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers ;

Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
'I found him close with Swift'—'Indeed! no
doubt

(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out.'
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will;

'No, such a genius never can lie still:'

And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes.
Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
When every coxcomb knows me by my style?

Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fallen worth, or beauty in distress,
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out;
That fop whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent wounds an author's honest fame;
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it without the love;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injured, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray;
Who to the Dean and silver bell can swear,
And sees at Canons what was never there;
Who reads but with a lust to misapply,
Makes satire a lampoon, and fiction lie;

A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let *Sporus* tremble—*A.* What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of asses' milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can *Sporus* feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks,
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns or politics or tales or lies
Or spite or smut or rhymes or blasphemies;
His wit all seesaw between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart;
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have express'd,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile; be one poet's praise,
That, if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways;

That flattery, e'en to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to truth, and moralized his song;
That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
The' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings scape,
The libel'd person, and the pictured shape;
Abuse on all he loved, or loved him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whisper that, to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past:
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome e'en the last!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?

P. A knave's a knave to me in every state;
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a gaol;
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded satirist Dennis will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:

So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
 Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhymed for Moore.
 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply? —
 Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie.
 To please a mistress, one aspersed his life;
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:
 Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on his quill,
 And write whate'er he pleased, except his will;
 Let the two Curlls of town and court abuse
 His father, mother, body, soul, and Muse:
 Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool;
 That harmless mother thought no wife a whore:
 Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore!
 Unspotted names, and memorable long!
 If there be force in virtue or in song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
 While yet in Britain Honour had applause)
 Each parent sprung—A. What fortune, pray?—

P. Their own;

And better got than Bestia's from the throne.
 Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
 Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
 Stranger to civil and religious rage,
 The good man walk'd innoxious through his age:
 No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
 Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie,
 Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
 No language but the language of the heart.
 By nature honest, by experience wise,
 Healthy by temperance and by exercise;
 His life, though long, to sickness pass'd unknown,
 His death was instant and without a groan.
 O, grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
 Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.

O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the sky!
On cares like these, if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my
friend!

Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he served a queen.

A. Whether that blessing be denied or given,
Thus far was right,—the rest belongs to Heaven.

POPE.

THE MAN OF TASTE.

OCCASIONED BY AN EPISTLE OF MR. POPE'S ON THE
SAME SUBJECT.

WHOE'ER he be that to a taste aspires,
Let him read this, and be what he desires.
In men and manners versed, from life I write,
Not what was once, but what is now polite.
Those who of courtly France have made the tour,
Can scarce our English awkwardness endure:
But honest men, who never were abroad,
Like England only, and its taste applaud.
Strife still subsists, which yields the better goût;
Books or the world, the many or the few.

True taste to me is by this touchstone known,
That's always best that's nearest to my own.

To show that my pretensions are not vain,
My father was a player in Drury-lane :
Pears and pistachio-nuts my mother sold,
He a dramatic poet, she a scold :
His tragic Muse could countesses affright,
His wit in boxes was my lord's delight.
No mercenary priest e'er join'd their hands,
Uncramp'd by wedlock's unpoetic bands.
Laws my Pindaric parents matter'd not,
So I was tragi-comically got.
My infant tears a sort of measure kept,
I squall'd in distichs, and in triplets wept.
No youth did I in education waste,
Happy in an hereditary Taste.
Writing ne'er cramp'd the sinews of my thumb,
Nor barbarous birch e'er brush'd my tender bum.
My guts ne'er suffer'd from a college cook,
My name ne'er enter'd in a buttery-book.
Grammar in vain the sons of Priscian teach,
Good parts are better than eight parts of speech :
Since these declined, those undeclined they call,
I thank my stars that I declined them all.
To Greek or Latin tongues without pretence,
I trust to mother wit and father sense.
Nature's my guide, all sciences I scorn,
Pains I abhor, I was a poet born.

Yet is my goût for criticism such,
I've got some French, and know a little Dutch.
Huge commentators grace my learned shelves,
Notes upon books outdo the books themselves.
Critics indeed are valuable men,
But hypercritics are as good agen. [tures fill,
Though Blackmore's works my soul with rap-
With notes by Bentley they'd be better still.

The Bog-house Miscellany's well design'd,
 To ease the body, and improve the mind.
 Swift's whims and jokes for my resentment call,
 For he displeases me that pleases all.
 Verse without rhyme I never could endure,
 Uncouth in numbers, and in sense obscure.
 To him as nature, when he ceased to see,
 Milton's a universal blank to me.
 Confirm'd and settled by the nation's voice,
 Rhyme is the poet's pride and people's choice.
 Always upheld by national support,
 Of market, university, and court:
 Thomson, write blank; but know that for that
 reason,

These lines shall live when thine are out of season.
 Rhyme binds and beautifies the poet's lays,
 As London ladies owe their shape to stays.

Had Cibber's self the Careless Husband wrote,
 He for the laurel ne'er had had my vote:
 But for his epilogues and other plays
 He thoroughly deserves the modern bays.
 It pleases me that Pope unlaurel'd goes,
 While Cibber wears the bays for playhouse prose:
 So Britain's monarch once uncover'd sat,
 While Bradshaw bullied in a broad-brimm'd hat.

Long live old Curll! he ne'er to publish fears
 The speeches, verses, and last will of peers.
 How oft has he a public spirit shown,
 And pleased our ears, regardless of his own!
 But to give merit due, though Curll's the fame,
 Are not his brother booksellers the same?
 Can statutes keep the British press in awe,
 While that sells best that's most against the law?

Lives of dead players my leisure hours beguile,
 And sessions-papers tragedise my style.

'Tis charming reading in Ophelia's life,
 So oft a mother, and not once a wife :
 She could with just propriety behave,
 Alive with peers, with monarchs in her grave :
 Her lot how oft have envious harlots wept,
 By prebends buried, and by generals kept.

To' improve in morals Mandeville I read,
 And Tindal's scruples are my settled creed.
 I travel'd early, and I soon saw through
 Religion all, ere I was twenty-two.
 Shame, pain, or poverty shall I endure,
 When ropes or opium can my ease procure?
 When money's gone, and I no debts can pay,
 Self-murder is an honourable way.
 As Pasaran directs, I'd end my life,
 And kill myself, my daughter, and my wife.
 Burn but that Bible which the parson quotes,
 And men of spirit all shall cut their throats.

But not to writings I confine my pen,
 I have a taste for buildings, music, men.
 Young travel'd coxcombs mighty knowledge boast,
 With superficial smattering at most.
 Not so my mind, unsatisfied with hints,
 Knows more than Budgel writes, or Roberts prints.
 I know the town, all houses I have seen
 From Hyde Park Corner down to Bethnal Green.
 Sure wretched Wren was taught by bungling Jones
 To murder mortar, and disfigure stones !
 Who in Whitehall can symmetry discern ?
 I reckon Covent Garden church a barn.
 Nor hate I less thy vile cathedral, Paul !
 The choir's too big, the cupola's too small :
 Substantial walls and heavy roofs I like,
 'Tis Vanbrug's structures that my fancy strike :

Such noble ruins every pile would make,
I wish they'd tumble for the prospect sake.
To lofty Chelsea, or to Greenwich dome,
Soldiers and sailors all are welcomed home :
Her poor to palaces Britannia brings ;
St. James's hospital may serve for kings.
Buildings so happily I understand,
That for one house I'd mortgage all my land :
Doric, Ionic, shall not there be found,
But it shall cost me threescore thousand pound :
From out my honest workmen I'll select
A bricklayer, and proclaim him architect ;
First bid him build me a stupendous dome,
Which having finish'd, we set out for Rome ;
Take a week's view of Venice and the Brent,
Stare round, see nothing, and come home content.
I'll have my villa too, a sweet abode,
Its situation shall be London Road :
Pots o'er the door I'll place like cits' balconies,
Which Bentley * calls the gardens of Adonis.

I'll have my gardens in the fashion too,
For what is beautiful that is not new ?
Fair four-legg'd temples, theatres that vie
With all the angles of a Christmas pie.
Does it not merit the beholder's praise
What's high to sink, and what is low to raise ?
Slopes shall ascend where once a greenhouse stood,
And in my horsepond I will plant a wood.
Let misers dread the hoarded gold to waste,
Expense and alteration shows a Taste.

In curious paintings I'm exceeding nice,
And know their several beauties by their price :
Auctions and sales I constantly attend,
But choose my pictures by a skilful friend.

* Bentley's Milton, book 9, ver. 439.

Originals and copies much the same ;
The picture's value is the painter's name.
My taste in sculpture from my choice is seen,
I buy no statues that are not obscene.
In spite of Addison and ancient Rome,
Sir Cloudesly Shovel's is my favourite tomb.
How oft have I in admiration stood
To view some city magistrate in wood !
I gaze with pleasure on a lord mayor's head,
Cast with propriety in gilded lead.
Oh, could I view through London as I pass,
Some broad Sir Balaam in Corinthian brass :
High on a pedestal, ye freemen, place
His magisterial paunch and griping face ;
Letter'd and gilt, let him adorn Cheapside,
And grant the tradesman what a king's denied.
Old coins and medals I collect, 'tis true,
Sir Andrew has them, and I'll have them too.
But among friends if I the truth might speak,
I like the modern, and despise the' antique.
Though in the drawers of my japan bureau,
To Lady Gripeall I the Cæsars show,
'Tis equal to her ladyship or me,
A copper Otho or a Scotch baubee.
Without Italian, or without an ear,
To Bononcini's music I adhere :
Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
And therefore proper at a sheriff's feast :
My soul has oft a secret pleasure found
In the harmonious bagpipe's lofty sound :
Bagpipes for men, shrill German flutes for boys ;
I'm English born, and love a grumbling noise.
The stage should yield the solemn organ's note,
And Scripture tremble in the eunuch's throat.

Let Senesino sing what David writ,
And hallelujahs charm the pious pit.
Eager in throngs the town to Hester came,
And Oratorio was a lucky name.
Thou, Heidegger! the English taste hast found,
And rulest the mob of quality with sound.
In Lent, if masquerades displease the town,
Call them Ridottos, and they still go down.
Go on, Prince Phiz! to please the British nation,
Call thy next masquerade a convocation.

Bears, lions, wolves, and elephants I breed,
And Philosophical Transactions read.
Next lodge I'll be freemason, nothing less,
Unless I happen to be F. R. S.

I have a palate, and (as yet) two ears,
Fit company for porters or for peers.
Of every useful knowledge I've a share,
But my top talent is a bill of fare.
Sirloins and rumps of beef offend my eyes,
Pleased with frogs fricaseed and coxcomb pies.
Dishes I choose though little, yet genteel;
Snails the first course, and peepers crown the meal;
Pigs' heads with hair on much my fancy please,
I love young cauliflowers if stew'd in cheese,
And give ten guineas for a pint of peas.
No tattling servants to my table come,
My grace is silence, and my waiter dumb.
Queer country puts extol Queen Bess's reign,
And of lost hospitality complain.
Say thou that dost thy father's table praise,
Was there mahogany in former days?

Oh! could a British barony be sold!
I would bright honour buy with dazzling gold:

Could I the privilege of peer procure,
The rich I'd bully, and oppress the poor.
To give is wrong, but it is wronger still,
On any terms, to pay a tradesman's bill;
I'd make the insolent mechanics stay,
And keep my ready money all for play;
I'd try if any pleasure could be found
In tossing up for twenty thousand pound.
Had I whole counties I to White's would go,
And set land, woods, and rivers, at a throw :
But should I meet with an unlucky run,
And at a throw be gloriously undone ;
My debts of honour I'd discharge the first,
Let all my lawful creditors be cursed :
My title would preserve me from arrest ;
And seizing hired horses is a jest.

I'd walk the morning with an oaken stick,
With gloves and hat, like my own footman Dick.
A footman I would be, in outward show,
In sense, and education truly so.
As for my head, it should ambiguous wear
At once a periwig and its own hair:
My hair I'd powder in the women's way,
And dress and talk of dressing more than they.
I'll please the maids of honour, if I can ;
Without black velvet breeches what is man ?
I will my skill in buttonholes display,
And brag how oft I shift me every day.
Shall I wear clothes in awkward England made,
And sweat in cloth to help the woollen trade ?
In French embroidery and in Flanders lace
I'll spend the income of a treasurer's place.
Deard's bill for baubles shall to thousands mount,
And I'd outdiamond even the diamond count ;

I will convince the world by tawdry clothes
That belles are less effeminate than beaux,
And Doctor Lamb should pare my lordship's toes.

To boon companions I my time would give,
With players, pimps, and parasites I'd live:
I would with jockeys from Newmarket dine,
And to rough riders give my choicest wine;
I would caress some stableman of note,
And imitate his language and his coat.
My evenings all I would with sharpers spend,
And make the thief-catcher my bosom friend:
In Fig, the prize-fighter, by day delight,
And sup with Colley Cibber every night.

Should I perchance be fashionably ill,
I'll send for Misaubin, and take his pill:
I should abhor, though in the utmost need,
Arbuthnot, Hollins, Wigan, Lee, or Mead;
But if I found that I grew worse and worse,
I'd turn off Misaubin and take a nurse.
How oft, when eminent physicians fail,
Do good old women's remedies prevail?
When beauty's gone, and Chloe's struck with
years,

Eyes she can touch, and she can syringe ears:
Of graduates I dislike the learned rout,
And choose a female doctor for the gout.

Thus would I live with no dull pedants cursed,
Sure, of all blockheads, scholars are the worst.
Back to your universities, ye fools,
And dangle arguments on strings in schools:
Those schools which universities they call,
'Twere well for England were there none at all!
With ease that loss the nation might sustain,
Supplied by Goodman's Fields and Drury Lane.

Oxford and Cambridge are not worth one farthing,
Compared to Haymarket and Covent Garden.
Quit those, ye British youth, and follow these;
Turn players all, and take your squire's degrees:
Boast not your incomes now, as heretofore,
Ye book-learn'd seats! the theatres have more:
Ye stiff-rump'd heads of colleges, be dumb;
A single eunuch gets a larger sum.
Have some of you three hundred by the year;
Booth, Rich, and Cibber, twice three thousand
clear.

Should Oxford to her sister Cambridge join
A year's rack-rent and arbitrary fine;
Thence not one winter's charge would be defray'd
For playhouse, opera, ball, and masquerade.
Glad I congratulate the judging age,
The players are the world, the world the stage.

I am a politician too, and hate
Of any party ministers of state:
I'm for an Act, that he who seven whole years
Has served his king and country lose his ears.

Thus from my birth I'm qualified you find
To give the laws of taste to humankind.
Mine are the gallant schemes of politesse,
For books and buildings, politics and dress.
This is true taste, and whoso likes it not,
Is blockhead, coxcomb, puppy, fool, and sot.

BRAMSTONE.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. SIR SPENCER COMPTON*.

ROUND some fair tree the' ambitious woodbine
grows,

And breathes her sweets on the supporting boughs :
So sweet the verse, the' ambitious verse should be
(O! pardon mine) that hopes support from thee ;
Thee, Compton! born o'er senates to preside,
Their dignity to raise, their councils guide ;
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
And kingdoms' fates, without ambition, weigh ;
Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The crown's assertor, and the people's friend :
Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
To listen to the labours of the Muse ;
Thy smiles protect her, while thy talents fire,
And 'tis but half thy glory to inspire.

Vex'd at a public fame, so justly won,
The jealous Chremes is with spleen undone ;
Chremes, for airy pensions of renown,
Devotes his service to the state and crown :
All schemes he knows, and, knowing, all improves :
Though Britain's thankless, still this patriot loves :
But patriots differ ; some may shed their blood,
He drinks his coffee, for the public good ;
Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees
What storms or sunshine Providence decrees ;
Knows for each day the weather of our fate :
A quidnunc is an almanack of state.

* Speaker of the House of Commons; afterwards created Viscount Pevensey, and Earl of Wilmington.

You smile and think this statesman void of use;
 Why may not time his secret worth produce?
 Since apes can roast the choice Castanian nut,
 Since steeds of genius are expert at *put*,
 Since half the senate *Not Content* can say,
 Geese nations save, and puppies plots betray.

What makes him model realms and counsel
 An incapacity for smaller things. [kings?—
 Poor Chremes can't conduct his own estate,
 And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.

Gehenno leaves the realm to Chremes' skill,
 And boldly claims a province higher still:
 To raise a name, the' ambitious boy has got
 At once a Bible and a shoulderknot:
 Deep in the secret, he looks through the whole,
 And pities the dull rogue that saves his soul:
 To talk with reverence you must take good heed,
 Nor shock his tender reason with the creed:
 Howe'er well bred, in public he complies,
 Obliging friends alone with blasphemies.

Peerage is poison; good estates are bad
 For this disease; poor rogues run seldom mad.
 Have not attainders brought unhop'd relief,
 And falling stocks quite cured an unbelief?
 While the sun shines, Blunt talks with wondrous
 force;

But thunder mars small beer and weak discourse:
 Such useful instruments the weather show,
 Just as their mercury is high or low:
 Health chiefly keeps an atheist in the dark,
 A fever argues better than a Clarke:
 Let but the logic in his pulse decay,
 The Grecian he'll renounce, and learn to pray;

While Collins* mourns, with an unfeigned zeal,
The' apostate youth who reason'd once so well.
Collins, who makes so merry with the creed,
He almost thinks he disbelieves indeed;
But only thinks so: to give both their due,
Satan and he believe and tremble too.
Of some for glory such the boundless rage
That they're the blackest scandal of their age.

Narcissus the Tartarian club disclaims;
Nay, a freemason with some terror names;
Omits no duty; nor can Envy say
He miss'd these many years, the church or play:
He makes no noise in parliament, 'tis true,
But pays his debts, and visit, when 'tis due;
His character and gloves are ever clean,
And then he can outbow the bowing dean:
A smile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wise and worthless shares.
In gay fatigues, this most undaunted chief,
Patient of idleness beyond belief,
Most charitably lends the town his face,
For ornament in every public place:
As sure as cards he to the' assembly comes,
And is the furniture of drawingrooms:
When ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,
And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three.
Narcissus is the glory of his race,
For who does nothing with a better grace?

To deck my list by Nature were design'd
Such shining expletives of humankind, [along
Who want, while through blank life they dream
Sense to be right, and passion to be wrong.

* Anthony Collins, founder of the sect of Freethinkers.

To counterpoise this hero of the mode,
 Some for renown are singular and odd;
 What other men dislike is sure to please,
 Of all mankind, these dear antipodes:
 Through pride, not malice, they run counter still,
 And birthdays are their days of dressing ill.
 Arbuthnot is a fool, and Foe a sage,
 Sedley will fright you, Etherege engage:
 By Nature streams run backward, flame descends,
 Stones mount, and Sussex is the worst of friends.
 They take their rest by day, and wake by night,
 And blush if you surprise them in the right;
 If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,
 A swan is white, or Queensberry* is fair.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
 A fool ~~in~~ fashion, but a fool that's out;
 His passion for absurdity's so strong,
 He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.
 Though wrong the mode, comply: more sense is
 shown

In wearing others' follies than your own.
 If what is out of fashion most you prize,
 Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.
 But what in oddness can be more sublime
 Than Sloane†, the foremost toyman of his time?
 His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
 His daughter's portion a rich shell enhances,
 And Ashmole's baby-house‡ is, in his view,
 Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru!
 How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
 That painted coat which Joseph never wore!

* The Duchess of Queensberry, a celebrated toast.

† Sir Hans Sloane, whose collections enrich our Museum.

‡ The Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

He shows, on holidays, a sacred pin [chin.
That touch'd the ruff that touch'd Queen Bess's

'Since that great dearth our chronicles deplore,
Since the great plague that swept as many more,
Was ever year unblest'd as this? (he'll cry)
It has not brought us one new butterfly!
In times that suffer such learn'd men as these,
Unhappy Jersey! how came you to please?

Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game,
But in effect his chase is much the same:
Warm in pursuit, he levees all the great,
Stanch to the foot of title and estate:
Where'er their lordships go, they never find
Or Lico or their shadows lag behind;
He sets them sure where'er their lordships run,
Close at their elbows, as a morning dun;
As if their grandeur by contagion wrought,
And Fame was, like a fever, to be caught:
But after seven years' dance from place to place,
The Dane* is more familiar with his Grace.

Who'd be a crutch to prop a rotten peer,
Or living pendant dangling at his ear,
For ever whispering secrets, which were blown
For months before by trumpets through the town?
Who'd be a glass, with flattering grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face?
Or happy pin to stick upon his sleeve,
When my lord's gracious, and vouchsafes it leave?
Or cushion, when his heaviness shall please
To loll or thump it, for his better ease?
Or a vile butt, for noon or night bespoke,
When the peer rashly swears he'll club his joke?

* A Danish dog belonging to the Duke of Argyle.

Who'd shake with laughter, though he could not
find

His lordship's jest; or, if his nose broke wind,
For blessings to the gods profoundly bow,
That can cry chimneysweep, or drive a plough?
With terms like these how mean the tribe that close!
Scarce meaner they who terms like these impose.

But what's the tribe most likely to comply?
The men of ink, or ancient authors lie;
The writing tribe, who, shameless auctions hold
Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold;
All men they flatter, but themselves the most,
With deathless fame their everlasting boast:
For Fame no cully makes so much her jest
As her old constant spark, the bard profess'd.
Boyle* shines in council, Mordaunt† in the fight,
Pelham's‡ magnificent, but I can write;
And what to my great soul like glory dear?
Till some god whispers in his tingling ear,
That fame's unwholesome taken without meat,
And life is best sustain'd by what is eat:
Grown lean and wise, he curses what he's writ,
And wishes all his wants were in his wit.

Ah! what avails it, when his dinner's lost,
That his triumphant name adorns a post?
Or that his shining page (provoking fate)
Defends surloins, which sons of Dulness eat?

What foe to verse without compassion hears,
What cruel proseman can refrain from tears,
When the poor Muse, for less than half a crown,
A prostitute on every bulk in town,

* Earl of Orrery.

† Earl of Peterborough.

‡ Duke of Newcastle.

With other whores undone, though not in print,
Clubs credit for Geneva in the Mint?

Ye bards! why will you sing, though uninspired?

Ye bards! why will you starve to be admired?
Defunct by Phoebus' laws, beyond redress,
Why will your spectres haunt the frightened press?
Bad metre, that excrescence of the head,
Like hair, will sprout although the poet's dead.

All other trades demand, verse-makers beg:
A dedication is a wooden leg;
A barren Labeo, the true mumper's fashion,
Exposes borrow'd brats to move compassion.
Though such myself, vile bards I discommend;
Nay more, though gentle Damon is my friend.
'Is't then a crime to write?'—If talent rare
Proclaim the god, the crime is to forbear:
For some, though few there are, large-minded men,
Who watch unseen the labours of the pen;
Who know the Muse's worth, and therefore court,
Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support;
Who, serve, unask'd, the least pretence to wit,
My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.
Argyle true wit is studious to restore,
And Dorset smiles, if Phoebus smiled before;
Pembroke in years the longloved arts admires,
And Henrietta* like a Muse inspires.

But, ah! not inspiration can obtain
That fame which poets languish for in vain.
How mad their aim who thirst for glory, strive
To grasp what no man can possess alive!
Fame's a reversion, in which men take place
(O late reversion!) at their own decease:

* Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles Harley.

This truth sagacious Lintot knows so well,
He starves his authors that their works may sell.

That fame is wealth, fantastic poets cry ;
That wealth is fame, another clan reply,
Who know no guilt, no scandal, but in rags,
And swell in just proportion to their bags.
Nbr only the low-born, deform'd and old,
Think glory nothing but the beams of gold :
The first young lord which in the Mall you meet,
Shall match the veriest hunks in Lombard Street,
From rescued candles' ends who raised a sum,
And starves to join a penny to a plum.
A beardless miser! 'tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a scandal all our own.

Of ardent lovers the true modern band
Will mortgage Celia to redeem their land.
For love young, noble, rich Castalio dies ;
Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.
Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down,
No rival can prevail,—but half a crown.
He glories to late times to be convey'd,
Not for the poor he has relieved, but made :
Not such ambition his great fathers fired,
When Harry conquer'd, and half France expired :
He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog, for gain ;
Nay, a dull sheriff for his golden chain.

' Who'd be a slave ?' The gallant colonel cries,
While love of glory sparkles from his eyes :
To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right,—
Just is his title,—for he will not fight.
All soldiers valour, all divines have grace,
As maids of honour beauty—by their place :
But when, indulging on the last campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain,

He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,
A sweet revenge, and half absolves his sword.

Of boasting more than of a bomb afraid,
A soldier should be modest as a maid.
Fame is a bubble the reserved enjoy;
Who strive to grasp it, as they touch, destroy:
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree,
But if you pay yourself, the world is free.

Were there no tongue to speak them but his own,
Augustus'* deeds in arms had ne'er been known;
Augustus' deeds? if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim,
Such is the prince's worth of whom I speak,
The Roman would not blush at the mistake.

YOUNG.

TO MR. POPE,

CONCERNING THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

1730.

WHILST you at Twickenham plan the future wood,
Or turn the volumes of the wise and good,
Our senate meets; at parties parties bawl,
And pamphlets stun the streets and load the stall:
So rushing tides bring things obscene to light,
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs swim in sight;
The civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,
And Codrus' prose works up, and Lico's strains.
Lo! what from cellars rise, what rush from high,
Where Speculation roosted near the sky;

* Applied to George the First.

Letters, essays, sock, buskin, satire, song,
And all the garret thunders on the throng!

O Pope! I burst; nor can, nor will refrain;
I'll write; let others, in their turn, complain.
Truce, truce, ye Vandals: my tormented ear
Less dreads a pillory than pamphleteer:
I've heard myself to death; and, plagued each hour,
Shan't I return the vengeance in my power?
For who can write the true absurd like me?—

Thy pardon, Codrus! who, I mean, but thee?
Pope! if like mine or Codrus' were thy style,
The blood of vipers had not stain'd thy file;
Merit less solid less despite had bred;
They had not bit, and then they had not bled.
Fame is a public mistress none enjoys,
But, more or less, his rival's peace destroys:
With fame, in just proportion, envy grows;
The man that makes a character makes foes.
Slight peevish insects round a genius rise,
As a bright day awakes the world of flies;
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
(To show they live) they flutter, and they sting;
But as by depredations wasps proclaim
The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.

Shall we not censure all the motley train,
Whether with ale irriguous or champagne?
Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb,
And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;
The college sloven, or embroider'd spark;
The purple prelate, or the parish clerk;
The quiet quidnunc, or demanding prig;
The plaintiff Tory, or defendant Whig;
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or sad;
Whether extremely witty, or quite mad;

Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite ;
Men that read well, or men that only write ;
Whether peers, porters, tailors tune the reeds,
And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds ;

For bankrupts write when ruin'd shops are shut,
As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut :
His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
And, wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits.
By thriving men subsists each other trade ;
Of every broken craft a writer's made :
Thus his material, paper, takes its birth
From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on earth.

Hail, fruitful Isle ! to thee alone belong
Millions of wits, and brokers in old song ;
Thee well a land of Liberty we name,
Where all are free to scandal and to shame ;
Thy sons, by print, may set their hearts at ease,
And be mankind's contempt whene'er they please ;
Like trodden filth, their vile and abject sense
Is unperceived but when it gives offence :
Their heavy prose our injured reason tires ;
Their verse immoral kindles loose desires :
Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime,
Our sport and pity, punishment and crime.

What glorious motives urge our authors on
Thus to undo, and thus to be undone ?
One loses his estate, and down he sits,
To show (in vain) he still retains his wits :
Another marries, and his dear proves keen ;
He writes, as an hypnotic for the spleen :
Some write, confined by physic ; some, by debt ;
Some, for 'tis Sunday ; some, because 'tis wet :
Through private pique some do the public right,
And love their king and country out of spite :

Another writes because his father writ,
And proves himself a bastard by his wit.

Has Lico learning, humour, thought profound?
Neither; why write then? he wants twenty pound!
His belly, not his brains, this impulse give;
He'll grow immortal, for he cannot live:
He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream,
With no provision made, but of his theme:-
Perhaps a title has his fancy smit,
Or a quaint motto, which he thinks has wit:
He writes, in inspiration puts his trust,
Though wrong his thoughts, the gods will make
them just:

Genius directly from the gods descends,
And who by labour would distrust his friends?
Thus having reason'd with consummate skill,
In immortality he dips his quill;
And, since blank paper is denied the press,
He mingles the whole alphabet by guess;
In various sets, which various words compose,
Of which he hopes mankind the meaning knows.

So sounds spontaneous from the sibyl broke,
Dark to herself the wonders which she spoke;
The priests found out the meaning if they could,
And nations stared at what none understood.

Clodiodress'd, danced, drank, visited, (the whole
And great concern of an immortal soul!)

Oft have I said, 'Awake! exist! and strive
For birth! nor think to loiter is to live!'

As oft I overheard the demon say,
Who daily met the loiterer in his way, [replies,
'I'll meet thee, youth! at White's.' The youth
'I'll meet thee there;' and falls his sacrifice:
His fortune squander'd, leaves his virtue bare
To every bribe, and blind to every snare.

Clodio for bread his indolence must quit,
Or turn a soldier, or commence a wit.
Such heroes have we ! all but life they stake ;
How must Spain tremble, and the German shake !
Such writers have we ! all but sense they print ;
E'en George's praise is dated from the Mint.
In arms contemptible, in arts profane,
Such swords, such pens disgrace a monarch's reign.
Reform your lives before ye thus aspire,
And steal (for you can steal) celestial fire.

O the just contrast ! O the beauteous strife !
'Twixt their cool writings and Pindaric life :
They write with phlegm, but then they live with
fire ;

They cheat the lender, and their works the buyer.

I reverence misfortune, not deride ;
I pity poverty, but laugh at pride :
For who so sad but must some mirth confess
At gay Castruchio's miscellaneous dress ?
Though there's but one of the dull works he wrote,
There's ten editions of his old laced coat.

These, Nature's commoners, who want a home,
Claim the wide world for their majestic dome ;
They make a private study of the street,
And, looking full on every man they meet,
Run souse against his chaps, who stands amazed
To find they did not see, but only gazed.
How must these bards be rapt into the skies !
You need not read, you feel their ecstasies.

Will they persist ? 'tis madness. Lintot, run,
See them confined.—' O, that's already done.'
Most, as by leases, by the works they print,
Have took, for life, possession of the Mint.
If you mistake, and pity these poor men ;
'*Est ulubris*,' they cry, and write again.

Such wits their nuisance manfully expose,
 And then pronounce just judges learning's foes.
 O frail conclusion! the reverse is true;
 If foes to learning, they'd be friends to you:
 Treat them, ye judges! with an honest scorn:
 And weed the cockle from the generous corn:
 There's true good nature in your disrespect;
 In justice to the good, the bad neglect:
 For immortality if hardships plead,
 It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.

But, O! what wisdom can convince a fool
 But that 'tis dulness to conceive him dull?
 'Tis sad experience takes the censor's part,
 Conviction not from reason, but from smart.

A virgin author, recent from the press,
 The sheets yet wet, applauds his great success;
 Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed,
 Those in his hand, and glory in his head;
 'Tis joy too great; a fever of delight!
 His heart beats thick, nor close his eyes all night;
 But rising the next morn to clasp his fame,
 He finds that without sleeping he could dream.
 So sparks, they say, take goddesses to bed,
 And find next day the devil in their stead.

In vain advertisements the town o'erspread;
 They're epitaphs, and say 'the work is dead.'
 Who press for fame, but small recruits will raise;
 'Tis volunteers alone can give the bays.

A famous author visits a great man,
 Of his immortal work displays the plan,
 And says, 'Sir, I'm your friend; all fear dismiss;
 Your glory and my own shall live by this;
 Your power is fix'd, your fame through time
 convey'd,

And Britain Europe's queen—if I am paid.'

A statesman has his answer in a trice ;
' Sir, such a genius is beyond all price ;
What man can pay for this ?'—Away he turns,
His work is folded, and his bosom burns :
His patron he will patronize no more,
But rushes like a tempest out of door.
Lost is the patriot, and extinct his name !
Out comes the piece, another, and the same ;
For A, his magic pen evokes an O,
And turns the tide of Europe on the foe :
He rams his quill with scandal and with scoff,
But 'tis so very foul it won't go off :
Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar,
But when once publish'd, they are heard no more :
Thus distant bugbears fright ; but nearer draw,
The block's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.

Can those oblige whose heads and hearts are
such ?

No : every party's tainted by their touch.
Infected persons fly each public place,
And none, or enemies alone, embrace :
To the foul fiend their every passion's sold ;
They love and hate, *extempore*, for gold.
What image of their fury can we form ?
Dulness and rage, a puddle in a storm.
Rest they in peace ? If you are pleased to buy,
To swell your sails, like Lapland winds they fly.
Write they with rage ? the tempest quickly flags ;
A state Ulysses tames them with his bags :
Let him be what he will, Turk, Pagan, Jew,
For Christian ministers of state are few.

Behind the curtain lurks the fountainhead,
That pours his politics through pipes of lead,
Which far and near ejaculate and spout,
O'er tea and coffee, poison to the rout ;

But when they have bespatter'd all they may,
The statesman throws his filthy squirts away!

With golden forceps these another takes,
And state elixirs of the vipers makes.

The richest statesman wants wherewith to pay
A servile sycophant, if well they weigh
How much it costs the wretch to be so base;
Nor can the greatest powers enough disgrace,
Enough chastise, such prostitute applause,
If well they weigh how much it stains their cause.

But are our writers ever in the wrong?
Does virtue ne'er seduce the venal tongue?
Yes; if well bribed, for Virtue's self they fight;
Still in the wrong, though champions for the right:
Whoe'er their crimes for interest only quit,
Sin on in virtue, and good deeds commit.

Nought but inconstancy Britannia meets,
And broken faith in their abandon'd sheets.
From the same hand how various is the page!
What civil war their brother pamphlets wage!
Tracts battle tracts, self-contradictions glare;
Say, is this lunacy?—I wish it were.
If such our writers, startled at the sight,
Felons may bless their stars they cannot write!

How justly Proteus' transmigrations fit
The monstrous changes of a modern wit!
Now such a gentle stream of eloquence,
As seldom rises to the verge of sense;
Now, by mad rage, transform'd into a flame,
Which yet fit engines, well applied, can tame;
Now, on immodest trash, the swine obscene
Invites the Town to sup at Drury Lane;
A dreadful lion, now he roars at power,
Which sends him to his brothers at the Tower:

He's now a serpent, and his double tongue
Salutes, nay licks the feet of those he stung.
What knot can bind him, his evasion such?
One knot he well deserves which might do much.

The fiod, flame, swine, the lion, and the snake,
Those fivefold monsters modern authors make.
The snake reigns most; snakes, Pliny says, are bred
When the brain's perish'd in a human head.
Ye groveling, trodden, whipp'd, stripp'd, turncoat
things,

Made up of venom, volumes, stains, and stings !
Thrown from the tree of knowledge, like you, cursed
To scribble in the dust, was snake the first.

What if the figure should in fact prove true ?
It did in Elkanah *, why not in you ?
Poor Elkanah, all other changes pass'd,
For bread in Smithfield dragons hiss'd at last,
Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners suited to his shape.
Such is the fate of talents misapplied ;
So lived your prototype, and so he died.
The' abandon'd manners of our writing train
May tempt mankind to think religion vain ;
But in their fate, their habit, and their mien,
That gods there are is eminently seen : [pen,
Heaven stands absolved by vengeance on their
And marks the murderers of fame from men :
Through meagre jaws they draw their venal breath,
As ghastly as their brothers in Macbeth :
Their feet through faithless leather meet the dirt,
And oftener changed their principles than shirt :
The transient vestments of these frugal men
Hasten to paper for our mirth again :

* Elkanah Settle, the city poet.

Too soon (O merry melancholy fate!)
 They beg in rhyme, and warble through a grate :
 The man lampoon'd forgets it at the sight ;
 The friend through pity gives, the foe through spite ;
 And though full conscious of his injured purse,
 Lintot relents, nor Curll can wish them worse.
 So fare the men who writers dare commence
 Without their patent, probity, and sense.

From these their politics our quidnuncs seek,
 And Saturday's the learning of the week :
 These labouring wits, like paviors, mend our ways
 With heavy, huge, repeated, flat essays ; [dull,
 Ram their coarse nonsense down, though ne'er so
 And hem at every thump upon your scull :
 These stanch-bred writing hounds begin the cry,
 And honest Folly echoes to the lie.
 O, how I laugh when I a blockhead see
 Thanking a villain for his probity ;
 Who stretches out a most respectful ear,
 With snares for woodcocks in his holy leer :
 It tickles through my soul to hear the cock's
 Sincere encomium on his friend the fox,
 Sole patron of his liberties and rights !
 While graceless reynard listens—till he bites.

As when the trumpet sounds, the' o'erloaded
 state

Discharges all her poor and profligate,
 Crimes of all kinds dishonour'd weapons wield,
 And prisons pour their filth into the field :
 Thus Nature's refuse and the dregs of men
 Compose the black militia of the pen.

YOUNG.

LONDON.

IN IMITATION OF THE THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL

Quis ineptæ
 Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut tenent se?
Juvenal.

THOUGH grief and fondness in my breast rebel
 When injured Thales* bids the town farewell
 Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice comme
 I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,
 Who now resolves, from vice and London far,
 To breathe in distant fields a purer air;
 And, fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
 Give to Saint David one true Briton more.

For who would leave, unbribed, Hibernia's la
 Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Stran
 There none are swept by sudden fate away,
 But all, whom hunger spares, with age decay
 Here malice, rapine, accident conspire,
 And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
 Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
 And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
 Here falling houses thunder on your head,
 And here a female atheist talks you dead.

While Thales waits the wherry that contain
 Of dissipated wealth the small remains,

* By Thales some have understood Savage the poet, who took a journey into Wales after this poem was published.

On Thames's banks, in silent thought we stood,
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood :
Struck with the seat that gave Eliza * birth,
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth ;
In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view ;
Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,
Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
Or English honour grew a standing jest.

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
And for a moment lull the sense of woe.
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant Thales eyes the neighbouring town :
' Since worth (he cries), in these degenerate days,
Wants e'en the cheap reward of empty praise ;
In those cursed walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded science toils in vain ;
Since hope but soothes to double my distress,
And every moment leaves my little less ;
While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,
And life still vigorous revels in my veins ;
Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier
place,

Where honesty and sense are no disgrace ;
Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
Some peaceful vale with Nature's painting gay ;
Where once the harass'd Briton found repose,
And safe in poverty defied his foes ;
Some secret cell, ye powers indulgent, give,
Let — live here, for — has learn'd to live.
Here let those reign whom pensions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white ;

* Queen Elizabeth, born at Greenwich.

Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for pirates in the face of day * ;
With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.
Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery ;
With warbling eunuchs fill a licensed stage † ,
And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.

‘ Heroes, proceed ! what bounds your pride
shall hold ?

What check restrain your thirst of power and gold ?
Behold rebellious virtue quite o’erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.
To such a groaning nation’s spoils are given,
When public crimes inflame the wrath of Heaven :
But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
Who start at theft, and blush at perjury ?
Who scarce forbear, though Britain’s court he
To pluck a titled poet’s borrow’d wing ; [sing,
A statesman’s logic unconvinced can hear,
And dare to slumber o’er the Gazetteer ‡ :
Despise a fool in half his pension dress’d,
And strive in vain to laugh at H——y’s jest.

‘ Others, with softer smiles and subtler art,
Can sap the principles, or taint the heart ;
With more address a lover’s note convey,
Or bribe a virgin’s innocence away.
Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue
Ne’er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,

* The encroachments of the Spaniards had been palliated in both houses of parliament.

† The licensing act had then lately passed.

‡ A paper which at that time contained apologies for the court.

Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.

' For what but social guilt the friend endears?
Who shares Orgilio's crimes his fortune shares.
But thou, should tempting villany present
All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
Turn from the glittering bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold what gold could never buy,
The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.

' The cheated nation's happy favourites, see!
Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me!
London! the needy villain's general home,
The common sewer of Paris and of Rome,
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
I cannot bear a French metropolis.

' Illustrious Edward! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of saints survey;
Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,
The rustic grandeur, or the surly grace;
But, lost in thoughtless ease and empty show,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Sense, freedom, piety refined away,
Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.

' All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dress, their politics import;
Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
No gainful trade their industry can scape,
They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap:

All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

‘ Ah! what avails it that, from slavery far,
I drew the breath of life in English air;
Was early taught a Briton’s right to prize,
And lisp the tale of Henry’s victories;
If the gull’d conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery subdues when arms are vain?

‘ Studious to please, and ready to submit,
The supple Gaul was born a parasite:
Still to his interest true, where’er he goes,
Wit, bravery, worth his lavish tongue bestows;
In every face a thousand graces shine,
From every tongue flows harmony divine.
These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with faltering diffidence a lie,
And gain a kick for awkward flattery.

‘ Besides, with justice this discerning age
Admires their wondrous talents for the stage:
Well may they venture on the mimic’s art
Who play from morn to night a borrow’d part;
Practised their master’s notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;
With every wild absurdity comply,
And view each object with another’s eye;
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear;
And, as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dogdays, in December sweat.
How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly Virtue hope to fix a friend?
Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blush, without a smile;

Exalt each trifle, every vice adore,
 Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore ;
 Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear
 He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air !

‘ For arts like these preferr'd, admired, ca-
 ress'd,

They first invade your table, then your breast ;
 Explore your secrets with insidious art,
 Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart ;
 Then soon your ill placed confidence repay,
 Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

‘ By numbers here, from shame or censure free,
 All crimes are safe but hated poverty :
 This, only this the rigid law pursues,
 This, only this provokes the snarling muse.
 The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak
 Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke ;
 With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
 And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
 Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
 Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest ;
 Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart
 Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

‘ Has Heaven reserved, in pity to the poor,
 No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore ?
 No secret island in the boundless main ?
 No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by Spain * ?
 Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
 And bear Oppression's insolence no more.
 This mournful truth is every where confess'd,
 Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd :

* The Spaniards at that time were said to make claim to some of our American provinces.

But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold;
Where, won by bribes, by flatteries implored,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.

‘ But hark ! the’ affrighted crowd’s tumultuous
cries

Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies :
Raised from some pleasing dream of wealth and
power,

Some pompous palace, or some blissful bower,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
Sustain the’ approaching fire’s tremendous light ;
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little all to flames a prey ;
Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can starving Merit find a home ?
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.

‘ Should Heaven’s just bolts Orgilio’s wealth
confound,

And spread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o’er the land the dismal rumour flies,
And public mournings pacify the skies ;
The laureate tribe in servile verse relate,
How Virtue wars with persecuting Fate ;
With well feign’d ‘gratitūde the pension’d band
Refund the plunder of the beggar’d land.
See ! while he builds, the gaudy vassals cōme,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome ;
The price of boroughs and of souls restore,
And raise his treasures higher than before :
Now bless’d with all the baubles of the great,
The polish’d marble and the shining plate,

Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry Heaven another fire.

‘ Couldst thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent ;
There mightst thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator’s deserted seat,
And stretch thy prospects o’er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand ;
There prune thy walks, support thy drooping
flowers,

Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bowers ;
And, while thy beds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord :
There every bush with nature’s music rings,
There every breeze bears health upon its wings ;
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.

‘ Prepare for death, if here at night you roam ;
And sign your will before you sup from home.
Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man ;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.

‘ Yet e’en these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way ;
Flush’d as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine ;
Afar they mark the flambeau’s bright approach,
And shun the shining train and golden coach.

‘ In vain, these dangers pass’d, your doors you
close,

And hope the balmy blessings of repose :
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murderer bursts the faithless bar ;

Invades the sacred hour of silent rest
And plants, unseen, a dagger in your
‘ Scarce can our fields, such crowd
die,

With hemp the gallows and the fleet
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian
Whose ways and means * support the s
Lest ropes be wanting in the temptin
To rig another convoy for the king †.

‘ A single jail, in Alfred’s golden
Could half the nation’s criminals con
Fair Justice then, without constraint
Held high the steady scale, but sheath’
No spies were paid, no special juries
Bless’d age ! but ah ! how different fro

‘ Much could I add,—but see the t
The tide retiring, calls me from the
Farewell !—When youth and health
spent,

Thou fliest for refuge to the wilds of
And, tired like me with follies and v
In angry numbers warn’st succeeding
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refus
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambria
In virtue’s cause once more exert his
Thy satire point, and animate thy pa

* A technical term in parliament for raising

† The nation was then discontented at the
made by George the Second to Hanover.

OF TASTE.

An Essay.

SPOKEN AT THE ANNIVERSARY VISITATION OF
TUNBRIDGE SCHOOL, 1756.

WELL—though our passions riot, fret, and rave,
Wild and capricious as the wind and wave,
One common folly, say whate'er we can,
Has fix'd at last the mercury of man;
And rules, as sacred as his father's creed,
O'er every native of the Thames and Tweed.

Ask ye what power it is that dares to claim
So vast an empire and so wide a fame?
What god unshrined in all the ages pass'd?
I'll tell you, friend! in one short word—'tis Taste;
Taste that, without or head or ear or heart,
One gift of Nature, or one grace of art,
Ennobles riches, sanctifies expense,
And takes the place of spirit, worth, and sense.
In elder time, ere yet our fathers knew
Rome's idle arts, or panted for Virtù,
Or sat whole nights Italian songs to hear,
Without a genius, and without an ear;
Exalted Sense, to warmer climes unknown,
And manly Wit were Nature's and our own.
But when our virtues, warp'd by wealth and peace,
Began to slumber in the lap of Ease—
When Charles return'd to his paternal reign,
With more than fifty tailors in his train,
We felt for Taste—for then obliging France
Taught the rough Briton how to dress and dance;

Politely told him all were brutes and fools,
But the gay coxcombs of her happier schools ;
That all perfection in her language lay,
And the best author was her own Rabelais.
Hence, by some strange malignity of fate,
We take our fashions from the land we hate :
Still slaves to her, howe'er her taste inclines,
We wear her ribands, and we drink her wines ;
Eat as she eats, no matter which or what,
A roasted lobster, or a roasted cat ;
And fill our houses with a hungry train
Of more than half the scoundrels of the Seine.

Time was, a wealthy Englishman would join
A rich plum pudding to a fat sirloin ;
Or bake a pasty, whose enormous wall
Took up almost the area of his hall :
But now, as art improves and life refines,
The demon Taste attends him when he dines ;
Serves on his board an elegant regale,
Where three stew'd mushrooms flank a larded
quail ;

Where infant turkeys, half a month resign'd
To the soft breathings of a southern wind,
And smother'd in a rich ragout of snails,
Outstink a lenten supper at Versailles.
Is there a saint that would not laugh to see
The good man piddling with his fricassee ;
Forced by the luxury of taste to drain
A flask of poison, which he calls champagne !
While he, poor idiot ! though he dare not speak,
Pines all the while for porter and ox-cheek.

Sure 'tis enough to starve for pomp and show,
To drink, and curse the clarets of Bordeaux :

Yet such our humour, such our skill to hit
Excess of folly through excess of wit,
We plant the garden, and we build the seat,
Just as absurdly as we drink and eat;
For is there aught that Nature's hand has sown
To bloom and ripen in her hottest zone?
Is there a shrub which, ere its verdures blow,
Asks all the suns that beam upon the Po?
Is there a floweret whose vermilion hue
Can only catch its beauty in Peru?
Is there a portal, colonnade, or dome,
The pride of Naples, or the boast of Rome?
We raise it here, in storms of wind and hail,
On the bleak bosom of a sunless vale;
Careless alike of climate, soil, and place,
The cast of Nature, and the smiles of Grace.

Hence all our stucco'd walls, Mosaic floors,
Palladian windows, and Venetian doors;
Our Gothic fronts, whose Attic wings unfold
Fluted pilasters tipp'd with leaves of gold;
Our massy ceilings, graced with gay festoons,
The weeping marbles of our damp saloons,
Lawns fringed with citrons, amaranthine bowers,
Expiring myrtles, and unopening flowers.
Hence the good Scotsman bids the' anana blow
In rocks of crystal, or in alps of snow;
On Orcus' steep extends his wide arcade,
And kills his scanty sunshine in a shade.

One might expect a sanctity of style
August and manly in a holy pile,
And think an architect extremely odd
To build a playhouse for the church of God;
Yet half our churches, such the mode that reigns,
Are Roman theatres or Grecian fanes;

Where broad arch'd windows to the eye convey
The keen diffusion of too strong a day;
Where, in the luxury of wanton pride,
Corinthian columns languish side by side,
Closed by an altar exquisitely fine,
Loose and lascivious as a Cyprian shrine.

Of late, 'tis true, quite sick of Rome and Greece,
We fetch our models from the wise Chinese;
European artists are too cool and chaste,
Your Mandarin only is the man of taste;
Whose bolder genius, fondly wild to see
His grove a forest, and his pond a sea,
Breaks out—and, whimsically great, designs
Without the shackles or of rules or lines.
Form'd on his plans, our farms and seats begin
To match the boasted villas of Pekin.
On every hill a s ire-crown'd temple swells,
Hung round with serpents, and a fringe of bells:
Junks and balloons along our waters sail.
With each a gilded cock-boat at his tail;
Our choice exotics to the breeze exhale
Within the' enclosure of a zigzag rail;
In Tartar huts our cows and horses lie,
Our hogs are fatted in an Indian sty;
On every shelf a Joss divinely stares,
Nymphs laid on chintzes sprawl upon our chairs;
While o'er our cabinets Confucius nods,
Midst porcelain elephants and China gods.

Peace to all such—but you whose chaster fires
True greatness kindles, and true sense inspires,
Or ere you lay a stone, or plant a shade,
Bend the proud arch, or roll the broad cascade,
Ere all your wealth in mean profusion waste,
Examine Nature with the eye of Taste;

Mark where she spreads the lawn or pours the rill,
Falls in the vale, or breaks upon the hill;
Plan as she plans, and where her genius calls,
There sink your grottos, and there raise your walls.
Without this taste, beneath whose magic wand
Truth and correctness guide the artist's hand,
Woods, lakes, and palaces are idle things,
The shame of nations, and the blush of kings.
Expense and Vanbrugh, vanity and show,
May build a Blenheim, but not make a Stowe.

But what is Taste, you ask, this heaven-born fire
We all pretend to, and we all admire?
Is it a casual grace? or lucky hit?
Or the cool effort of reflecting wit?
Has it no law but mere misguided will?
No just criterion fix'd to good and ill?
It has—True Taste, when delicately fine,
Is the pure sunshine of a soul divine;
The full perfection of each mental power—
'Tis sense, 'tis Nature, and 'tis something more.
Twin-born with Genius of one common bed,
One parent bore them, and one master bred.
It gives the lyre with happier sounds to flow,
With purer blushes bids fair Beauty glow;
From Raphael's pencil calls a nobler line,
And warms, Coreggio! every touch of thine.

And yet, though sprung from one paternal
flame,

Genius and Taste are different as their name:
Genius, all sunbeam, where he throws a smile,
Impregnates Nature faster than the Nile;
Wild and impetuous, high as heaven aspires,
All science animates, all virtue fires;

Creates ideal worlds, and there convenes
Aerial forms and visionary scenes.
But Taste corrects, by one ethereal touch,
What seems too little and what seems too mu
Marks the fine point where each consenting]
Slides into beauty with the ease of art;
This bids to rise, and that with grace to fall,
And bounds, unites, refines, and heightens a

CAWTHO

THE ANTIQUARIES.

A Tale.

SOME antiquaries, grave and loyal,
Incorporate by charter royal,
Last winter, on a Thursday night, were
Met in full senate at the Mitre.
The president, like Mr. Mayor,
Majestic took the elbow chair,
And gravely sat in due decorum,
With a fine gilded mace before him.
Upon the table were display'd
A British knife without a blade,
A comb of Anglo Saxon steel,
A patent with king Alfred's seal,
Two rusted mutilated prongs,
Supposed to be Saint Dunstan's tongs,
With which he, as the story goes,
Once took the devil by the nose.

Awhile they talk'd of ancient modes,
Of manuscripts and Gothic codes,

Of Roman altars, camps, and urns,
Of Caledonian shields, and churns :
Whether the druid slipp'd or broke
The mistletoe upon the oak ?
If Hector's spear was made of ash ?
Or Agamemnon wore a sash ?
If Cleopatra dress'd in blue,
And wore her tresses in a queue ?

At length a Dean who understood
All that had pass'd before the Flood,
And could in half a minute show ye
A pedigree as high as Noah,
Got up, and, with a solemn air
(First humbly bowing to the chair),
' If aught (says he) deserves a name
Immortal as the roll of fame,
This venerable group of sages
Shall flourish in the latest ages,
And wear an amaranthine crown
When kings and empires are unknown.
Perhaps e'en I, whose humbler knowledge
Ranks me the lowest of your college,
May catch from your meridian day
At least a transitory ray :
For I, like you, through every clime
Have traced the step of hoary Time,
And gather'd up his sacred spoils
With more than half a century's toils.
Whatever virtue, deed, or name
Antiquity has left to fame,
In every age, and every zone,
In copper, marble, wood, or stone,
In vases, flowerpots, lamps, and sconces,
Intaglios, cameos, gems, and bronzes,

These eyes have read through many a crust
Of lacker, varnish, grease, and dust :
And now, as glory fondly draws
My soul to win your just applause,
I here exhibit to your view
A medal fairly worth Peru,
Found, as Tradition says, at Rome,
Near the Quirinal catacomb.'

He said, and from a purse of satin,
Wrapp'd in a leaf of monkish Latin,
And taught by many a clasp to join,
Drew out a dirty copper coin.
Still as pale midnight when she throws
On heaven and earth a deep repose,
Lost in a trance too big to speak,
The synod eyed the fine antique ;
Examined every point and part
With all the critic skill of art ;
Rung it alternate on the ground,
In hopes to know it by the sound ;
Applied the tongue's acuter sense
To taste its genuine excellence,
And with an animated gust
Lick'd up the consecrated rust :
Nor yet content with what the eye
By its own sunbeams could descry,
To every corner of the brass
They clapp'd a microscopic glass :
And view'd in raptures o'er and o'er
The ruins of the learned ore.

Pythagoras, the learned sage,
As you may read in Pliny's page,
With much of thought and pains and care
Found the proportions of a square ;

Which threw him in such frantic fits
As almost robb'd him of his wits,
And made him, awful as his name was,
Run naked through the streets of Samos.
With the same spirits Doctor Romans,
A keen civilian of the Commons,
Fond as Pythagoras to claim
The wreath of literary fame,
Sprung in a frenzy from his place
Across the table and the mace,
And swore by Varro's shade that he
Conceived the medal to a T.
' It rings (says he) so pure and chaste,
And has so classical a taste,
That we may fix its native home
Securely in imperial Rome.
That rascal, Time, whose hand purloins
From science half her kings and coins,
Has eat, you see, one half the tale,
And hid the other in a veil:
But if, through cankers, rust, and fetters,
Misshapen forms, and broken letters,
The critic's eye may dare to trace
An evanescent name and face,
This injured medal will appear,
As midday sunshine, bright and clear.
The female figure, on a throne
Of rustic work in Tibur's stone,
Without a sandal, zone, or bodice,
Is Liberty's immortal goddess;
Whose sacred fingers seem to hold
A taper wand, perhaps of gold:
Which has, if I mistake not, on it
The Pileus or Roman bonnet:

By this the medallist would mean
To paint that fine domestic scene,
When the first Brutus nobly gave
His freedom to the worthy slave.'

When a spectator 'as got the jaundice,
Each object or by sea or land is
Discolour'd by a yellow hue,
Though naturally red or blue.
This was the case with squire Thynne,
A barrister of Lincoln's Inn,
Who never loved to think or speak
Of any thing but ancient Greek.
In all disputes his sacred guide was
The very venerable Suidas ;
And though he never deign'd to look
In Salkeld, Lyttelton, or Coke,
And lived a stranger to the fées
And practice of the Common Pleas ;
He studied, with such warmth and awe,
The volumes of Athenian law,
That Solon's self not better knew
The legislative plan he drew ;
Nor could Demosthenes withstand
The rhetoric of his wig and band ;
When, full of zeal and Aristotle
And fluster'd by a second bottle,
He taught the orator to speak
His periods in correcter Greek.

'Methinks (quoth he), this little piece
Is certainly a child of Greece :
The ærugo has a tinge of blue
Exactly of the Attic hue ;
And, if the taste's acuter feel
May judge of medals as of veal,

I'll take my oath the mould and rust
Are made of Attic dew and dust.
Critics may talk and rave and foam
Of Brutus and imperial Rome;
But Rome, in all her pomp and bliss,
Ne'er struck so fine a coin as this.
Besides, though Time, as is his way,
Has eat the' inscription quite away,
My eye can trace, divinely true,
In this dark curve a little Mu :

And here, you see, there seems to lie
The ruins of a Doric Xi.

Perhaps, as Athens thought and writ
With all the powers of style and wit,
The nymph upon a couch of mallows
Was meant to represent a Pallas ;
And the baton upon the ore
Is but the olive-branch she bore.'

He said—but Swinton, full of fire,
Asserted that it came from Tyre :
A most divine antique he thought it,
And with an empire would have bought it.
He swore the head in full profile was
Undoubtedly the head of Belus ;
And the reverse, though hid in shade,
Appear'd a young Sidonian maid,
Whose tresses, buskins, shape, and mien
Mark'd her for Dido at sixteen ;
Perhaps the very year when she was
First married to the rich Sichæus.
The rod, as he could make it clear,
Was nothing but a hunting spear,
Which all the Tyrian ladies bore,
To guard them when they chased the boar.

A learned friend he could confide on,
Who lived full thirty years at Sidon,
Once show'd him, midst the seals and rings
Of more than thirty Syrian kings,
A copper piece, in shape and size
Exactly that before their eyes,
On which, in high relief, was seen
The image of a Tyrian queen ;
Which made him think this other dame
A true Phœnician, and the same.

The next, a critic, grave and big,
Hid in a most enormous wig,
Who in his manner, mien, and shape was
A genuine son of Esculapius,
Wonder'd that men of such discerning
In all the' abstruser parts of learning,
Could err, through want of wit or grace,
So strangely in so plain a case.

' It came (says he), or I will be whipp'd,
From Memphis in the Lower Egypt.
Soon as the Nile's prolific flood
Has fill'd the plains with slime and mud,
All Egypt in a moment swarms
With myriads of abortive worms,
Whose appetites would soon devour
Each cabbage, artichoke, and flower,
Did not some birds with active zeal
Eat up whole millions at a meal,
And check the pest, while yet the year
Is ripening into stalk and ear.
This blessing, visibly divine,
Is finely portray'd on the coin ;
For here this line, so faint and weak,
Is certainly a bill or beak ;

Which bill or beak, upon my word,
In hieroglyphics means a bird,
The very bird whose numerous tribe is
Distinguish'd by the name of Ibis.
Besides, the figure with the wand,
Mark'd by a sistrum in her hand,
Appears, the moment she is seen,
An Isis, Egypt's boasted queen.
Sir, I'm as sure as if my eye
Had seen the artist cut the die,
That these two curves, which wave and float thus,
Are but the tendrils of the lotus,
Which, as Herodotus has said,
The' Egyptians always eat for bread.'

He spoke, and heard, without a pause,
The rising murmur of applause ;
The voice of admiration rung
On every ear from every tongue :
Astonish'd at the lucky hit,
They stared, they deified his wit.

But ah ! what arts by fate are tried,
To vex and humble human pride !
To pull down poets from Parnassus,
And turn grave doctors into asses !
For whilst the band their voices raise
To celebrate the sage's praise,
And echo through the house convey'd
Their pæans loud to man and maid ;
Tom, a pert waiter, smart and clever,
Adroit pretence who wanted never,
Curious to see what caused this rout,
And what the doctors were about,
Slily stepp'd in to snuff the candles,
And ask whate'er they pleased to want else.

Soon as the synod he came near,
Loud dissonance assail'd his ear ;
Strange mingled sounds, in pompous style,
Of Isis, Ibis, Lotus, Nile :

And soon in Romans' hand he spies
The coin, the cause of all their noise.
Quick to his side he flies amain,
And peeps, and snuffs, and peeps again :
And though antiques he had no skill in,
He knew a sixpence from a shilling ;
And, spite of rust or rub, could trace
On humble brass Britannia's face.

Soon her fair image he descries,
And, big with laughter and surprise,
He burst—' And is this group of learning
So short of sense and plain discerning,
That a mere halfpenny can be
To them a curiosity ?

If this is your best proof of science,
With wisdom Tom claims no alliance ;
Content with nature's artless knowledge,
He scorns alike both school and college.'

More had he said—but, lo! around
A storm in every face he found :
On Romans' brow black thunders hung,
And whirlwinds rush'd from Swinton's tongue ;
Thynne lightning flash'd from every pore,
And reason's voice was heard no more.

The tempest eyed, Tom speeds his flight,
And, sneering, bids them all good night ;
Convinced that pedantry's allies
May be too learned to be wise.

CAWTHORN.

**HORACE'S FIRST SATIRE MODERNIZED,
AND ADDRESSED TO JACOB HENRIQUEZ.**

Advertisement.

It is hardly necessary to apprise the attentive reader that the honest Hebrew is by no means introduced in this satire as a real miser, but merely as an actor, extremely well qualified by his comic powers to personate the character.

Pray, gentlefolks, cease your scoffing. *Scrij?*

PRAY tell me, friend Jacob, how comes it to pass
That, say what we will, every man is an ass?
Against his own lot everlastingly braying,
And for change of condition still whining and
praying?

The soldier worn out with fatigues and with scars,
As he hobbles to Chelsea, cries, 'Curse on the
wars!'

He envies the merchant the ease of his gain,
As acquired without toil and secured without pain.

The merchant, at mercy of winds and of waves,
When he thinks upon war, all its dangers he braves;
'What's in it?' he cries, 'why, you hear the
bombs thunder, [plunder.'

Death relieves you at once or you're loaded with

The lawyer indulging his afternoon nap, [rap,
When he starts from his chair at his client's loud
To burn all his briefs, in a rage makes a vow,
And swears by St. Edward—he'll follow the
plough. [to the city,

While the poor country clown, dragg'd by writ
As he gapes at the signs, cries, 'O la! 'tis so pretty!'

His eyes full of wonder he greedily feasts,
With St. Paul's, and the giants, the bridge, and
the beasts ;

On return to his cot, 'tis his glory to tell, [bell.
How all pleasure's confined to the sound of Bow

But enough of examples—no more can be wanted ;
That all men are grumblers, we'll now take for
granted : [spirit lodges

For to ransack each breast where this cursed
Would wear out the windpipe of Orator Hodges.

So, not to fatigue you with vain declamation,

I'll unfold the design of this motley relation.

Suppose then Old Jove should proclaim by his
cryer, [desire,

'Twas his pleasure to grant all these knaves their
Make the merchant a soldier, the lawyer a plough-
man ; [now, man ?

Pass—presto—'tis done. ' Ha ! what ails you
What the devil, not stir ?—Give a shake to that
fellow ; [low—

The dog has been drinking, and got himself mel-
'Twould be cruel to force, and what signifies
arguing ? [their bargain

Now their prayers have been heard they repent
Why such shuffling as this would provoke a D
vinity ! [I'd ha' gi'n it y

Ye damn'd rogues ! What ye ask'd—don't ye s
Now—mind what I say—Should you tease
hereafter, [laught

Your prayers will be only received with hor

But, joking apart, for you'll say 'tis beguiling
Yet I know not that truth ever suffer'd by smili
Nay, a laugh gilds a pill, makes it sweete
swallow ; [Ap

Your dry stuff won't be read were it wri

Even schoolmasters teach us—and who can be
grimmer? [primer?

Don't they lecture their boys from a gingerbread

However, good sir, as you seem to look serious,
And my subject begins to grow somewhat mys-
terious; [your beard—

Come curl up your whiskers, and stroke down
Right—for sober discussion we now are prepared.

To return to our soldier, our ploughman, and
trader,

Not forgetting their worthy companion the pleader;
Though at first sight they differ so widely, yet
rot 'em!

I find the same principle rules at the bottom;
Put the question home to them with sense and dis-
cretion,

And, my life to a *blank*, you'll obtain a confession,
That with patience all perils and toils they engage
To provide in the spring for the winter of age.

'Well, and prudently thought on! Oh! Bravo!'
cries Jacob— [take up;

Fair and softly—Now you shall the argument
By debating the point we may both become wiser:
Come, I'll be Old Flaccus, while you play the
Miser.

JACOB.

Of industry's cares, if an instance you want,
I can furnish you soon—Cast your eyes on the ant;
To human endeavours a quickening example,
Her form how minute! yet her labours how ample!
Incessant in toil, all around see her scrape,
Then bear off the burden to add to her heap;
The man who is wise will pursue her good maxim,
Though the idle and thoughtless with avarice tax
him.

AUTHOR.

Well moved, Doctor Squaretoes! Ha, old
Domini!

I see you regard these affairs with no common
But hark you, my friend—To avoid all delusion
Your memoirs of the ant we must bring to co-

sion;
In our sense of her work not a little we vary
So the *quomodo's* granted—but now for the
You've described her task nobly, mark the
on't as well—

When winter comes on she keeps snug in her
There, unlocking her storehouse, regales on
dainty,

So, while misers are starving, she revels in
Thus you see your comparison breaks in the
Like Sam Butler's old tale of the Bear and
Fiddle;

For the wretch, who by Mammon's cursed
is taken, [B

Can no more touch his treasure than you can
In his spoil to the ant you may justly compare
For no pain can deter, and no danger can scare
Fire and sword, sea and air, strive in vain to
trol him;

All is well so he gets but a plum to console
And why does he take all those pains to provide
Grant me patience, kind heaven!—For no end
to hide it.

JACOB.

Not so hasty, young man—If you take from
treasure, [plea
You destroy the round sum—Then adieu to

AUTHOR.

Well, unless you do so, for my life I can't see
In the overgrown pile what enjoyment can be.

Suppose your Jamaica plantation produces
Fifty hogsheads or more of the sugar-cane's juices;
Of all this abundance your head gives no sign,
Should you drink to excess it would ache just
like mine. [tion—

, You contract—Be not angry, 'tis but supposi-
To victual our fleet for the next expedition;
What slaughtering of oxen! what butchering of
hogs! [the dogs.

Yet for your part all this might be thrown to the
To what purpose this superabundance of plenty,
When an humble beefsteak at Pontac's can con-
tent you?

Rabbi, yield up the point—A pantheon of gods
Shall never persuade me it can make any odds
Of Nature's good gifts to the temperate partaker,
If he ploughs forty thousand or one single acre.

JACOB.

But the joy to see heaps of bright gold as they lie!
How they ravish the sense! how they dazzle the
eye!

AUTHOR.

Ah! great offerer of schemes! sage descendant of
Moses! [opposes!
How weak prejudice here your sound judgment
If I have but enough, for that sure is the test,
Then my purse serves as well as your huge iron
cheat.

Should you chance to be thirsty, and choose to
drink water, [bless'd daughter?
With a jug to the Thames would you send your

Just to boast that from London's famed river you
quaff'd, [your draught.

When the good pump of Aldgate might answer
Besides that 'tis needless, there's danger attending,
Lest, while o'er the river's frail bank you are
bending,

The swoln torrent its channel should cease to
obey, [away.

And, o'erwhelm'd by its rage, sweep you headlong
But he, who content to the spring can repair,
May satisfy nature, unruffled by care;
Its clear silver streams, unpolluted with mud,
Run bubbling along, nor e'er rise to a flood; [find
The beverage is wholesome—do but try it—you'll
It gives health to the body and peace to the mind.

To a gosling these figures might call for ex-
plaining, [meaning.

But with half an eye, Jacob, you'll spy out my
I know 'tis a maxim received in Change Alley
(But their scales with my standard sure never
will tally),

That nothing but wealth without measure can
raise you, [appraise you.

For—the sum you are worth—at so much they
Why these people are mad—Volunteers for a mad-
house—

Ah Jonathan's! Jonathan's! thou art a sad house!
By one single sentence thy mystery's explored—
'Truth and Justice are laugh'd at, and Mammon
adored.'

For a frenzy like this what relief do we know?
Son of Isaac! 'twould baffle the art of Monro.
Let the wretches proceed then without molestation,
Since they choose to be damn'd—let them go to
damnation.

I remember a griping old Lombard-street banker,
 Whose heart was eat up by this gold-loving canker;
 His fraud and oppression so flagrant became,
 Men, women, and children detested his name;
 Mobs with hisses pursued if he stirr'd from his
 portal,

Yet hear the consoling of this wretched mortal:
 'Let them cat-call and hiss as they will,' cries
 old Hunks, [trunks;

'So their hisses and cat-calls invade not my
 There my god lies enshrined, when his radiance I
 Heaven's angels are not half so happy as I.' [spy,

Perhaps you may never have heard of the story
 Of poor Master Tantalus—here 'tis before you—
 Tormented with hunger and thirst, though his
 board

With delicate dainties was always well stored,
 As he stretch'd forth his hand still they flew from
 the table— [fable!

What the devil! old Gripus, you laugh at the
 Consider it closely, then laugh if you can—
 Let the name be but alter'd, and *thou art the man*.

In miserly dotage you brood o'er your bags,
 Your food is a crust, and your clothing is rags;
 For your cursed molten idol your reverence is such,
 Though in raptures you gaze, yet you dare not to
 touch;

Nay I hear you cry out, in the rage of devotion,
 'Blasphemer! there's sacrilege even in the notion.'

Would you know the true use of your wealth?

Why, I'll tell you— [your belly;
 Your back calls for clothes, and for food calls
 First grant their petitions, then look to your
 neighbours,

Merit often neglected in indigence labours;

Many species of woe claim the rich man's attention ;
 Some seek for redress, and some for prevention ;
 In relieving those wants be your riches employ'd,
 What before lay quite useless will then be enjoy'd.
 Come, come, my good friend, be your notions
 enlarged—

For to sit up all night with your blunderbuss
 Ready primed, ready cock'd—with your eye on
 the latch— [charged,

If a mouse scrape the wainscot, to cry out, ' Watch !'
 To dread murderers and thieves—nay, each news-
 man that's passing ; [watch !'
 Think each servant a spy, and each slave an as-
 Are these all the blessings by wealth to be got ? [sassin—
 Then be quiet and poverty ever my lot.

JACOB.

Fine talking indeed ! But talk's a deceiver.—
 Suppose you're laid up with an ague or fever :
 Then, my pennyless friend, not a soul will come
 near you,
 But if solid rouleaus fill your chest, never fear you'
 To deny you assistance what heart is so cruel ?
 A peer of the realm shall prepare you your grue'
 Physicians are jostling night and day on yo'
 staircase,
 The public feel for you as if it were their case
 The news-writers wait to make known with [relat'
 patience
 You're restored by kind Heaven to your friend

AUTHOR.

Friends, thou wretch ! thou hast none—th
 tions all flee thee ; [se
 Wife and children with pleasure at Tybur

Thou art hooted and hiss'd at where'er thou can'st
turn thee,

And all thy good neighbours in effigy burn thee.

How canst thou give way to this fatal delusion?
You pay court to your gold—I admire your conclu-
Your money engrosses your only regard, [sion.
Yet the esteem of mankind is to be your reward!—
Have seventy-nine years made the patriarch no
wiser?

Can Jacob's gray hairs want a beardless adviser?

A hawk never yet was the sire of a dove,
So kindness must still be the parent of love.
If you think to preserve all your kinsfolk's affection
Without mutual returns, you'll destroy the con-
nexion ; [yours,

Though Nature does her part, yet you must do
Or order and harmony soon fly your doors ;
By closing the purse-strings to hope it effected,
Is the damnablest scheme thou hast ever projected ;
Just as wisely you might on an ass get a straddle,
And bet fifty to one you keep firm in the saddle.

But, for God's sake, fix some where a bound to
your craving,
Nor go on thus for ever still griping and saving ;
As you labour and add every day to your store,
Shall your terror of starving increase more and
more? [to the mark,

Name your sum—and resolve, when you've reach'd
No longer to toil like a mole in the dark.

Beware of the fate of old Foscue, the French-
man *, [trench, man!
Who himself underground with his gold did en-

* The door, which had a slip lock, closed upon this wretched
being, and he was starved to death.

Oh! there think what horrors the caitiff surround!
 Alive self-entomb'd! no retreat to be found!
 Death's horrible jaws opened wide to receive him!
 In vain he cries out to his gold to relieve him!
 The base earthborn idol, sole end of his cares,
 Is blind to his weeping, and deaf to his prayers.
 Thus, cursed with the enjoyment of all his desires,
 In the arms of his god he blaspheming expires.

JACOB.

What then would you have me enroll'd with the
 martyrs
 Who are sacrificed nightly to idols at Arthur's?
 Or boldly advance on the turf with Sir James?

AUTHOR.

Hold, hold, sir—defend not your cause by ex-
 tremes; [thrif
 Though I think it a scandal too far to extend
 Conclude not from thence that I honour a spend-
 thrift.

Must you never eat flesh 'cause forbid to eat pork?
 Can't you hit on a mean between ***** and *****?

There's a medium in all things; the line that
 divides

Points out the right path; error lies at the sides.

But let us be candid. Is none but the miser
 A slave to his fears? Pray are other folks wiser?

If we cast our eyes round, and regard every
 station, [ation;

We see nought but confusion, disgust, and vexa-
 Each man after some untried blessing is panting,
 And, all else possess'd, still that something is
 wanting! [blind

Pressing forward with eyes pointing eager, he's
 To the crowd of poor wretches that hobble behind;

He counts not the numbers whose fortune's inferior,
Nor can e'er be content while he sees a superior.

Thus you've seen at Newmarket—that fair field
of fame, [same—
Where my lord and his groom to all eyes are the
When o'er the green turf the swift racehorses fly,
On the foremost each jockey still rivets his eye,
While he only regards with contempt and with
laughter

The batter'd old jade that comes stumbling on after.

Hence, at life's various feast, we shall hardly
be able

To point out one guest rising pleased from the table;
We may just as soon see by your patriot cares
Peace establish'd through Europe for ninety-nine
years. [case book,

Now adieu, my friend Jacob—I'll close up my
Lest you think I've purloin'd some old Dutch
commonplace book.

1762.

GEO. CANNING, SEN.

CHARACTER OF LOTHARIO.

FROM his youth upwards to the present day
When vices, more than years, have mark'd him gray,
When riotous excess, with wasteful hand, [and,
Shakes life's frail glass, and hastes each ebbing
Unmindful from what stock he drew his birth,
Untainted with one deed of real worth,
Lothario, holding honour at no price,
Folly to folly added, vice to vice, [shame
Wrought sin with greediness, and sought for
With greater zeal than good men seek for fame.

Where (reason left without the least defence)
Laughter was mirth, obscenity was sense;
Where Impudence made Decency submit; [wit;
Where noise was humour, and where whim was
Where rude untemper'd license had the merit
Of liberty, and lunacy was spirit;
Where the best things were ever held the worst,
Lothario was, with justice, always first.

To whip a top, to knuckle down at taw,
To swing upon a gate, to ride a straw,
To play at push-pin with dull brother peers,
To belch out catches in a porter's ears,
To reign the monarch of a midnight cell,
To be the gaping chairman's oracle;
Whilst, in most blessed union, rogue and whore
Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup out—encore;
Whilst gray Authority, who slumbers there
In robes of watchman's fur, gives up his chair;
With midnight howl to bay the' affrighted moon,
To walk with torches through the streets at noon;
To force plain Nature from her usual way,
Each night a vigil, and a blank each day;
To match for speed one feather 'gainst another,
To make one leg run races with his brother;
'Gainst all the rest to take the northern wind,
Bute to ride first, and he to ride behind;
To coin newfangled wagers, and to lay them,
Laying to lose, and losing not to pay them;
Lothario, on that stock which Nature gives,
Without a rival stands, though March * yet lives.

When Folly (at that name, in duty bound,
Let subject myriads kneel, and kiss the ground,
Whilst they who in the presence upright stand
Are held as rebels through the loyal land),

* Lord March, the late Piccadilly Duke.

Queen every where, but most a queen in courts,
Sent forth her heralds, and proclaim'd her sports;
Bade fool with fool on her behalf engage,
And prove her right to reign from age to age;
Lothario, great above the common size,
With all engaged, and won from all the prize;
Her cap he wears, which from his youth he wore,
And every day deserves it more and more.

Nor in such limits rests his soul confined;
Folly may share, but can't engross his mind;
Vice, bold, substantial Vice, puts in her claim,
And stamps him perfect in the books of shame.
Observe his follies well, and you would swear
Folly had been his first, his only care;
Observe his vices, you'll that oath disown,
And swear that he was born for vice alone.

Is the soft nature of some hapless maid,
Fond, easy, full of faith, to be betray'd?
Must she, to virtue lost, be lost to fame,
And he who wrought her guilt declare her shame?
Is some brave friend who (men but little known)
Deems every heart as honest as his own,
And, free himself, in others fears no guile,
To be ensnared and ruin'd with a smile?
Is law to be perverted from her course?
Is abject fraud to league with brutal force?
Is Freedom to be crush'd, and every son
Who dares maintain her cause to be undone?
Is base corruption, creeping through the land,
To plan and work her ruin, underhand,
With regular approaches, sure though slow?
Or must she perish by a single blow?
Are kings, who trust to servants, and depend
On servants (fond vain thought!) to find a friend,

To be abused, and made to draw their breath
In darkness thicker than the shades of death?
Is God's most holy name to be profaned,
His word rejected, and his laws arraign'd,
His servants scorn'd, as men who idly dream'd,
His service laugh'd at, and his Son blasphemed?
Are debauchees in morals to preside?
Is Faith to take an Atheist for her guide?
Is Science by a blockhead to be led?
Are states to totter on a drunkard's head?
To answer all these purposes, and more,
More black than ever villain plann'd before,
Search earth, search hell, the devil cannot find
An agent like Lothario to his mind.

Is this nobility which, sprung from kings,
Was meant to swell the power from whence it
Is this the glorious produce, this the fruit [springs?
Which Nature hoped for from so rich a root?
Were there but two (search all the world around),
Were there but two such nobles to be found,
The very name would sink into a term
Of scorn, and man would rather be a worm
Than be a lord: but Nature, full of grace,
Nor meaning birth and titles to be base,
Made only one, and, having made him, swore,
In mercy to mankind, to make no more:
Nor stopp'd she there, but, like a generous friend,
The ills which error caused she strove to mend,
And having brought Lothario forth to view,
To save her credit, brought forth Sandwich too.

CHURCHILL.

CHARACTER OF A LAWYER.

NEXT sat a lawyer, often tried
In perilous extremes ; when Pride
And Power, all wild and trembling, stood,
Nor dared to tempt the raging flood,
This bold bad man arose to view,
And gave his hand to help them through :
Steel'd 'gainst compassion, as they pass'd,
He saw poor Freedom breathe her last ;
He saw her struggle, heard her groan ;
He saw her, helpless and alone,
Whelm'd in that storm which, fear'd and praised
By slaves less bold, himself had raised.

Bred to the law, he from the first
Of all bad lawyers was the worst :
Perfection (for bad men maintain
In ill we may perfection gain)
In others is a work of time,
And they creep on from crime to crime ;
He, for a prodigy design'd
To spread amazement o'er mankind,
Started full ripen'd all at once
A perfect knave and perfect dunce.

Who will for him may boast of sense,
His better guard is impudence ;
His front, with tenfold plates of brass
Secured, Shame never yet could pass,
Nor on the surface of his skin
Blush for that guilt which dwelt within.
How often in contempt of laws,
To sound the bottom of a cause,
To search out every rotten part,
And worm into its very heart,

Hath he ta'en briefs on false pretence,
And undertaken the defence
Of trusting fools, whom in the end
He meant to ruin, not defend?
How often, e'en in open court,
Hath the wretch made his shame his sport,
And laugh'd off, with a villain's ease,
Throwing up briefs and keeping fees?
Such things as, though to roguery bred,
Had struck a little villain dead.

Causes, whatever their import,
He undertakes, to serve a court;
For he by art this rule had got,
Power can effect what law cannot.

Fools he forgives, but rogues he fears;
If genius, yoked with worth, appears,
His weak soul sickens at the sight,
And strives to plunge them down in night.

So loud he talks, so very loud,
He is an angel with the crowd,
Whilst he makes Justice hang her head,
And judges turn from pale to red.

Bid all that nature, on a plan
Most intimate, makes dear to man,
All that with grand and general ties
Binds good and bad, the fool and wise,
Knock at his heart; they knock in vain;
No entrance there such suitors gain;
Bid kneeling kings forsake the throne,
Bid at his feet his country groan,
Bid Liberty stretch out her hands,
Religion plead her stronger bands,
Bid parents, children, wife, and friends,
If they come 'thwart his private ends,

Unmoved he hears the general call,
And bravely tramples on them all.

Who will, for him, may cant and whine,
And let weak Conscience with her line
Chalk out their ways; such starving rules
Are only fit for coward fools;
Fellows who credit what priests tell,
And tremble at the thoughts of hell;
His spirit dares contend with Grace,
And meets Damnation face to face.

CHURCHILL.

CHARACTER OF THE LAST FOUR STUARTS.

THE first who, from his native soil removed,
Held England's sceptre, a tame tyrant proved:
Virtue he lack'd, cursed with those thoughts which
spring

In souls of vulgar stamp to be a king:
Spirit he had not, though he laugh'd at laws,
To play the bold-faced tyrant with applause;
On practices most mean he raised his pride,
And Craft oft gave what Wisdom oft denied.

Ne'er could he feel how truly man is bless'd
In blessing those around him; in his breast,
Crowded with follies, Honour found no room;
Mark'd for a coward in his mother's womb,
He was too proud without affronts to live,
Too timorous to punish or forgive.

To gain a crown which had in course of time,
By fair descent, been his without a crime,
He bore a mother's exile; to secure
A greater crown, he basely could endure

The spilling of her blood by foreign knife,
Nor dared revenge her death who gave him life :
Nay, by fond Fear and fond Ambition led,
Struck hands with those by whom her blood was
shed.

[throne,
Call'd up to power, scarce warm on England's
He fill'd her court with beggars from his own ;
Turn where you would, the eye with Scots was
caught,

[thought ;
Or English knaves who would be Scotsmen
To vain expense unbounded loose he gave,
The dupe of minions, and of slaves the slave ;
On false pretences mighty sums he raised,
And damn'd those senates rich, whom poor he
praised :

[bread,
From empire thrown, and doom'd to beg her
On foreign bounty whilst a daughter fed,
He lavish'd sums, for her received, on men
Whose names would fix dishonour on my pen.

Lies were his playthings, parliaments his sport ;
Bookworms and catamites engross'd the court :
Vain of the scholar, like all Scotsmen since,
The pedant scholar, he forgot the prince ;
And having with some trifles stored his brain,
Ne'er learn'd nor wish'd to learn the arts to reign.
Enough he knew to make him vain and proud,
Mock'd by the wise, the wonder of the crowd ;
False friend, false son, false father, and false king,
False wit, false statesman, and false every thing :
When he should act he idly chose to prate,
And pamphlets wrote when he should save the
Religious, if religion holds in whim, [state.
To talk with all, he let all talk with him :
Not on God's honour but his own intent,
Not for religion's sake but argument ;

More vain if some sly, artful, High Dutch slave,
Or, from the Jesuit school, some precious knave
Conviction feign'd, than if, to peace restored,
By his full soldiership, worlds hail'd him Lord.

Power was his wish, unbounded as his will,
The power, without control, of doing ill ;
But what he wish'd, what he made bishops preach
And statesmen warrant, hung within his reach,
He dared not seize ; fear gave, to gall his pride,
That freedom to the realm his will denied.

Of treaties fond, o'erweening of his parts,
In every treaty, of his own mean arts
He fell the dupe : peace was his coward care,
E'en at a time when justice call'd for war :
His pen he'd draw to prove his lack of wit,
But rather than unsheath the sword submit.
Truth fairly must record ; and, pleased to live
In league with mercy, justice may forgive
Kingdoms betray'd and worlds resign'd to Spain,
But never can forgive a Raleigh slain.

At length (with white let Freedom mark that
year),
Not fear'd by those whom most he wish'd to fear,
Not loved by those whom most he wish'd to love,
He went to answer for his faults above,
To answer to that God from whom alone
He claim'd to hold and to abuse the throne,
Leaving behind, a curse to all his line,
The bloody legacy of Right Divine.

With many virtues which a radiance fling
Round private men, with few which grace a king
And speak the monarch, at the time of life
When passion holds with reason doubtful strife,
Succeeded Charles, by a mean sire undone,
Who envied virtue even in a son.

His youth was froward, turbulent, and wild;
 He took the man up ere he left the child;
 His soul was eager for imperial sway,
 Ere he had learn'd the lesson to obey.
 Surrounded by a fawning, flattering throng,
 Judgment each day grew weak, and humour strong;
 Wisdom was treated as a noisome weed,
 And all his follies left to run to seed. [spring!

What ills from such beginnings needs must
 What ills to such a land from such a king!
 What could she hope! what had she not to fear!
 Base Buckingham * possess'd his youthful ear;
 Strafford and Laud, when mounted on the throne,
 Engross'd his love, and made him all their own;
 Strafford and Laud, who boldly dared avow
 The traitorous doctrine taught by Tories now;
 Each strove to' undo him in his turn and hour,
 The first with pleasure, and the last with power.

Thinking (vain thought, disgraceful to the
 throne!)

That all mankind were made for kings alone,
 That subjects were but slaves, and what was whim,
 Or worse, in common men, was law in him;
 Drunk with Prerogative which Fate decreed
 To guard good kings and tyrants to mislead;

* George Villiers, raised to the rank of Duke of Buckingham, from the condition of a page, by the perverted affection of James, succeeded to an uncontrolled influence over the more amiable Charles, and became a principal cause of the early unpopularity of that monarch.

The following lines, written by Churchill, were engraved on a cup of 500*l.* value, presented by Mr. Stephenson, of Ludgate Hill, to Mr. Wilkes:

Proud Buckingham, for law too mighty grown,
 A patriot dagger probed, and from the throne
 Sever'd its minion. In succeeding times
 May all those favourites who adopt his crimes
 Partake his fate, and every Villiers feel
 The keen, deep searchings of a Felton's steel.

Which in a fair proportion to deny
Allegiance dares not, which to hold too high
No good can wish, no coward king can dare,
And held too high no English subject bear;
Besieged by men of deep and subtle arts,
Men void of principle and damn'd with parts,
Who saw his weakness, made their king their tool,
Then most a slave when most he seem'd to rule ;
Taking all public steps for private ends,
Deceived by favourites whom he call'd friends ;
He had not strength enough of soul to find
That monarchs, meant as blessings to mankind,
Sink their great state, and stamp their fame undone,
When what was meant for all they give to one.
Listening uxorious whilst a woman's prate *
Model'd the church and parcel'd out the state,
Whilst (in the state not more than women read) .
High churchmen preach'd and turn'd his pious
Tutor'd to see with ministerial eyes, [head.
Forbid to hear a loyal nation's cries ;
Made to believe (what can't a favourite do ?)
He heard a nation, hearing one or two ;
Taught by state quacks himself secure to think, .
And out of danger e'en on danger's brink ;
Whilst power was daily crumbling from his hand,
Whilst murmurs ran through an insulted land ;
As if to sanction tyrants Heaven was bound,
He proudly sought the ruin which he found.

Twelve years, twelve tedious and inglorious
years [fears,
Did England, crush'd by power and awed by

* The meddling character and religious prejudices of Henrietta Maria contributed in no small degree to the destruction of her deluded husband.

Whilst proud Oppression struck at Freedom's root,
Lament her senates lost, her Hampden mute :
Illegal taxes and oppressive loans,
In spite of all her pride, call'd forth her groans ;
Patience was heard her griefs aloud to tell,
And Loyalty was tempted to rebel. ~

Each day new acts of outrage shook the state,
New courts were raised to give new doctrines
State Inquisitions kept the realm in awe, [weight ;
And cursed Star Chambers made or ruled the law ;
Juries were pack'd, and judges were unsound ;
Through the whole kingdom not one Pratt was
found.

From the first moments of his giddy youth
He hated senates, for they told him truth :
At length against his will compell'd to treat,
Those whom he could not fright he strove to cheat ;
With base dissembling every grievance heard,
And often giving often broke his word.
Oh ! where shall hapless Truth for refuge fly,
If kings, who should protect her, dare to lie ?

Those who, the general good their real aim,
Sought in their country's good their monarch's
fame ;

Those who were anxious for his safety ; those
Who were induced by duty to oppose,
Their truth suspected, and their worth unknown,
He held as foes and traitors to his throne,
Nor found his fatal error till the hour
Of saving him was gone and pass'd ; till power
Had shifted hands, to blast his hapless reign,
Making their faith and his repentance vain.

Hence (be that curse confined to Gotham's foes)
War, dread to mention, Civil War arose ;

All acts of outrage and all acts of shame [name :
Stalk'd forth at large, disguised with Honour's
Rebellion, raising high her bloody hand,
Spread universal havoc through the land ;
With zeal for party, and with passion drunk,
In public rage all private love was sunk ;
Friend against friend, brother 'gainst brother stood,
And the son's weapon drank the father's blood :
Nature, aghast, and fearful lest her reign
Should last no longer, bled in every vein.

Unhappy Stuart! harshly though that name
Grates on my ear, I should have died with shame
To see my king before his subjects stand,
And at their bar hold up his royal hand ;
At their commands to hear the monarch plead,
By their decrees to see that monarch bleed !
What though thy faults were many and were great ?
What though they shook the basis of the state ?
In royalty secure thy person stood,
And sacred was the fountain of thy blood.
Vile ministers, who dared abuse their trust,
Who dared seduce a king to be unjust,
Vengeance, with justice leagued, with power
made strong,
Had nobly crush'd : 'The king could do no wrong.'

Yet grieve not, Charles! nor thy hard fortunes
blame ;
They took thy life, but they secured thy fame ;
Their greater crimes made thine like specks appear,
From which the sun in glory is not clear.
Hadst thou in peace and years resign'd thy breath ;
At Nature's call hadst thou laid down in death,
As in a sleep, thy name by Justice borne
On the four winds, had been in pieces torn.

Pity, the virtue of a generous soul,
Sometimes the vice, hath made thy memory whole.
Misfortunes gave what virtue could not give,
And bade, the tyrant slain, the martyr live.

Ye Princes of the earth! ye mighty few!
Who, worlds subduing, can't yourselves subdue;
Who, goodness scorn'd, wish only to be great,
Whose breath is blasting, and whose voice is fate;
Who own no law, no reason but your will,
And scorn restraint, though 'tis from doing ill;
Who of all passions groan beneath the worst,
Then only bless'd when they make others cursed;
Think not, for wrongs like these, unscourged to
live;

Long may ye sin, and long may Heaven forgive;
But when ye least expect, in sorrow's day,
Vengeance shall fall more heavy for delay;
Nor think, that vengeance heap'd on you alone
Shall (poor amends) for injured worlds atone;
No; like some base distemper, which remains,
Transmitted from the tainted father's veins
In the son's blood, such broad and general crimes
Shall call down vengeance e'en to latest times,
Call vengeance down on all who bear your name,
And make their portion bitterness and shame.

From land to land for years compell'd to roam,
Whilst Usurpation lorded it at home,
Of majesty unmindful, forced to fly,
Not daring, like a king, to reign or die;
Recall'd to repossess his lawful throne
More at his people's seeking than his own,
Another Charles succeeded. In the school
Of travel he had learn'd to play the fool,
And, like pert pupils with dull tutors sent
To shame their country on the Continent,

From love of England by long absence wean'd,
 From every court he every folly glean'd,
 And was, so close do evil habits cling,
 Till crown'd a beggar, and when crown'd no king.

Those grand and general powers which Heaven
 An instance of his mercy to mankind [design'd
 Were lost, in storms of dissipation hurl'd,
 Nor would he give one hour to bless a world;
 Lighter than levity which strides the blast,
 And of the present fond, forgets the past,
 He changed and changed, but every hope to curse,
 Changed only from one folly to a worse:
 State he resign'd to those whom state could please;
 Careless of majesty, his wish was ease;
 Pleasure, and pleasure only was his aim;
 Kings of less wit might hunt the bubble fame:
 Dignity through his reign was made a sport,
 Nor dared Decorum show her face at court:
 Morality was held a standing jest,
 And faith a necessary fraud at best:
 Courtiers, their monarch ever in their view,
 Possess'd great talents and abused them too:
 Whate'er was light, impertinent, and vain,
 Whate'er was loose, indecent, and profane
 (So ripe was folly folly to acquit)
 Stood all absolved in that poor bauble wit.

In gratitude, alas! but little read,
 He let his father's servants beg their bread*,
 His father's faithful servants and his own,
 To place the foes of both around his throne.

Bad counsels he embraced through indolence,
 Through love of ease, and not through want of sense;

* The loyalists had great cause to feel disappointed at the neglect their claims experienced after the Restoration.

He saw them wrong, but rather let them go
As right than take the pains to make them so.

Women ruled all, and ministers of state
Were for commands at toilets forced to wait;
Women who have as monarchs graced the land,
But never govern'd well at second hand.

To make all other errors slight appear,
In memory fix'd stand Dunkirk * and Tangier †;
In memory fix'd so deep that time in vain
Shall strive to wipe those records from the brain,
Amboyna stands ‡—Gods! that a king should hold
In such high estimate vile paltry gold,
And of his duty be so careless found
That when the blood of subjects from the ground
For vengeance call'd, he should reject their cry,
And, bribed from honour, lay his thunders by,
Give Holland peace, whilst English victims
groan'd

And butcher'd subjects wander'd unatoned!
Oh dear, deep injury to England's fame,
To them, to us, to all! to him deep shame!
Of all the passions which from frailty spring,
Avarice is that which least becomes a king.

To crown the whole, scorning the public good,
Which through his reign he little understood
Or little heeded, with too narrow aim
He reassumed a bigot brother's claim,

* Dunkirk, which was delivered to Cromwell in 1658, was in 1662 sold by Charles II. to the French for 400,000*l*.

† Tangier, in Africa, formed a part of the dowry brought by Catherine of Portugal to Charles II. Vast sums of money were expended on the fortifications, which were afterwards destroyed to avoid a further expenditure.

‡ The cruelties inflicted by the Dutch upon the English at Amboyna in 1622 were never exceeded in the annals of persecution.

And, having made time-serving senates bow,
Suddenly died, that brother best knew how*.

No matter how—he slept amongst the dead,
And James, his brother, reigned in his stead :
But such a reign—so glaring an offence
In every step 'gainst freedom, law, and sense,
'Gainst all the rights of Nature's general plan,
'Gainst all which constitutes an Englishman,
That the relation would mere fiction seem,
The mock creation of a poet's dream;
And the poor bards would, in this sceptic age,
Appear as false as *their* historian's page†.

Ambitious folly seized the seat of wit,
Christians were forced by bigots to submit;
Pride without sense, without religion zeal
Made daring inroads on the commonweal;
Stern Persecution raised her iron rod,
And call'd the pride of kings the power of God;
Conscience and fame were sacrificed to Rome,
And England wept at Freedom's sacred tomb.

Her laws despised, her constitution wrench'd
From its due natural frame, her rights retrench'd
Beyond a coward's sufferance, conscience forced,
And healing justice from the crown divorced,
Each moment pregnant with vile acts of power,
Her patriot bishops sentenced to the Tower‡,
Her Oxford (who yet loves the Stuart name)
Branded with arbitrary marks of shame,

* This line appears to imply that Charles was poisoned by his brother; but Burnet, who cannot be accused of partiality to James, admits that he never heard any one suspect him of being accessory to his brother's death.

† See Hume's History of the House of Stuart.

‡ Alluding to the circumstances attending the trial, imprisonment, and acquittal of the seven Bishops, and to the violent proceedings resorted to by James II. against the fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford, to enforce the election of a Roman Catholic president.

She wept—but wept not long ; to arms she flew,
 At Honour's call the' avenging sword she drew,
 Turn'd all her terrors on the tyrant's head,
 And sent him in despair to beg his bread ;
 Whilst she (may every state in such distress
 Dare with such zeal, and meet with such success),
 Whilst she (may Gotham, should my abject mind
 Choose to enslave rather than free mankind,
 Pursue her steps, tear the proud tyrant down,
 Nor let me wear if I abuse the crown),
 Whilst she (through every age in every land,
 Written in gold, let Revolution stand),
 Whilst she, secured in liberty and law,
 Found what she sought, a saviour in Nassau.

CHURCHILL.

THE MODERN FINE GENTLEMAN.

1746.

Quale portentum neque militaris
 Daunta in latis alit esculetis,
 Nec Jubbæ tellus generat, leonum
 Arida nutrix. *Hor.*

Just broke from school, pert, impudent, and raw,
 Expert in Latin, more expert in taw,
 His honour posts o'er Italy and France,
 Measures St. Peter's dome, and learns to dance.
 Thence, having quick through various countries
 flown,
 Glean'd all their follies and exposed his own,
 He back returns, a thing so strange all o'er
 As never ages past produced before :

**A monster of such complicated worth
As no one single clime could e'er bring forth ;
Half atheist, papist, gamester, bubble, rook,
Half fiddler, coachman, dancer, groom, and cook.**

Next, because business is now all the vogue,
And who'd be quite polite must be a rogue,
In parliament he purchases a seat,
To make the 'accomplish'd gentleman complete.
There, safe in self-sufficient impudence,
Without experience, honesty, or sense,
Unknowing in her interest, trade, or laws,
He vainly undertakes his country's cause :
Forth from his lips, prepared at all to rail,
Torrents of nonsense burst, like bottled ale,
Though * shallow, muddy; brisk, though mighty
dull; [full.

Fierce without strength; o'erflowing, though not

Now quite a Frenchman in his garb and air,
His neck yoked down with bag and solitaire,
The liberties of Britain he supports,
And storms at placemen, ministers, and courts ;
Now in cropp'd greasy hair, and leather breeches,
He loudly bellows out his patriot speeches ;
King, lords, and commons ventures to abuse,
Yet dares to show those ears he ought to lose. .
From hence to White's our virtuous Cato flies,
There sits with countenance erect and wise,
And talks of games of whist and pigtail pies ;
Plays all the night, nor doubts each law to break,
Himself unknowingly has help'd to make ;
Trembling and anxious, stakes his utmost groat,
Peeps o'er his cards, and looks as if he thought :

• **Parody on these lines of Sir John Denham :**

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

Next morn disowns the losses of the night,
Because the fool would fain be thought a *bite*.

Devoted thus to politics and cards,
Nor mirth nor wine nor women he regards;
So far is every virtue from his heart
That not a generous vice can claim a part;
Nay, lest one human passion e'er should move
His soul to friendship, tenderness, or love,
To Figg and Broughton* he commits his breast,
To steel it to the fashionable test.

Thus poor in wealth, he labours to no end,
Wretched alone, in crowds without a friend;
Insensible to all that's good or kind,
Deaf to all merit, to all beauty blind;
For love too busy, and for wit too grave,
A harden'd, sober, proud, luxurious knave;
By little actions striving to be great,
And proud to be and to be thought a *cheat*.

And yet in this so bad is his success,
That as his fame improves, his rents grow less;
On parchment wings his acres take their flight,
And his unpeopled groves admit the light;
With his estate his interest too is done,
His honest borough seeks a warmer sun;
For him now cash and liquor flow no more,
His independent voters cease to roar:
And Britain soon must want the great defence
Of all his honesty and eloquence,
But that the generous youth, more anxious grown
For public liberty than for his own,
Marries some jointured antiquated crone;
And boldy, when his country is at stake,
Braves the deep yawning gulf, like Curtius, for
its sake.

* Two noted pugilists.

Quickly again distress'd for want of coin,
He digs no longer in the' exhausted mine,
But seeks preferment as the last resort,
Cringes each morn at levees, bows at court,
And, from the hand he hates, implores support :
The minister, well pleased at small expense
To silence so much rude impertinence,
With squeeze and whisper yields to his demands,
And on the venal list enroll'd he stands ;
A ribbon and a pension buy the slave,
This bribes the fool about him, that the knave.
And now arrived at his meridian glory,
He sinks apace, despised by Whig and Tory ;
Of independence now he talks no more,
Nor shakes the senate with his patriot roar,
But silent votes, and, with court trappings hung,
Eyes his own glittering star, and holds his tongue.
In craft political a bankrupt made,
He sticks to gaming as the surer trade ;
Turns downright sharper, lives by sucking blood,
And grows, in short, the very thing he would :
Hunts out young heirs who have their fortunes
 spent,
And lends them ready cash at cent. per cent.
Lays wagers on his own and others' lives,
Fights uncles, fathers, grandmothers, and wives,
Till death at length, indignant to be made
The daily subject of his sport and trade,
Veils with his sable hand the wretch's eyes,
And, groaning for the bets he loses by't, *he dies.*

JENYNS.

THE
LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES.
 A MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL POEM.
 INSCRIBED TO DR. DARWIN.

—
Argument.

Warning to the Profane not to approach—Nymphs and Deities of Mathematical Mythology—Cyclois of a pensive turn—Pendulums, on the contrary, playful—and Why?—Sentimental union of the Naiads and Hydrostatics—Marriage of Euclid and Algebra—Pulley the emblem of Mechanics—Optics of a licentious disposition—distinguished by her Telescope and Green Spectacles.—Hyde-park Gate on a Sunday morning—Cockneys—Coaches.—Didactic Poetry—Nonsensia—Love delights in Angles or Corners—Theory of Fluxions explained—Trochais, the Nymph of the Wheel—Smoke-jack described—Personification of elementary or culinary Fire.—Little Jack Horner—Story of Cinderella—Rectangle, a Magician, educated by Plato and Menecmus—In love with three Curves at the same time—served by Gins, or Genii—transforms himself into a Cone—The three Curves requite his Passion—description of them—Parabola, Hyperbola, and Ellipsis—Asymptotes—Conjugated Axes—Illustrations—Rewbell, Barras, and Lepeaux—the three virtuous Directors—Macbeth and the three Witches—the three Fates—the three Graces—King Lear and his three Daughters—Derby Diligence—Catherine Wheel.—Catastrophe of Mr. Gingham, with his Wife and three Daughters overturned in a one horse Chaise—Dislocation and Contusion two kindred Fiends—Mail Coaches—Exhortation to Drivers to be careful—Genius of the Post Office—Invention of Letters—Digamma—Double Letters—remarkable Direction of one—Hippona, the Goddess of Hack-horses—Parameter and Abscissa unite to overpower the Ordinate, who retreats down the Axis Major, and forms himself in a Square—Isosceles, a Giant—Dr. Rhomboides—Fifth Proposition, or Asses' Bridge—Bridge of Lodi—Buonaparte—Raft and Windmills—Exhortation to the recovery of our Freedom—Conclusion.

—

STAY your rude steps, or e'er your feet invade
 The Muses' haunts, ye sons of War and Trade !

Nor you, ye legion fiends of Church and Law,
Pollute these pages with unhallow'd paw!
Debased, corrupted, groveling, and confined,
No Definitions * touch your senseless mind;
To you no Postulates† prefer their claim,
No ardent Axioms‡ your dull souls inflame;
For you no Tangents§ touch, no Angles meet,
No Circles|| join in osculation¶ sweet!

For me, ye Cissoids**, round my temples bend
Your wandering curves; ye Conchoids††, extend;
Let playful Pendules quick vibration feel,
While silent Cyclois rests upon her wheel;
Let Hydrostatics‡‡, simpering as they go,
Lead the light Naiads on fantastic toe;

(Line 1 to 4).—Imitated from the introductory couplet to the Economy of Vegetation.

'Stay your rude steps, whose throbbing breasts infold
The legion fiends of Glory and of Gold.'

This sentiment is here expanded into four lines.

* *Definition*.—A distinct notion explaining the genesis of a thing.—*Wolfius*.

† *Postulate*.—A self-evident proposition.

‡ *Axiom*.—An indemonstrable truth.

§ *Tangents*.—So called from touching, because they touch circles and never cut them.

|| *Circles*.—See Chambers's Dictionary, article *Circle*.

¶ *Osculation*.—For the *Os-culation*, or kissing of circles and other curves, see Huygens, who has veiled this delicate and inflammatory subject in the decent obscurity of a learned language.

** *Cissois*.—A curve supposed to resemble the sprig of ivy, from which it has its name, and therefore peculiarly adapted to poetry.

†† *Conchois*, or *Conchylis*.—a most beautiful and picturesque curve; it bears a fanciful resemblance to a conch shell. The Conchois is capable of infinite extension, and presents a striking analogy between the animal and mathematical creation. Every individual of this species, containing within itself a series of young Conchois for several generations, in the same manner as the Aphides and other insect tribes are observed to do.

‡‡ *Hydrostatics*.—Water has been supposed by several of our philosophers to be capable of the passion of love. Some later

Let shrill Acoustics* tune the tiny Lyre;
 With Euclid† sage fair Algebra† conspire
 The obedient pulley‡ strong Mechanics pl
 And wanton Optics roll the melting eye!

I see the fair fantastic forms appear,
 The flaunting drapery, and the languid le
 Fair sylphish forms§—who, tall, erect, ar
 Dart the keen glance, and stretch the le
 limb;

To viewless harpings weave the meanless
 Wave the gay wreath, and titter as they

Such rich confusion|| charms the ravish
 When vernal Sabbaths to the park invite
 Mounts the thick dust, the coaches crow
 Presses round Grosvenor-gate the' ir
 throng;

White-muslin'd misses and mamas are se
 Link'd with gay cockneys, glittering
 green:

experiments appear to favour this idea—Water, wh
 by a moderate degree of heat, has been observed to
 simmer (as it is more usually called). The same do
 true of any other element.

* *Acoustics*—The doctrine or theory of sound.

† *Euclid and Algebra*—The loves and nuptials of
 interesting personages, forming a considerable epis
 Third Canto, are purposely omitted here.

‡ *Pulley*—So called from our Saxon word pull, si
 pull or draw.

§ *Fair Sylphish forms*—Vide modern prints of m
 shepherds dancing to nothing at all.

|| *Such rich confusion*—Imitated from the follow
 and sprightly lines in the First Canto of the *Le
 Plants*:

So bright, its folding canopy withdrawn,
 Glides the gilt landan o'er the velvet lawn,
 Of beaux and belles displays the glittering th
 And soft airs fan them as they glide along.

The rising breeze unnumber'd charms displays,
And the tight ankle strikes the' astonish'd gaze.

But chief, thou Nurse of the Didactic Muse,
Divine Nonsensia, all thy soul infuse;
The charms of Secants and of Tangents tell,
How Loves and Graces in an Angle* dwell;
How slow progressive Points† protract the Line,
As pendent spiders spin the filmy twine;

* *Angle*—*Gratus puellæ risus ab Angulo.* Hor.

† *How slow progressive Points*—The author has reserved the picturesque imagery which the Theory of Fluxions naturally suggested for his Algebraic Garden; where the fluents are described as rolling with an even current between a margin of curves of the higher order over a pebbly channel, inlaid with differential calculi.

In the following six lines he has confined himself to a strict explanation of the theory, according to which Lines are supposed to be generated by the motion of Points—Planes by the lateral motion of Lines, and Solids from Planes by a similar process.—*Quære*—Whether a practical application of this theory would not enable us to account for the genesis, or original formation of Space itself, in the same manner in which Dr. Darwin has traced the whole of the organized creation to his Six Filaments—*Vide Zoonomia*. We may conceive the whole of our present universe to have been originally concentrated in a single Point.—We may conceive this Primeval Point, or Punctum Salientis of the Universe, evolving itself by its own energies, to have moved forwards in a right Line, *ad infinitum*, till it grew tired. After which, the right Line which it had generated would begin to put itself in motion in a lateral direction, describing an Area of infinite extent. This Area, as soon as it became conscious of its own existence, would begin to ascend or descend, according as its specific gravity might determine it, forming an immense solid space filled with Vacuum, and capable of containing the present existing universe.

Space being thus obtained, and presenting a suitable Nidus, or receptacle for the generation of Chaotic Matter, an immense deposit of it would gradually be accumulated:—After which, the Filament of Fire being produced in the chaotic mass by an idiosyncrasy, or self-formed habit analogous to fermentation, explosion would take place; Suns would be shot from the central chaos—Planets from Suns, and Satellites from Planets. In this state of things the Filament of Organization would begin to exert itself, in those independent masses which, in proportion to their bulk, exposed the greatest surface to the action of light and heat. This Filament, after an infinite series of

How lengthen'd Lines, impetuous sweeping round,
Spread the wide Plane, and mark its circling
bound :

[grown,
How Planes, their substance with their motion
Form the huge Cube, the Cylinder, the Cone.

Lo ! where the chimney's sooty tube ascends,
The fair Trochais * from the corner bends !
Her coal-black eyes upturn'd incessant mark
The eddying smoke, quick flame, and volant spark ;
Mark with quick ken, where flashing in between
Her much loved Smoke-jack glimmers through
the scene ;

Mark how his various parts together tend,
Point to one purpose—in one object end :
The spiral grooves in smooth meanders flow,
Drags the long chain, the polish'd axles glow,
While slowly circumsolves the piece of beef below ;

ages, would begin to ramify, and its viviparous offspring would diversify their forms and habits, so as to accommodate themselves to the various *incunabula* which nature had prepared for them. Upon this view of things it seems highly probable that the first effort of nature terminated in the production of Vegetables, and that these, being abandoned to their own energies, by degrees detached themselves from the surface of the earth, and supplied themselves with wings or feet, according as their different propensities determined them, in favour of aerial and terrestrial existence. Others, by an inherent disposition to society and civilization, and by a stronger effort of volition, would become men. These, in time, would restrict themselves to the use of their hind feet; their tails would gradually rub off, by sitting in their caves or huts, as soon as they arrived at a domesticated state: they would invent language, and the use of fire, with our present and hitherto imperfect system of society. In the mean while the Fuci and Algæ, with the Coralines and Madrepores would transform themselves into fish, and would gradually populate all the submarine portion of the globe.

* *Trochais*—The Nymph of the Wheel, supposed to be in love with Smoke-jack,

The conscious fire * with bickering radiance burns,
Eyes the rich joint, and roasts it as it turns.

So youthful Horner roll'd the roguish eye,
Cull'd the dark plum from out his Christmas pie,
And cried, in self-applause, 'How good a boy am I.'

So the sad victim of domestic spite,
Fair Cinderella, pass'd the wintry night
In the lone chimney's darksome nook immured,
Her form disfigured, and her charms obscured.
Sudden her godmother appears in sight,
Lifts the charm'd rod, and chants the mystic rite;
The chanted rite the maid attentive hears,
And feels new earrings deck her listening ears†;
While 'midst her towering tresses, aptly set,
Shines bright, with quivering glance, the smart
aigrette;

Brocaded silks the splendid dress complete,
And the glass slipper grasps her fairy feet.
Six cock-tail'd mice‡ transport her to the ball,
And liveried lizards wait upon her call.

* *The conscious fire*—The sylphs and genii of the different elements have a variety of innocent occupations assigned them: those of Fire are supposed to divert themselves with writing the name of Kunkel in phosphorus.—See Economy of Vegetation.

'Or mark with shining letters Kunkel's name
In the slow phosphor's self-consuming flame.'

† *Listening ears*—Listening, and therefore peculiarly suited to a pair of diamond earrings. See the description of Nebuchadnezzar in his transformed state.

Nor Flattery's self can pierce his *pendent ears*.

In poetical diction, a person is said to 'breathe the blue air,' and to 'drink the hoarse wave!'—not that the colour of the sky, or the noise of the water has any reference to drinking or breathing, but because the poet obtains the advantage of thus describing his subject under a double relation, in the same manner in which material objects present themselves to our different senses at the same time.

‡ *Cocktail'd mice*—Coctilibus muris. Ovid.—There is reason to believe that the *murine*, or mouse species, were anciently

Alas! that partial Science should approve
 Thy sly Rectangle's* too licentious love!
 For three bright nymphs the wily wizard burns;
 Three bright-eyed nymphs requite his flame by
 turns.

Strange force of magic skill! combined of yore
 With Plato's science and Menecmus' lore†.
 In Afric's schools, amid those sultry sands
 High on its base where Pompey's pillar stands,

much more numerous than at the present day. It appears from the sequel of the line that Semiramis surrounded the city of Babylon with a number of these animals.

Dicitur altam

Coctilibus muris cinxisse Semiramis urbem.

It is not easy at present to form any conjecture with respect to the end, whether of ornament or of defence, which they could be supposed to answer. I should be inclined to believe that in this instance the mice were dead, and that so vast a collection of them must have been furnished by way of tribute, to free the country from these destructive animals. This superabundance of the *murine* race must have been owing to their immense fecundity, and to the comparatively tardy reproduction of the *feline* species. The traces of this disproportion are to be found in the early history of every country.—The ancient laws of Wales estimate a cat at the price of as much corn as would be sufficient to cover her, if she were suspended by the tail with her fore-feet touching the ground.—See Howel Dha.—In Germany, it is recorded that an army of rats, a larger animal of the *mus* tribe, were employed as the ministers of Divine vengeance against a feudal tyrant; and the commercial legend of our own Whittington might probably be traced to an equally authentic origin.

* *Rectangle*—‘A figure which has one angle, or more, of ninety degrees.’ Johnson's Dictionary. It here means a right-angled triangle, which is therefore incapable of having more than one angle of ninety degrees, but which may, according to our author's Prosopopœia, be supposed to be in love with three or any greater number of nymphs.

† *Plato's and Menecmus' lore*—Proclus attributes the discovery of the Conic Sections to Plato, but obscurely. Eratosthenes seems to adjudge it to Menecmus. ‘Neque Menecmeos necesse erit in cono secare ternarios.’ (Vide Montucla). From Greece they were carried to Alexandria, where (according to our author's beautiful fiction) Rectangle either did or might learn magic.

This learn'd the Seer; and learn'd, alas! too well,
Each scribbled talisman and smoky spell:

What mutter'd charms, what soul-subduing arts
Fell Zatanai* to his sons imparts. [cave

Gins†—black and huge! who in Dom-Daniel's‡
Writhe your scorch'd limbs on sulphur's§ azure
Or, shivering yell, amidst eternal snows, [wave,
Where cloud-capp'd Caf|| protrudes his granite
(Bound by his will, Judea's fabled king¶, [toes;
Lord of Aladdin's lamp and mystic ring):

Gins! ye remember, for your toil convey'd
Whate'er of drugs the powerful charm could aid;
Air, earth, and sea ye search'd, and where below
Flame embryo lavas, young volcanoes** glow—

* *Zatanai*—Supposed to be the same with Satan.—Vide the New Arabian Nights, translated by Cazotte, author of 'Le Diable amoureux.'

† *Gins*—the Eastern name for Genii.—Vide Tales of Ditto.

‡ *Dom-Daniel*—A sub-marine palace near Tunis, where Zatanai usually held his court.—Vide New Arabian Nights.

§ *Sulphur*—A substance which, when cold, reflects the yellow rays, and is therefore said to be yellow. When raised to a temperature at which it attracts oxygene (a process usually called burning), it emits a blue flame. This may be beautifully exemplified, and at a moderate expense, by igniting those *fasciculi* of brimstone matches, frequently sold (so frequently, indeed, as to form one of the London cries) by women of an advanced age in this metropolis. They will be found to yield an azure or blue light.

|| *Caf*—The Indian Caucasus—Vide Bailly's *Lettres sur l'Atlantide*; in which he proves that this was the native country of Gog and Magog (now resident in Guildhall), as well as of the Peris or Fairies of the Asiatic Romances.

¶ *Judea's fabled king*.—Mr. Higgins does not mean to deny that Solomon was really king of Judea. The epithet 'fabled,' applies to that empire over the Genii, which the retrospective generosity of the Arabian Fabulists has bestowed upon this monarch.

** *Young volcanoes*—The genesis of burning mountains was never, till lately, well explained. Those with which we are best acquainted are certainly not viviparous; it is therefore probable that there exists in the centre of the earth a considerable reservoir of their eggs, which, during the obstetrical convulsions of general earthquakes produce new volcanoes.

Gins! ye beheld appall'd the' enchanter's hand
 Wave in dark air the' hypotenusal wand;
 Saw him the mystic circle trace, and wheel
 With head erect and far extended heel*;
 Saw him, with speed that mock'd the dazzled eye,
 Self-whirl'd, in quick gyrations eddying fly:
 Till done the potent spell—behold him grown
 Fair Venus' emblem—the Phœnician Cone†.

Triumphs the Seer, and now secure observes
 The kindling passions of the rival Curves.

And first, the fair Parabola‡ behold,
 Her timid arms, with virgin blush, unfold!
 Though, on one focus fix'd, her eyes betray
 A heart that glows with Love's resistless sway;

* *Far extended heel*—The personification of Triangle, besides answering a poetical purpose, was necessary to illustrate Mr. Higgin's philosophical opinions. The ancient mathematicians conceived that a Cone was generated by the revolution of a Triangle; but this, as our author justly observes, would be impossible, without supposing in the Triangle that expansive nissas, discovered by Blumenbach, and improved by Darwin, which is peculiar to animated matter, and which alone explains the whole mystery of organization. Our enchanter sits on the ground, with his heels stretched out, his head erect, his wand (or hypotenuse) resting on the extremities of his feet and the tip of his nose (as is finely expressed in the engraving in the original work), and revolves upon his bottom with great velocity. His skin, by magical means, has acquired an indefinite power of expansion, as well as that of assimilating to itself all the azote of the air, which he decomposes by expiration from his lungs—an immense quantity, and which, in our present unimproved and uneconomical mode of breathing, is quite thrown away—by this simple process the transformation is very naturally accounted for.

† *Phœnician Cone*—It was under this shape that Venus was worshiped in Phœnicia. Mr. Higgins thinks it was the Venus Urania, or Celestial Venus; in allusion to which he supposes that the Phœnician grocers first introduced the practice of preserving sugar loaves in blue or sky-coloured paper. He also believes that the conical form of the original grenadiers' caps was typical of the loves of Mars and Venus.

‡ *Parabola*—The curve described by projectiles of all sorts, as bombs, shuttlecocks, &c.

Though, climbing oft, she strive with bolder grace
Round his tall neck to clasp her fond embrace,
Still ere she reach it, from his polish'd side
Her trembling hands in devious tangents glide.

Not thus Hyperbola *—with subtlest art
The blue-eyed wanton plays her changeeful part;
Quick as her conjugated axes move
Through every posture of luxurious love,
Her sportive limbs with easiest grace expand;
Her charms unveil'd provoke the lover's hand:—
Unveil'd, except in many a filmy ray
Where light Asymptotes † o'er her bosom play,
Nor touch the glowing skin, nor intercept the day.

Yet why, Ellipsis ‡ at thy fate repine?
More lasting bliss, securer joys are thine.
Though to each fair his treacherous wish may stray,
Though each, in turn, may seize a transient sway,
'Tis thine with mild coercion to restrain,
Twine round his struggling heart, and bind with
endless chain.

Thus, happy France! in thy regenerate land,
Where Taste with Rapine saunters hand in hand;
Where, nursed in seats of innocence and bliss,
Reform greets Terror with fraternal kiss;
Where mild Philosophy first taught to scan
The wrongs of Providence, and rights of Man;
Where Memory broods o'er Freedom's earlier scene,
The lantern bright, and brighter guillotine;—

* *Hyperbola*—Not figuratively speaking, as in rhetoric, but mathematically; and therefore blue-eyed.

† *Asymptotes*—'Lines which, though they may approach still nearer together, till they are nearer than the least assignable distance, yet, being still produced infinitely, will never meet,' Johnson's Dictionary.

‡ *Ellipsis*—A curve, the revolution of which on its axis produces an ellipsoid, or solid resembling the eggs of birds, particularly those of the gallinaceous tribe. Ellipsis is the only curve that embraces the cone.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

36

Three gentle swains evolve their longing arms,
 And woo the young Republic's virgin charms:
 And though proud Barras with the fair succeed,
 Though not in vain the' Attorney Rewbell plead,
 Oft doth the' impartial nymph their love forego,
 To clasp thy crooked shoulders, bless'd Lepeaux!
 So with dark dirge athwart the blasted heath,
 Three Sister Witches hail'd the' appall'd Macbeth.

So the three Fates beneath grim Pluto's roof,
 Strain the dun warp, and weave the murky woof;
 Till deadly Atropos with fatal shears
 Slits the thin promise of the' expected years,
 While midst the dungeon's gloom or battle's din,
 Ambition's victims perish as they spin.

Thus the three Graces on the Idalian green
 Bow with deft homage to Cythera's queen;
 Her polish'd arms with pearly bracelets deck,
 Part her light locks, and bare her ivory neck;
 Round her fair form ethereal odours throw,
 And teach the' unconscious zephyrs where to blow:
 Floats the thin gauze, and, glittering as they play
 The bright folds flutter in phlogistic day.
 So with his Daughters three, the' unsceptre

Lear

Heaved the loud sigh, and pour'd the glister
 His Daughters three, save one alone, conspire
 (Rich in his gifts) to spurn their generous sir
 Bid the rude storm his hoary tresses drench,
 Stint the spare meal, the hundred knights retire
 Mock his mad sorrow, and with alter'd mien
 Renounce the daughter and assert the queen
 A father's griefs his feeble frame convulse
 Rack his white head, and fire his feverous
 Till kind Cordelia soothes his soul to rest
 And folds the parent-monarch to her breast

Thus some fair spinster grieves in wild affright,
Vex'd with dull megrim or vertigo light; [stand,
Pleased round the fair three dawdling doctors
Wave the white wig, and stretch the asking hand,
State the grave doubt—the nauseous draught de-
And all receive though none deserve a fee. [cree,

**So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourn, glides
The Derby Dilly, carrying three Insides:
One in each corner sits, and lolls at ease
With folded arms, propp'd back, and outstretch'd
 knees; [to death,
While the press'd bodkin, punch'd and squeezed
Sweats in the midmost place, and pants for breath.**

'Twas thine alone, O youth of giant frame,
 Isosceles*! that rebel heart to tame!
 In vain coy Mathesis† thy presence flies:
 Still turn her fond hallucinating‡ eyes;
 Thrills with Galvanic fires§ each tortuous nerve,
 Throb her blue veins, and dies her cold reserve.

* *Isosceles*—An equi-crural triangle. It is represented as a giant, because Mr. Higgins says he has observed that prosperity is much promoted by the equal length of the legs, more especially when they are long legs.

† *Mathesis*.—The doctrine of Mathematics. Pope calls her mad Mathesis.—Vide Johnson's Dictionary.

† *Hallucinating*.—The disorder with which Mathesis is affected is a disease of increased volition, called *erotomania*, or sentimental love. It is the fourth species of the second genus of the first order and third class; in consequence of which Mr. Hackman shot Miss Ray in the lobby of the playhouse. Vide *Zoonomia*, vol. ii. pages 363, 365.

§ *Galvanic fires*.—Dr. Galvani is a celebrated philosopher at Turin. He has proved that the electric fluid is the proximate cause of nervous sensibility; and Mr. Higgins is of opinion that, by means of this discovery, the sphere of our disagreeable sensations may be in future considerably enlarged. 'Since dead frogs,' says he, 'are awakened by this fluid, to such a degree of posthumous sensibility, as to jump out of the glass in which they are placed, why not men, who are sometimes so much more sensible when alive? And if so, why not employ

—Yet strives the fair, till in the giant's breast
 She sees the mutual passion flame confess'd :
 Where'er he moves she sees his tall limbs trace
Internal angles equal at the base * ;
 Again she doubts him : but *produced at will*,
 She sees *the' external angles equal still*.

Say, bless'd Isosceles ! what favouring power,
 Or love or chance, at night's auspicious hour,
 While to the Asses' Bridge † entranced you stray'd,
 Led to the Asses' Bridge the' enamour'd maid ?
 —The Asses' Bridge, for ages doom'd to hear
 The deafening surge assault his wooden ear,
 With joy repeats sweet sounds of mutual bliss,
 The soft susurrant sigh, and gently murmuring
 kiss.

So thy dark arches, London Bridge, bestride
 Indignant Thames, and part his angry tide.
 There oft,—returning from those green retreats,
 Where fair Vauxhallia decks her silvan seats ;—
 Where each spruce nymph, from city compters free,
 Sips the froth'd syllabub or fragrant tea ;
 While with sliced ham, scraped beef, and burn'd
 champagne,
 Her prentice lover soothes his amorous pain ;—

this new stimulus to deter mankind from dying (which they so pertinaciously continue to do) of various old fashioned diseases, notwithstanding all the brilliant discoveries of modern philosophy, and the example of Count Cagliostro ?

* *Internal angles, &c.*—This is an exact versification of Euclid's Fifth Theorem.—Vide Euclid *in loco*.

† *Asses' Bridge*—*Pons Asinorum*—The name usually given to the before-mentioned theorem ; though, as Mr. Higgins thinks, absurdly. He says that, having frequently watched companies of asses during their passage of a bridge, he never discovered in them any symptoms of geometrical instinct upon the occasion. But he thinks that with Spanish asses, which are much larger (vide Townsend's Travels through Spain), the case may possibly be different.

—There oft, in well trimm'd wherry, glide along
Smart beaux and giggling belles, a glittering
throng;

Smells the tarr'd rope—with undulation fine
Flaps the loose sail—the silken awnings shine;
'Shoot we the bridge!'—the venturous boatmen
cry—

'Shoot we the bridge!'—the' exulting fare * reply.

—Down the steep fall the headlong waters go,
Curls the white foam, the breakers roar below.

—The veering helm the dexterous steersman stops,
Shifts the thin oar, the fluttering canvas drops;
Then with closed eyes, clench'd hands, and quick-
drawn breath, [beneath.

Darts at the central arch, nor heeds the gulf
—Full 'gainst the pier the' unsteady timbers knock,
The loose planks starting own the' impetuous
shock;

The shifted oar, dropp'd sail, and steadied helm,
With angry surge the closing waters overwhelm—

—Laughs the glad Thames, and clasps each fair
one's charms

That screams and scrambles in his oozy arms.

—Drench'd each smart garb, and clogg'd each
struggling limb,

Far o'er the stream the cockneys sink or swim;
While each badged boatman †, clinging to his oar,
Bounds o'er the buoyant wave, and climbs the'
applauding shore.

* *Fare*—A person, or a number of persons, conveyed in a hired vehicle by land or water.

† *Badged boatmen*—Boatmen sometimes wear a badge to distinguish them, especially those who belong to the Waterman's Company.

So, towering Alp*! from thy majestic ridge
Young Freedom gazed on Lodi's blood-stain'd
bridge;

—Saw, in thick throngs, conflicting armies rush,
Ranks close on ranks, and squadrons squadrons
crush; [storm,

—Burst in bright radiance through the battle's
Waved her broad hands, display'd her awful form;
Bade at her feet regenerate nations bow,
And twined the wreath round Buonaparte's brow.

—Quick with new lights, fresh hopes, and alter'd
zeal,

The slaves of despots dropp'd the blunted steel;
Exulting Victory own'd her favourite child,
And freed Liguria clapp'd her hands and smiled.

Nor long the time ere Britain's shores shall greet
The warrior sage with gratulation sweet:

Eager to grasp the wreath of naval fame,
The Great Republic plans the floating frame!

—O'er the huge plane gigantic Terror stalks,
And counts with joy the close compacted balks:
Of young-eyed Massacres the cherub crew,
Round their grim chief the mimic task pursue;
Turn the stiff screw†, apply the strengthening
clamp,

Drive the long bolt, or fix the stubborn cramp,

* *Alp or Alps*—A ridge of mountains which separate the north of Italy from the south of Germany. They are evidently primeval and volcanic, consisting of granite, toadstone, and basalt, and several other substances, containing animal and vegetable remains, and affording numberless undoubted proofs of the infinite antiquity of the earth, and of the consequent falsehood of the Mosaic Chronology.

† *Turn the stiff screw, &c.*—The harmony and imagery of these lines are imperfectly imitated from the following exquisite passage in the *Economy of Vegetation*:

Gnomes, as you now dissect, with hammers fine,
The granite rock, the noduled flint calcine;

Lash the reluctant beam, the cable splice,
 Join the firm dovetail with adjustment nice,
 Through yawning fissures urge the willing wedge,
 Or give the smoothing adze a sharper edge.
 —Or group'd in fairy bands, with playful care,
 The' unconscious bullet to the furnace bear;—
 Or gaily tittering, tip the match with fire,
 Prime the big mortar, bid the shell aspire;
 Applaud with tiny hands and laughing eyes,
 And watch the bright destruction as it flies.

Now the fierce forges gleam with angry glare—
 The windmill* waves his woven wings in air;
 Swells the proud sail, the' exulting streamers fly,
 Their nimble fins unnumber'd paddles ply:
 —Ye soft airs, breathe, ye gentle billows, waft,
 And, fraught with Freedom, bear the' expected
 raft!

—Perch'd on her back, behold the patriot train,
 Muir, Ashley, Barlow, Tone, O'Connor, Paine;
 While Tandy's hand directs the blood-empurpled
 rein.

Ye Imps of Murder, guard her angel form,
 Check the rude surge, and chase the hovering
 storm;
 Shield from contusive rocks her timber limbs,
 And guide the sweet Enthusiast† as she swims!

Grind with strong arm, the circling chertz betwixt,
 Your pure Ka—o—lins and Pe—tunt—ses mix'd.

Canto II. l. 297.

* *The windmill, &c.*—This line affords a striking instance of the sound conveying an echo to the sense.—I would defy the most unfeeling reader to repeat it over without accompanying it by some corresponding gesture imitative of the action described.

† *Sweet enthusiast, &c.*—A term usually applied in allegoric and technical poetry to any person or object to which no other qualifications can be assigned.—Chambers's Dictionary.

—And now, with web-foot oars, she gains the land,
 And foreign footsteps press the yielding sand :
 —The Communes spread, the gay Departments
 smile,

Fair Freedom's Plant o'ershades the laughing isle :
 —Fired with new hopes the' exulting peasant sees
 The Gallic streamer woo the British breeze ;
 While, pleased to watch its undulating charms,
 The smiling infant* spreads his little arms.

Ye Sylphs of Death, on demon pinions flit
 Where the tall guillotine is raised for Pitt :
 To the poised plank tie fast the monster's back †,
 Close the nice slider, ope the' expectant sack ;
 Then twitch, with fairy hands, the frolic pin—
 Down falls the' impatient axe with deafening din ;
 The liberated head rolls off below,
 And simpering Freedom hails the happy blow ‡ !

* *The smiling infant*—Infancy is particularly interested in the diffusion of the new principles.—See the ' Bloody Buoy ;' see also the following description and prediction :

Here Time's huge fingers grasp his giant mace,
 And dash proud Superstition from her base ;
 Rend her strong towers and gorgeous fanes, &c.
 &c. &c. &c. &c.
 While each light moment, as it passes by,
 With feathery foot and pleasure-twinkling eye,
 Feeds from its baby-hand with many a kiss
 The callow nestlings of domestic bliss.

Botanic Garden.

† *The monster's back*—Le Monstre Pitt, L'Ennemi du Genre humain.—See Debates of the Legislators of the Great Nation *passim*.

‡ This admirable burlesque on Dr. Darwin's ' Loves of the Plants' is said to be the joint composition of Messrs. Canning, Ellis, and Frere.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

FROM THE MOST EMINENT
BRITISH POETS.

PART X.
Ludicrous and Sportive.



The souter tauld his queerest stories ;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus. p. 331.

Chiswick :

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11

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

PART X.

Ludicrous and Sportive.

MONODY, On the Death of Dick, an Academical Cat.

Micat inter omnes. Hor. lib. i. ode 12.

YE rats, in triumph elevate your ears!
Exult, ye mice! for Fate's abhorred shears
Of Dick's nine lives have slit the catguts nine;
Henceforth he mews 'midst choirs of cats divine!
Though nine successive lives protract their date,
Even cats themselves obey the call of Fate;
Whose formidable fiat sets afloat
Mortals and mortal cats in Charon's boat:
Fate, who cats, dogs, and doctors makes his prize,
That grace Great Britain's universities.

Where were ye, nymphs—when to the silent
coast
Of gloomy Acheron Dick travel'd post?
Where were ye, Muses, in that deathful hour?
Say, did ye haunt the literary bower

Where Science sends her sons in stockings blue
To barter praise for soup with Montague?
Or point prepare for Boswell's anecdote,
Or songs inspire, and fit them to his throat?
For not on Isis' classic shores ye stray'd,
Or brew'd with Cherwell's wave your lemonade;
Nor assignations kept with grizzled elves,
Where learning sleeps on Bodley's groaning
shelves;

Nor, where no poet glows with kindred fire,
Wept o'er your favourite Warton's silent lyre.

While venal cats (leagued with degenerate curs,
Of faded Prudes the four-legged pensioners)
On the soft sofa ranged in order due,
For eleemosynary muffin mew,
Regardless of the meed that Fame bestows,
Their tail a feather for each wind that blows;
Thee, generous Dick, the cat-controlling powers
Ordain'd to mouse in academic bowers;
Bade thee the sacred stream of sapience sip,
And in Pierian cream thy whiskers dip!

Enshrined celestial cateries among,
The sable matron, from whose loins he sprung,
Who traced her high descent through ages dark
From cats that caterwaul'd in Noah's ark,
Stern brindled nurse, with unremitting care,
To high achievements train'd her tabby heir;
On patriot cats his young attention fix'd,
And many a cuff with grave instruction mix'd;
Taught the great truth, to half his race unknown,
'Cats are not kitten'd for themselves alone;
But hold from Heaven their delegated claws,
Guardians of larders, liberty, and laws.'

'Let cats and catlings of ignoble line
Slumber in bee-hive chairs, in dairies dine;

Shun thou the shades of cat-enfeebling ease!
 Watch o'er the weal of Rhedycinian cheese;
 The melting marble of collegiate brawn
 For Heads of Houses guard, and lords in lawn;
 And keep each recreant rat and mouse in awe
 That dares to show his nose in Golgotha*.
 So may the brightest honours of the gown
 Thy riper years and active virtue crown!—
 Say, shall not cats, fraught with ethereal fire †,
 To seats of letter'd eminence aspire?—
 Caligula a consul made his steed; [read,
 What though the beast could neither write nor
 Yet could he talents negative display,
 And silence opposition with his neigh.
 If Charles of Sweden swore he would depute,
 The senate to control, his old jack-boot;
 If modern taste a learned pig reveres,
 And pigs unlearn'd keep company with peers ‡;
 If erst Rome's papal crown a gossip wore,
 Then, Dick, thou mayst become vice chancellor.
 ' Might I but live, though crazy, old, and sick,
 To see thee stalk behind thy beadles, Dick!
 Behold my brindled boy with conscious pride
 O'er convocated grizzle wigs preside!
 Hear thee, ere I explore my latest home,
 Confer degrees in Sheldon's spacious dome!
 See thee in scarlet robe encase thy fur,
 And at St. Mary's venerably purr!

* 'The place of a scull,' a name ludicrously affixed to the place in which the Heads of Colleges assemble.

† Electrical sparks elicited by friction from a cat's back.

‡ The sociable porker here alluded to is well known to have been the assiduous companion of Lord Mount Edgecomb's ex urations.

Then let me be translated to the skies,
And close in welcome death these gooseberry eyes!

‘ Yet think not, darling Dick, that Fame allows
Her glorious palm, unearn’d; to grace thy brows :
By toil Herculean and profound research
Expect to thrive in politics or church !
The herd who worship at preferment’s shrine
No servile task, no sacrifice decline ;
Courtiers for coronets their conscience pawn,
Clerks in prunello creep, then soar in lawn.
See, with the riband graced and radiant star,
The chief that waged the continental war !
Such palms diminish’d realms can yet afford
To patriotic Howe’s protracting sword !
See Wilkes, intrusted with the city key
Till he made fools of all the livery !
See grovelling S*** the wealth of India share :
He taught the Hindù race to feed on air !

‘ Mark the career of Rhedycina’s bard ;
Not such his toil, not such his vast reward.
Glean’d from antiquity’s exhaustless mine,
He bade the gems of science brighter shine ;
His care retrieved each venerable name
Reft by oblivion from the rolls of Fame ;
And with new glory crown’d the strains sublime
That echo’d from the harps of elder Time.
’Twas his, midst mouldering palms of chivalry,
To braid the deathless blooms of pöesy ;
On learning’s gloom the rays of Taste to pour,
And gild with genuine wit the social hour ;
Affection and applause alike he shared,
All loved the man, all venerate the bard :
Even Prejudice his fate afflicted hears,
And letter’d Envy sheds reluctant tears.

' Of genius, taste, philanthropy, and sense,
Candour and wit—behold the recompense!
No sinecure, no venerable stall
He fills, o'er-canopied with crimson pall;
No choir obsequious waits his dread commands,
Where supple vergers pace with silver wands;
Where soft reclines in velvet pomp supreme
Divinity, entranced in mitrous dream:
No coin his meed—for classic fobs unfit—
For, ah! what fellowship has wealth with wit!
Such worth the laurel could alone repay,
Profaned by Cibber, and contemn'd by Gray*;
Yet hence its wreath shall new distinction claim,
And, though it gave not, take from Warton fame.'

While glory's steep ascent Grimalkin shows,
Dick's breast with emulative ardour glows;
His emerald eyes with richer radiance roll,
And all the cat awakens in his soul.
Within the tender velvet of his paw,
Though yet unbloodied, lurks each virgin claw;
Anticipated palms his hope describes,
And conquests gain'd o'er visionary mice:
Though much for milk, more for renown he mews,
And nobler objects than his tail pursues.

O, could I call the Muses from their spheres
To sing the triumphs of his riper years!
What strife the larder's conscious shelves beheld!
What congregated rats his valour quell'd!
What mice descended, at each direful blow,
To nibble brimstone in the realms below!—
The victor, who his foes in furious mood
Hurl'd from the Granic to the Stygian flood;

* On the death of Cibber the place of poet laureate was offered to Mr. Gray, who refused to accept it.

Churchill, whose bounty fainting Frenchmen gave
Soup-meagre gratis in the Danube's wave;
Heathfield, whose red hot vengeance Spain defied,
Blistering, like Spanish flies, old Neptune's hide;
Who plunged his enemies, a whisker'd group,
In green waves twice as hot as green peas soup,
While Fate on Calpe's summit sat, and smiled
To see the dingy dons like lobsters boil'd,
Or by the lightning of the' exploded shell
Dispatch'd to seek a cooler birth in hell—

All heroes, bloody, brave, or politic,
All, all should yield preeminence to Dick :
And everlasting laurels, thick as hops, [chops.
Wreath their bright foliage round his brindled

Mysterious Powers, who rule the destinies
Of conquerors and kings, of cats and mice,
Why did your will the Pylian chief decree
Three centuries, unspectacled, to see,
Yet summon from his patriot toils away
Illustrious Dick, before his beard was gray ?
Of valour, sense, or skill, how vain the boast !—
Dick seeks the shades, an undistinguish'd ghost,
And turns his tail on this terrestrial ball,
Dismiss'd without mandamus medical ;
Sent, without purge or catapotium,
In prime of cathood to the catacomb ;
No doctor fee'd, no regimen advised,
Unpill'd, unpoulticed, unphlebotomized !

Ye sage divines, if so concise our span,
Who for preferment would turn cat-in-pan ?
Since clergymen and cats one fate betides,
And worms shall eat their sermons and their hides !

Polecats, who Dick's disastrous end survive,
Shall bless their stars that they still stink alive ;

Muskcats shall feel a melancholy qualm,
 And with their sweets departed Dick embalm;
 Cats in each clime and latitude that dwell,
 Brown, sable, sandy, gray, and tortoiseshell,
 Of titles obsolete, or yet in use,
 Tom, Tybert, Roger, Rutterkin*, or Puss;
 Cats who with wayward hags the moon control,
 Unchain the winds, and bid the thunders roll;
 Brave in enchanted sieves the boisterous main,
 And royal barks with adverse blasts detain†;
 Nay, two-legged cats, as well as cats with four,
 Shall Dick's irreparable loss deplore.

Cats who frail nymphs in gay assemblies guard,
 As buckram stiff, and bearded like the pard;
 Calumnious cats, who circulate faux-pas,
 And reputations maul with murderous claws;
 Shrill cats whom fierce domestic brawls delight;
 Cross cats who nothing want but teeth to bite;
 Starch cats of puritanic aspect sad;
 And learned cats who talk their husbands mad;

* A cat of this name was caterconsin to the great great great great great grandmother of Grimalkin, and first cat in the caterie of an old woman who was tried for bewitching the daughter of the Countess of Rutland, in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

† 'Moreover she confessed that she took a cat and christened it, &c. and that in the night following the said cat was conveyed into the middest of the sea by all those witches sayling in their riddles, or ceves, and so left the said cat right before the towne of Leith in Scotland. This doone, there did arise such a tempest at sea as a greater hath not been seen, &c.'

'Againne, it is confessed that the said christened cat was the cause of the Kinges Majesties shippe, at his comminge forthe of D'nmarke, had a contrarie winde to the rest of the shippes then being in his companie, which thing was most straunge and true, as the Kinges Majestie acknowledgeth, for when the rest of the shippes had a faire and good winde, then was the winde contrarie and altogether against his Majestie, &c.'—
 'Newes from Scotland,' 1591. See also notes to Macbeth, in Johnson and Steevens' edition of Shakspeare.

Confounded cats who cough and croak and cry
 And maudlin cats who drink eternally;
 Prim cats of countenance and mien precise,
 Yet oftener hankering for men than mice;
 Curs't cats whom nought but castigation checks;
 Penurious cats who pine for costly cates;
 And jealous cats who catechise their mates;
 Cat-prudes, who, when they're asked the ques-
 tion, squall,
 And ne'er give answer categorical;
 Uncleanly cats who never pare their nails;
 Cat-gossips full of Canterbury tales;
 Cat-grandams vex'd with asthmas and catarrhs;
 And superstitious cats who curse their stars;
 Cats who their favours barter for a bribe;
 And canting cats, the worst of all the tribe!
 And faded virgin-cats, and tabbies old,
 Who at quadrille remorseless mouse for gold;
 Cats of each class, craft, calling, and degree,
 Mourn Dick's calamitous catastrophe.

Yet, while I chant the cause of Richard's end,
 Ye sympathizing cats, your tears suspend!
 Then shed enough to float a dozen whales,
 And use, for pocket handkerchiefs, your tails!

Fame says (but Fame a slanderer stands con-
 fess'd), [dress'd:
 Dick his own sprats, like Bamber Gascoyne,
 But to the advocates of truth 'tis known
 He neither staid for grace nor gridiron.
 Raw sprats he swore were worth all fish beside,
 Fresh, stale, stew'd, spitchcock'd, fricaseed or
 fried;
 Then swallow'd down a score without remorse,
 And three fat mice slew for his second course:

But, while the third his grinders dyed with gore,
 Sudden those grinders closed—to grind no more!
 And (dire to tell) commission'd by old Nick,
 A catalepsy made an end of Dick.

Thus from the pasty's furious 'escalade,
 Where blood, to gravy turn'd, embrown'd his blade
 (That all encountering blade which scorn'd to fear
 Broil'd gizzards charged with Cayenne gunpow-
 der),

From raised crust level'd, never more to rise,
 From ducks dispatch'd, and massacred minced-
 pies,

From turkey-pouts transfix'd and sirloins slash'd,
 From marrow-puddings maul'd, and custards
 Crimpt cod, and mutilated mackarel, [quash'd,
 And desolation of the turtle's shell,

Some alderman, of giant appetite,
 A surfeit sweeps to everlasting night:
 Imbibing claret with his latest breath,
 And brandishing his knife and fork in death,
 Downward a gormandizing ghost he goes,
 And bears to hell fresh fuel on his nose;
 For Calipash explores the infernal scene*,
 And wishes Phlegethon one vast terrene.

O paragon of cats, whose loss distracts
 My soul, and turns my tears to cataracts,
 Nor craft nor courage could thy doom prorogue!
 Dick, premier cat upon the catalogue
 Of cats that grace a caterwauling age,
 Scared by Fate's cat-call quits this earthly stage;

* ——— Petit Ille dapes

Oraque vana movet, dentemque indente fatigat:

Ex certeque cibo delusum guttur inani,

Proque epulis tennes nequicquam devorat auras.

Ovid. Met. lib. 8.


Dire fled the arrow that laid Richard flat,
And sickening Glory saw Death shoot a cat.

Ah! though thy bust adorn no sculptured shrine,
No vase thy relics, Dick, to fame consign,
No reverend characters thy rank express,
Nor hail thee, Dick, D. D. or F. R. S.,
For thee, midst golden groves of Paradise,
Shall bloom the deathless wreath that earth denies.
There, while Grimalkin's mew her Richard greets,
A thousand cats shall purr on purple seats :
Even now I see, descending from his throne,
Thy venerable cat, O Whittington,
The kindred excellence of Richard hail,
And curl with joy his gratulating tail !
There shall the worthies of the whisker'd race
Elysian mice o'er floors of sapphire chase,
Midst beds of aromatic marum stray,
Or raptured rove beside the milky-way.
Kittens, than eastern houris fairer seen,
Whose bright eyes glisten with immortal green,
Shall smooth for tabby swains their yielding fur,
And to their amorous mews assenting purr.—
There, like Alcmena's, shall Grimalkin's son,
In bliss repose,—his mousing labours done,—
Fate, envy, curs, time, tide, and traps defy,
And caterwaul to all eternity.

HUDDSFORD.

THE COLUBRIAD.

' Close by the threshold of a door, nail'd fast,
Three kittens sat. Each kitten look'd aghast.
I, passing swift and inattentive by,
At the three kittens cast a careless eye :



Not much concern'd to know what they did there,
Nor deeming kittens worth a poet's care.
But presently a loud and furious hiss
Caused me to stop, and to exclaim—'What's this?'
When, lo! upon the threshold met my view
With head erect and eyes of fiery hue
A viper, long as Count de Grasse's queue.
Forth from his head a forked tongue he throws,
Darting it full against a kitten's nose;
Who, having never seen in field or house
The like, sat still and silent as a mouse.
Only, projecting with attention due
Her whisker'd face, she ask'd him—'Who are you?'
On to the hall went I with pace, not slow,
But swift as lightning, for a long Dutch hoe:
With which, well arm'd, I hasten'd to the spot,
To find the viper. But I found him not;
And, turning up the leaves and shrubs around,
Found only, that he was not to be found.
But still the kittens, sitting as before,
Sat, watching close the bottom of the door.
'I hope (said I) the villain I would kill
Has slipt between the door and the door's sill;
And if I make dispatch and follow hard,
No doubt, but I shall find him in the yard:'
For long ere now it should have been rehearsed,
'Twas in the garden that I found him first.
E'en there I found him. There the full-grown cat
His head with velvet paw did gently pat,
As curious as the kittens erst had been
To learn what this phenomenon might mean.
Fill'd with heroic ardour at the sight,
And fearing every moment he would bite

And rob our household of our only cat
That was of age to combat with a rat,
With outstretch'd hoe I slew him at the door,
And taught him *never to come there no more.*

COWPI

MOLLY MOG:

OR,

THE FAIR MAID OF THE MILL*.

SAYS my uncle, 'I pray you discover
What hath been the cause of your woes,
That you pine and you whine like a lover?'
—'I have seen Molly Mog of the Rose.'

'O nephew! your grief is but folly,
In Town you may find better prog;
Half-a-crown there will get you a Molly,
A Molly much better than Mog.'

'I know that by wits 'tis recited
That women at best are a clog;
But I'm not so easily frightened
From loving of sweet Molly Mog.

'The schoolboy's desire is a play day,
The schoolmaster's joy is to flog;
The milk-maid's delight is on May-day,
But mine is on sweet Molly Mog.

* This Ballad was written on an innkeeper's daughter Oakingham in Berkshire, who in her youth was a celebrated beauty and toast; she lived to a very advanced age, and at the month of March, 1766.

‘ Will-a-wisp leads the traveller gadding
Through ditch and through quagmire and bog ;
But no light can set me a madding
Like the eyes of my sweet Molly Mog.

‘ For guineas in other men’s breeches
Your gamesters will palm and will cog ;
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win sweet Molly Mog.

‘ The heart, when half wounded is changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog ;
But my heart can never be ranging,
’Tis so fix’d upon sweet Molly Mog.

‘ Who follows all ladies of pleasure,
In pleasure is thought but a hog ;
All the sex cannot give so good measure
Of joys as my sweet Molly Mog.

‘ I feel I’m in love to distraction,
My senses all lost in a fog,
And nothing can give satisfaction
But thinking of sweet Molly Mog.

‘ A letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid and gives me a jog,
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but sweet Molly Mog.

‘ If I would not give up the three Graces,
I wish I were hang’d like a dog,
And at court all the drawingroom faces,
For a glance of my sweet Molly Mog.

‘ Those faces want nature and spirit,
And seem as cut out of a log ;
Juno, Venus, and Pallas’s merit
Unite in my sweet Molly Mog.

- ' Those who toast all the family royal,
In bumpers of Hogan and Nog,
Have hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to my sweet Molly Mog.
- ' Were Virgil alive with his Phillis,
And writing another eclogue,
Both his Phillis and fair Amaryllis
He'd give up for sweet Molly Mog.
- ' When she smiles on each guest, like her liquor,
Then jealousy sets me agog ;
To be sure she's a bit for the vicar,
And so I shall lose Molly Mog.'

GAY.

A NEW SONG OF NEW SIMILES.

My passion is as mustard strong ;
I sit all sober sad ;
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March-hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow ;
I drink, yet can't forget her ;
For though as drunk as David's sow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind ;
Cool as a cucumber could see
The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er ;
Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown,
But as a goat now thin!

I melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone,
She laughs to see me pale;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.

The god of love, at her approach,
Is busy as a bee;
Hearts sound as any bell or roach,
Are smit and sigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as hops or hail
The fine men crowd about her;
But soon as dead as a door nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears;
O were we join'd together!
My heart would be scot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as fivepence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
Methinks I taste them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites ;
Sharp as a needle are her words,
Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny dress'd ;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
Round as the globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a king :
Good Lord ! how all men envied me !
She loved like any thing.

But false as hell, she, like the wind,
Changed, as her sex most do ;
Though seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru !
Great as an emperor should I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post ;
Let us like burs together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You'll know me truer than a die ;
And wish me better sped,
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,
And sigh, perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

SIMILES ON VIRGINITY AND MARRIAGE.

LIKE a ring without a finger,
Or a bell without a ringer;
Like a horse was never ridden,
Or a feast and no guest bidden;
Like a well without a bucket,
Or a rose if no man pluck it:
Just such as these may she be said
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The ring, if worn, the finger decks,
The bell pulled by the ringer speaks;
The horse doth ease if he be ridden,
The feast doth please if guest be bidden;
The bucket draws the water forth,
The rose when plucked is still most worth:
Such is the virgin, in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

Like to a stock not grafted on,
Or like a lute not play'd upon;
Like a jack without a weight,
Or a barque without a freight;
Like a lock without a key,
Or a candle in the day:
Just such as these may she be said
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The grafted stock doth bear best fruit,
There's music in the finger'd lute;
The weight doth make the jack go ready,
The freight doth make the barque go steady;
The key the lock doth open right,
The candle's useful in the night:

Such is the virgin, in my eyes;
That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

Like a call without anon, sir,
Or a question and no answer;
Like a ship was never rigg'd,
Or a mine was never digg'd;
Like a wound without a tent,
Or civet box without a scent;
Just such as these may she be said
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The anon, sir, doth obey the call,
The question answer'd pleaseth all;
Who rigs a ship sails with the wind,
Who digs a mine doth treasure find;
The wound by wholesome tent hath ease,
The box perfumed the senses please:
Such is the virgin, in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

Like marrowbone was never broken,
Or commendations and no token;
Like a fort and none to win it,
Or like the moon and no man in it;
Like a school without a teacher,
Or like a pulpit and no preacher:
Just such as these may she be said
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The broken marrowbone is sweet,
The token doth adorn the greet;
There's triumph in the fort, being won,
The man rides glorious in the moon;
The school is by the teacher still'd,
The pulpit by the preacher fill'd:

Such is the virgin, in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

Like a cage without a bird,
Or a thing too long deferr'd ;
Like the gold was never tried,
Or the ground unoccupied ;
Like a house that's not possess'd,
Or the book was never press'd :
Just such as these may she be said
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The bird in cage doth sweetly sing,
Due season prefers every thing ;
The gold that's tried from dross is pured,
There's profit in the ground manured ;
The house is by possession graced,
The book when press'd is then embraced :
Such is the virgin, in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

F. BEAUMONT.

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

1720.

A farmer's goose, who in the stubble
Is fed without restraint or trouble,
Grown fat with corn, and sitting still,
Scarce get o'er the barn-door sill,
Hardly waddles forth to cool
Her belly in the neighbouring pool,
Loudly cackles at the door,
Her cackling shows the goose is poor.

But when she must be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren common strays,
Hard exercise and harder fare
Soon make my dame grow lank and spare ;
Her body light, she tries her wings,
And scorns the ground, and upward springs,
While all the parish, as she flies,
Hears sounds harmonious from the skies.

Such is the poet, fresh in pay
(The third night's profits of his play),
His morning draughts till noon can swill
Among his brethren of the quill ;
With good roast beef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
Deep sunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could take his flight ?
Or, stuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
What poet e'er could sing a note ?
Nor Pegasus could bear the load
Along the high celestial road ;
The steed, oppress'd, would break his girth
To raise the lumber from the earth.

But view him in another scene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene,
His money spent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheese and ale,
His two-years' coat so smooth and bare,
Through every thread it lets in air,
With hungry meals his body pined,
His guts and belly full of wind,
And, like a jockey for a race,
His flesh brought down to flying case ;
Now his exalted spirit loathes
Incumbrance's of food and clothes,

And up he rises like a vapour
Supported high on wings of paper ;
He singing flies, and flying sings,
While from below all Grub-street rings.

SWIFT.

THE
GRAND QUESTION DEBATED,
WHETHER HAMILTON'S BAWN* SHOULD BE TURNED
INTO A BARRACK OR A MALTHOUSE ?

1729.

THUS spoke to my lady the knight †, full of care ;
' Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
This Hamilton's Bawn ‡, while it sticks on my hand,
I lose by the house what I get by the land ;
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
For a Barrack § or Malthouse, we now must consider.

' First, let me suppose I make it a malthouse,
Here I have computed the profit will fall to' us ;
There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain ;
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a day, and three hogsheads a year.

* A bawn was a place near the house, enclosed with mud or
one wall, to keep the cattle from being stolen in the night.
They are now little used.

† Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat it was written.

A large old house, two miles from Sir Arthur Acheson's

The army in Ireland is lodged in strong buildings over the
the kingdom, called *barracks*.

With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stored,
No little scrub joint shall come on my board;
And you and the Dean no more shall combine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;
Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A stone and a quarter of beef from my sirloin.
If I make it a Barrack, the crown is my tenant;
My dear! I have ponder'd again and again on't;
In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent;
Whatever they give me, I must be content,
Or join with the court in every debate,
And rather than that I would lose my estate.'

Thus ended the knight; thus began his meek
wife :

' It must, and it shall be a Barrack, my life !
I'm grown a mere mopus ; no company comes
But a rabble of tenants and rusty dull rums*.
With parsons what lady can keep herself clean ?
I'm all overdaub'd when I sit by the Dean.
But if you will give us a Barrack, my dear !
The captain, I'm sure, will always come here :
I then shall not value his deanship a straw,
For the captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe ;
Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert ;
That men of his coat should be minding their
prayers,
And not among ladies to give themselves airs.'

Thus argued my lady, but argued in vain ;
The knight his opinion resolved to maintain.
But Hannah†, who listen'd to all that was pass'd,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,

* A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman.

† My lady's waiting woman.

As soon as her ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
Cried, 'Madam, why surely my master's possess'd:
Sir Arthur the Maltster! how fine it will sound!
I'd rather the Bawn were sunk under ground.
But, madam, I guess'd there would never come
good,

When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood*.
And now my dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
That I saw a huge rat: O dear! how I scream'd!
And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes;
And Molly she said I should hear some ill news.

'Dear madam! had you but the spirit to tease,
You might have a Barrack whenever you please:
And, madam, I always believed you so stout,
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a husband like him, I purtest,
Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest;
And rather than come in the same pair of sheets
With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets.
But, madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
And worry him out, till he gives his consent.

'Dear madam! whene'er of a Barrack I think,
An I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink;
For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
I can't get it out, though I'd never so fain.
I fancy already a Barrack contrived
At Hamilton's Bawn, and the troop is arrived;
Of this, to be sure, Sir Arthur has warning,
And waits on the captain betimes the next morning.

'Now see, when they meet, how their honours
behave: [slave,
Noble captain! your servant—Sir Arthur! your
You honour me much—The honour is mine—
'Twas a sad rainy night—but the morning is fine—

* Two of Sir Arthur's managers.

Pray how does my lady—My wife's at yo
service——

I think I have seen her picture by Jarvis——
Good morrow, good captain!——I'll wait on yo
down——

You sha'n't stir a foot—You'll think me a clown.
For all the world, captain, not half an inch fa
ther——

You must be obey'd—Your servant, Sir Arthur
My humble respects to my lady unknown——
I hope you will use my house as your own.'

' Go bring me my smock, and leave off yo
prate;

Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate.'

' Pray, madam, be quiet; what was it I said?—
You had like to have put it quite out of my hea

' Next day, to be sure, the captain will com
At the head of his troop, with trumpet and dru
Now, madam, observe how he marches in statu
The man with the kettledrum enters the gate :
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow
Tantara, tantara; while all the boys halloo.
See now comes the captain, all daub'd with ge
lace :

O law! the sweet gentleman! look in his face
And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
With the fine flaming sword that he holds in h
hand;

And his horse, the dear creter! it prances and rea
With ribands in knots at its tail and its ears.
At last comes the troop, by the word of comma
Drawn up in our court; when the captain cries,
Stand.

Your ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen
(For sure I had dizen'd you out like a queen).

The captain, to show he is proud of the favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver ;
(His beaver is cock'd ; pray, madam, mark that,
For a captain of horse never takes off his hat,
Because he has never a hand that is idle,
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds
the bridle)

Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady so fair :
(How I tremble to think of the blood it hath spilt !)
Then he lowers down the point, and kisses the hilt.
Your ladyship smiles, and thus you begin :
Pray, captain, be pleased to alight and walk in.
The captain salutes you with congee profound,
And your ladyship courtesies half way to the
ground.

‘ Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us ;
I’m sure he’ll be proud of the honour you do us :
And, captain, you’ll do us the favour to stay,
And take a short dinner here with us to-day :
You’re heartily welcome ; but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worst time of the year :
If I had expected so worthy a guest——
Lord ! madam ! your ladyship sure is in jest ;
You banter me, madam : the kingdom must grant——
You officers, captain, are so complaisant.’

‘ Hist, hussy ! I think I hear somebody coming——’
‘ No, madam ; ’tis only Sir Arthur a-humming :
To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story),
The captain at dinner appears in his glory ;
The Dean and the doctor* have humbled their
pride,

For the captain’s entreated to sit by your side ;

* Dr. Jenny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

And because he's their betters you carve for him
first;

The parsons for envy are ready to burst:
The servants, amazed, are scarce ever able
To keep off their eyes as they wait at the table;
And Molly and I have thrust in our nose
To peep at the captain in all his fine clothes.
Dear madam! be sure he's a fine spoken man;
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran:
And, madam (says he), if such dinners you give,
You'll never want parsons as long as you live;
I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose,
But the devil's as welcome wherever he goes.
G—d d—me, they bid us reform and repent,
But, z—s, by their looks they never keep Lent.
Mister curate, for all your grave looks, I'm afraid
You cast a sheep's eye on her ladyship's maid;
I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
In mending your cassock and smoothing your band
(For the Dean was so shabby, and look'd like a
ninny,

That the captain supposed he was curate to Jenny);
Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
Observe how a parson comes into a room,
G—d d—me, he hobbles as bad as my groom.
A scholard, when just from his college broke loose,
Can hardly tell how to cry Bo to a goose.
Your Noveds and Bluturks and Omurs* and stuff,
By G— they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
To give a young gentleman right education,
The army's the only good school in the nation.

* Ovids, Plintarchs, Homers. See Essay on Modern Education.

My schoolmaster call'd me a dunce and a fool,
 But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school;
 I never could take to my book for the blood o'me,
 And the puppy confess'd he expected no good o'me.
 He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
 But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in my life;
 So I took to the road, and, what's very odd,
 The first man I robb'd was a parson, by G—.

Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
 But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day.

'Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
 And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should split:
 So then you look'd scornful, and sniff'd at the Dean,
 As who should say, Now, am I Skinny and Lean * ?
 But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
 And the doctor was plaguily down in the hips.'

Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
 Till she heard the Dean call, 'Will your ladyship
 walk?'

Her ladyship answers, 'I'm just coming down:'
 Then turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
 Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
 Cried, 'Hussy! why, sure the wench is gone mad:
 How could these chimeras get into your brains?—
 Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
 But the Dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
 Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers:
 For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye.
 Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy.'

SWIFT,

* Nicknames for my lady.

LYDFORD LAW.

I oft had heard of Lydford law,
How, in the morn, they hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after.
At first I wonder'd at it much,
But since I find the reason such
As it deserves no laughter.

They have a castle on a hill,
I took it for an old windmill,
The vanes blown down by weather :
To lie therein one night, 'tis guess'd,
'Twere better to be stoned and press'd,
Or hang'd—now choose you whether.

Ten men less room within this cave
Than five mice in a lanthorn have ;
The keepers they are sly ones :
If any could devise by art
To get it up into a cart,
'Twere fit to carry lions.

When I beheld it, Lord ! thought I,
What justice and what clemency
Hath Lydford ! When I saw all,
I knew none gladly there would stay,
But rather hang out of the way
Than tarry for a trial.

The prince a hundred pounds hath sent
To mend the leads, and planchens rent,
Within this living tomb ;
Some forty-five pounds more had paid
The debts of all that shall be laid
There till the day of doom.

One lies there for a seam of malt,
Another for a peck of salt,
Two sureties for a noble :
If this be true, or else false news,
You may go ask of Master Crews*,
John Vaughan, or John Doble†.

More—to these men that lie in lurch,
Here is a bridge, there is a church ;
Seven ashes and one oak ;
Three houses standing, and ten down.
They say the parson has a gown,
But I saw ne'er a cloak.

Whereby you may consider well,
That plain simplicity doth dwell
At Lydford, without bravery.
And in the town both young and grave
Do love the naked truth to have,
No cloak to hide their knavery.

The people all within this clime
Are frozen in the winter time,
For sure I do not feign ;
And when the summer is begun,
They lie like silkworms in the sun,
And come to life again.

One told me, in King Cæsar's time
The town was built of stone and lime,
But sure the walls were clay,
And they are fallen, for aught I see ;
And since the houses are got free,
The town is run away.

* The steward.

† Attorneys of the court.

Oh, Cæsar! if thou there didst reign;
While one house stands come there again;
Come quickly while there is one.
If thou stay but a little bit,
But five years more, they will commit
The whole town to a prison.

To see it thus much grieved was I,
The proverb saith, ' Sorrows be dry,'
So was I at the matter.
Now, by good luck, I know not how,
There thither came a strange stray cow,
And we had milk and water.

To nine good stomachs, with our wig,
At last we got a roasting pig,
This diet was our bounds;
And this was just as if 'twere known
A pound of butter had been thrown
Among a pack of hounds.

One glass of drink I got by chance,
'Twas claret when it was in France,
But now from it much wider;
I think a man might make as good
With green crabs boil'd, and brasil wood,
And half a pint of cider.

I kiss'd the mayor's hand of the town,
Who, though he wear no scarlet gown,
Honours the rose and thistle.
A piece of coral to the mace,
Which there I saw to serve in place,
Would make a good child's whistle.

At six o'clock I came away,
And pray'd for those who were to stay
Within a place so arrant.
Wide and ope the winds so roar,
By God's grace I'll come there no more,
Unless by some Tin warrant.

W. BROWNE.

COLEMIRA.

A CULINARY ECLOGUE.

Nec tantum Veneris, quantum studiosa calinæ.

Insensible of soft desire,
Behold Colemira prove
More partial to the kitchen fire
Than to the fire of Love.

NIGHT's sable clouds had half the globe o'erspread,
And silence reign'd, and folks were gone to bed,
When Love, which gentle sleep can ne'er inspire,
Had seated Damon by the kitchen fire.

Pensive he lay, extended on the ground,
The little Lares kept their vigils round;
The fawning cats compassionate his case,
And pur around, and gently lick his face:

To all his complaints the sleeping curs reply,
And with hoarse snorings imitate a sigh.
Such gloomy scenes with lovers' minds agree,
And solitude to them is best society.

‘ Could I (he cried) express how bright a grace
Adorns thy morning hands and well wash’d face
Thou wouldst, Colemira, grant what I implore,
And yield me love, or wash thy face no more.

‘ Ah! who can see, and seeing not admire,
When’er she sets the pots upon the fire!
Her hands outshine the fire and redder things;
Her eyes are blacker than the pots she brings.

‘ But sure no chamber-damsel can compare,
When in meridian lustre shines my fair,
When warm’d with dinner’s toil, in pearly rills,
Adown her goodly cheek the sweat distills.

‘ Oh! how I long, how ardently desire,
To view those rosy fingers strike the lyre!
For late, when bees to change their climes began
How did I see them thrum the fryingpan!

‘ With her! I should not envy George his queen
Though she in royal grandeur deck’d be seen;
Whilst rags, just sever’d from my fair one’s gown
In russet pomp and greasy pride hung down.

‘ Ah! how it does my drooping heart rejoice,
When in the hall I hear thy mellow voice!
How would that voice exceed the village bell,
Wouldst thou but sing, “I like thee passing well!”

‘ When from the hearth she bade the pointers go
How soft, how easy did her accents flow!
“Get out (she cried); when strangers come to sup
One ne’er can raise those snoring devils up.”

‘ Then, full of wrath, she kick’d each lazy brute,
Alas ! I envied even that salute : [say,
’Twas sure misplaced—Shock said, or seem’d to
“ He had as lief I had the kick as they.”

‘ If she the mystic bellows take in hand,
Who like the fair can that machine command ?
O, mayst thou ne’er by Æolus be seen,
For he would sure demand thee for his queen !

‘ But should the flame this rougher aid refuse,
And only gentler medicines be of use,
With full-blown cheeks she ends the doubtful
 strife,
Foments the infant flame, and puffs it into life.

‘ Such arts as these exalt the drooping fire,
But in my breast a fiercer flame inspire :
I burn ! I burn ! O, give thy puffing o’er,
And swell thy cheeks and pout thy lips no more !

‘ With all her haughty looks, the time I’ve seen
When this proud damsel has more humble been ;
When with nice airs she hoist the pancake round,
And dropp’d it, hapless fair ! upon the ground.

‘ Look, with what charming grace, what winning
 tricks
The artful charmer rubs the candlesticks !
So bright she makes the candlesticks she handles,
Oft have I said—“ there were no need of candles.”

‘ But thou, my fair ! who never wouldst approve,
Or hear the tender story of my love,
Or mind how burns my raging breast—a button—
Perhaps art dreaming of—a breast of mutton.’

Thus said, and wept the sad desponding swain,
Revealing to the sable walls his pain :
But nymphs are free with those they should deny ;
To those they love more exquisitely coy.

Now chirping crickets raise their tinkling voice,
The lambent flames in languid streams arise,
And smoke in azure folds evaporates and dies.

SHENSTONE.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

IMITATED.

To *print*, or not to *print*—that is the question.
Whether 'tis better in a trunk to bury
The quirks and crotchets of outrageous fancy,
Or send a well wrote copy to the press,
And, by disclosing, end them? To print, to doubt,
No more; and by one act to say we end
The headach, and a thousand natural shocks
Of scribbling frenzy—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To print—to beam
From the same shelf with Pope, in calf well bound :
To sleep, perchance, with Quarles—Ay, there's
the rub—

For to what class a writer may be doom'd,
When he hath shuffled off some paltry stuff,
Must give us pause.—There's the respect that
makes

The unwilling poet keep his piece nine years.
For who would bear the impatient thirst of fame,
The pride of conscious merit, and, 'bove all,
The tedious importunity of friends,

When as himself might his *quietus* make
With a bare inkhorn? Who would fardles bear?
To groan and sweat under a load of wit?
But that the tread of steep Parnassus' hill,
That undiscover'd country, with whose bays
Few travellers return, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear to live unknown
Than run the hazard to be known, and damn'd.
Thus Critics do make cowards of us all.
And thus the healthful face of many a poem
Is sicklied o'er with a pale manuscript;
And enterprisers of great fire and spirit,
With this regard, from Dodsley turn away,
And lose the name of authors.

JAGO.

- THE DUKE OF BENEVENTO.

A Tale.

I HATE a prologue to a story
Worse than the tuning of a fiddle,
Squeaking and dinning :
Hang order and connexion,
I love to dash into the middle ;
Exclusive of the fame and glory,
There is a comfort on reflection
To think you've done with the beginning.
And so, at supper one fine night,
Hearing a cry of ' Alla, Alla,'
The prince was damnably confounded,
And in a fright ;
But more so, when he saw himself surrounded
By fifty Turks, and at their head the fierce Abdalla.

And then he look'd a little grave
To find himself become a slave,
And thought the Corsair rather in a hurry,
Out of all rules,
To make the Duke of Benevento 'curry
And take care of his mules :
But as 'twas vain to make a riot,
Without grimace,
Or a wry face,
He gave a shrug, and rubb'd his mules in qui

Now 'twould have been great sport
To all the puppies of the court,
To view these changes and disasters ;
But their enjoyments
Were damp'd by certain slovenly employments
Not more amusing than their master's.

But who can paint his grief,
Who can describe the transports of his sorrow,
When he beheld Almida's charms
Conducted to Abdalla's arms,
And saw no prospect of relief :
But that the blooming maid,
By cruel destiny betray'd,
Must no more triumph in that name to-morrow

Not understanding what he said,
Seeing him caper like an antic,
And tear his hair and beat his head,
The eunuch wisely judged him to be frantic.
But she, the lovely cause of all his care,
Darting a look to his enraptured soul,
Might soften e'en the madness of despair,
Bade him his weak unmanly rage controul.

Each favouring opportunity improve ;
And bade him dare to hope, and bade him dare
to love.

The Corsair, in a transport of surprise,
When he beheld Almida's sparkling eyes,
Her faultless figure, her majestic air,
The graceful ringlets of her auburn hair,
That twined in many a fold to deck,
Not hide, the dazzling whiteness of her neck ;
The various charms her flowing robe reveal'd,
While fancy whisper'd to his throbbing heart
Each nameless beauty that well judging art,
To fix the roving mind, had carefully conceal'd—

‘ O Mahomet ! I thank thee (he exclaim'd),
That to thy servant thou hast given
This bright inhabitant of heaven ;
To gild the progress of his life below,
For him this beauteous Houri framed ;
Enjoyment I have known, but never loved till now.’

Then with a smile
Might e'en a Stoic's heart beguile,
The fair one with a little flattery
To his charm'd ears address'd her battery—

‘ Still may my Lord (said she) approve
The happy object of his love,
Then when Almida sues,
Let not Abdalla's heart her first request refuse :
Deign to suspend but for three days
The progress of your amorous flame,
And to console my heart for these delays,
Grant me two small requests that I shall name.

‘ The first is to desire,
If you incline,
Five hundred lashes for two friends of mine,
And just as many for a friar;
The next a litter, and two mules,
The heavy hours of absence to amuse,
Besides a Muleteer that I shall choose,
At my disposal, subject to my rules,’

So said, the culprit knaves appear :
Upon each rascal’s pamper’d hide
The stripes are in due form applied ;
Which done, she chose,
You may suppose,
Her lover for her Muleteer.

Then with a voice sweet as an angel’s song,
While Tancred with attentive ear
In silent rapture stoop’d to hear,
The beauteous maid the silence broke,
Conviction follow’d as she spoke,
And truth and soft persuasion dwelt on her en-
chanting tongue—

‘ With grief those scenes unwilling I disclose,
Whence every error, each misfortune rose :
When pleasures, of the lowest, meanest kind,
Unnerved your feeble frame, and check’d the pro-
gress of your mind,
In vain your people’s curses, or their tears,
Your heart assail’d ;
Two flattering knaves had charm’d your ear
And Raymond vainly counsel’d, or as vainly rail’

He was your father's friend, wise, honest, brave,
Him you displaced,
And, listening to the malice of a slave,
The guardian of your crown was banish'd and
disgraced.

' Me too you loved, and I approved the flame,
In hopes my counsels might have weight
To prompt you to redress the state,
' And save from infamy your sinking name.

' But soon your confessor, the crafty priest,
Rage, hate, and malice rankling in his breast,
With timorous scruples fill'd your wavering mind;
In vain each finer feeling strove
To guard your heart, and court it to be kind,
While haggard superstition triumph'd over love.

' But Justice still pursues betimes;
E'en now, for she directs the hour,
The priest, and the vile partners of his power,
Feel vengeance overtake their crimes.

' The Turk's unnoticed march, last night's surprise,
The foe unthought of thundering at the gate,
At length have clear'd your eyes; [late.
Their treacherous negligence is found, is felt too

' No more of this displeasing strain—
If thinking, acting like a man,
Reform'd by slavery's painful chain,
Virtue within your breast resume her reign,
Inspire your thoughts, and guide your future plan,
My heart will still be yours: e'en Raymond too
Still loves his prince—to him repair,

Confess your faults, his aid demand, -
The gallant veteran waits but your command,
To spread his conquering banners to the air,
To sacrifice his life with you,
Or rescue and relieve his native land.

‘ Abdalla claims my promise in three days :
Think then on me.

Danger and death attend delays,
Be virtuous, be daring, and be free.’

The lady’s sermon was a little long,
Not but she talk’d both well and wittily,
And then she look’d so prettily,
Her eyes excused the freedoms of her tongue.

For when a favourite mistress speaks,
We always think her in the right,
E’en though she talk for days or weeks,
Or in the middle of the night.

To say the truth, her speech was rather rough ;

But as she promised him her heart,
Upon the whole he took it in good part,
And, as he loved her, liked it well enough.
So thank’d her for the good advice,

And took his leave ; and ere he went,
By way of compliment,
Call’d her his guardian angel, his tweet tutor,
And kiss’d her fair hand once or twice,
And swore to be a good boy for the future.

In short, it was so settled ; the third night,
By good luck too ’twas dark as hell,
Tancred with Raymond and a chosen band
Surprise the guards, who in their fright
Make but a shabby stand,
And enter at the gates pellmell.

Meantime Abdalla, snug in bed,
Finding Almida stay'd away so long,
Suspecting there was something wrong,
Look'd out; and found his troops were kill'd or
Himself a prisoner and alone, [gone,
And Tancred reigning in his stead.

And now the sore-back'd scoundrels in a trice
Came kindly with their counsels and advice,
Proposing as a pious work
Just to impale,
Or stick a hedge stake through the tail
Of the poor Turk.

Indignant fury flash'd from Tancred's eye—
'Ye vile corruptors of my youth,
Ye foes to honour, honesty, and truth,
Hence from my sight, nor offer a reply :
'If the third day
Within the limits of this state
Disclose your stay, [fate.
Not e'en Almida's self shall save you from your

'Go, brave Abdalla, to your native shore;—
From sloth, from vice, from infamy
Your kind instruction and assistance
Have haply set me free ;
Thanks for your visit, pray return no more,
Let us be always friends, but at a distance.

'And now, my better angel, whose kind care
The mist of error from my sight dispell'd,
Burst the vile fetters that my reason held,
Restored fair Wisdom's gentle sway,
Guided my steps to her, and pointed out the way ;

Now, while my people's eager voice,
And Raymond too confirms my choice,
O, come, my heavenly fair!
Ascend, adorn, and bless my throne;
Still with that cheering influence preside,
My life, my future conduct guide,
Inspire my raptured heart, and make it virtuous
as your own.'

J. H. MOORE.

THE COCK AND THE HORSES.

A fable.

'Twas long, ay, very long ago,
But when or where,
I don't exactly know,
And if I did, perhaps you would not care;
A Cock, a lazy, listless spark,
Chancing to saunter up and down,
Much like a soldier in a country town,
Or just as you
Or I might do
In Bond-street or the Park;
Whether the Devil,
The author of all evil,
As I judge,
Owed him a grudge,
Or that benighted,
Or otherwise misled
By his own foolish head,
Howe'er it was, he lighted
All in a barn, 'mongst hunters, hacks,
And many a coach-horse, taller, larger
Than a militia major's charger;

Grays, chestnuts, sorrels, whites, bays, blacks,
 Not tied, or fasten'd up to racks,
 But sideling, capering about,
 Like chattering dowagers at a rout,
 And round and round the creatures danced,
 Snorted, and flung, and plunged, and pranced,
 Making the damn'dest noise and pother,
 Kicking and biting one another :
 Meantime our Cock by these huge beasts sur-
 rounded,
 And like some luckless dog of a Reviewer
 Surprised by angry bards, and sure
 Of being kick'd to death or miserably pounded,
 Though not a little in a fright,
 Yet thought it best,
 Perhaps too he was in the right,
 To strut and crow,
 And give them a bon mot,
 And tickle up their fancies with a jest,
 Before he bade the world good night :
 ' My friends (said he), whose graceful education
 Hath kept you from profaner, home-bred
 courses,
 And who have still maintain'd the reputation
 Of gentlemanly, well bred horses,
 Though I should be extremely proud
 In such good company to pass my life,
 Yet as I hate a crowd
 Worse than a smoky chimney or a scolding wife,
 Permit me to propose,
 That, like the incidents in modern plays,
 We each pursue our different ways,
 Nor rudely tread on one another's toes.'

J. H. MOORE.

THE VIRTUOSO*.

WHILOM by silver Thames's gentle stream,
In London town there dwelt a subtile wight;
A wight of mickle wealth and mickle fame,
Book-learn'd and quaint; a virtuoso hight.
Uncommon things and rare were his delight;
From musings deep his brain ne'er gotten ease,
Nor ceasen he from study day or night,
Until (advancing onward by degrees)
He knew whatever breeds on earth or air or seas.

He many a creature did anatomize,
Almost unpeopling water, air, and land;
Beasts, fishes, birds, snails, caterpillars, flies
Were laid full low by his relentless hand,
That oft with gory crimson was distain'd:
He many a dog destroy'd, and many a cat;
Of fleas his bed, of frogs the marshes drain'd,
Could tellen if a mite were lean or fat,
And read a lecture o'er the entrails of a gnat.

He knew the various modes of ancient times,
Their arts and fashions of each different guise;
Their weddings, funerals, punishments for crimes,
Their strength, their learning eke, and rarities;
Of old habiliments each sort and size,
Male, female, high and low to him were known;
Each gladiator-dress and stage-disguise;
With learned clerkly phrase he could have
shown [gown.
How the Greek tunic differ'd from the Roman

* Written by Akenside at the age of sixteen.

A curious medalist, I wot, he was,
And boasted many a course of ancient coin ;
Well as his wife's he knewen every face
From Julius Cæsar's down to Constantine :
For some rare sculpture he would oft ypine
(As green sick damosels for husbands do) ;
And when obtained, with enraptured eyne,
He'd run it o'er and o'er with greedy view,
And look, and look again, as he would look it
through.

His rich museum, of dimensions fair,
With goods that spoke the owner's mind was
fraught ;
Things ancient, curious, value-worth, and rare,
From sea and land, from Greece and Rome
were brought,
Which he with mighty sums of gold had bought :
On these all tydes with joyous eyes he pored ;
And, sooth to say, himself he greater thought,
When he beheld his cabinets thus stored,
Than if he'd been of Albion's wealthy cities lord.

Here in a corner stood a rich scrutoire,
With many a curiosity replete ;
In seemly order furnish'd every drawer,
Products of art and nature as was meet ;
Airpumps and prisms were placed beneath his
feet,
A Memphian mummy king hung o'er his head ;
Here phials with live insects small and great,
There stood a tripod of the Pythian maid,
Above, a crocodile diffused a grateful shade.

Fast by the window did a table stand,
Where hodiern and antique rarities,
From Egypt, Greece, and Rome, from sea and land,
Were thick-besprent of every sort and size :
Here a Bahaman spider's carcass lies,
There a dire serpent's golden skin doth shine ;
Here Indian feathers, fruits, and glittering flies ;
There gums and amber found beneath the line,
The beak of Ibis here, and there an Antonine.

Close at his back, or whispering in his ear,
There stood a spright ycleped Phantasy ;
Which, wheresoe'er he went, was always near :
Her look was wild, and roving was her eye ;
Her hair was clad with flowers of every dye ;
Her glistening robes were of more various hue
Than the fair bow that paints the cloudy sky,
Or all the spangled drops of morning dew ;
Their colour changing still at every different
view.

Yet in this shape all tydes she did not stay,
Various as the chameleon that she bore ;
Now a grand monarch with a crown of hay,
Now mendicant in silks and golden ore ;
A statesman now equipp'd to chase the boar,
Or cowed monk, lean, feeble, and unfed ;
A clownlike lord, or swain of courtly lore ;
Now scribbling dunce in sacred laurel clad,
Or papal father now in homely weeds array'd.

The wight whose brain this phantom's power doth
fill,
On whom she doth with constant care attend,

l for a dreadful giant take a mill,
r a grand palace in a hogsty find:
om her dire influence we may heaven defend!)
ll things with vitiated sight he spies;
lects his family, forgets his friend,
eeks painted trifles and fantastic toys,
and eagerly pursues imaginary joys.

AKENSIDE.

PHILLADA FLOUTS ME.

OH what a pain is love!
How shall I bear it?
She will inconstant prove,
I greatly fear it.
She so torments my mind
That my strength faileth,
And wavers with the wind,
As a ship that saileth;
Please her the best I may,
She looks another way;
Alack and well-a-day!
Phillada flouts me!

All the fair yesterday
She did pass by me;
She look'd another way,
And would not spy me.
I woo'd her for to dine,
But could not get her.
Will had her to the wine,
He might entreat her.

With Daniel she did dance,
On me she look'd askance,
Oh, thrice unhappy chance!
Phillada flouts me!

Fair maid, be not so coy,
Do not disdain me!
I am my mother's joy,
Sweet, entertain me!
She'll give me, when she dies,
All that is fitting;
Her poultry, and her bees,
And her geese sitting;
A pair of mattress beds,
And a bag full of shreds;
And yet for all this goods
Phillada flouts me!

She hath a clout of mine,
Wrought with good *Coventry*,
Which she keeps for a sign
Of my fidelity.
But i'faith, if she flinch,
She shall not wear it;
To Tibb, my t'other wench,
I mean to bear it.
And yet it grieves my heart
So soon from her to part!
Death strikes me with his dart!
Phillada flouts me!

Thou shalt eat curds and cream
All the year lasting;
And drink the crystal stream,
Pleasant in tasting:

Whig and whey, whilst thou burst,
And ramble berry,
Pie-lid and pastry crust,
Pears, plumbs, and cherry;
Thy raiment shall be thin,
Made of a weaver's skin,—
Yet, all's not worth a pin!
Phillada flouts me!

Fair maiden, have a care,
And in time take me!
I can have those as fair,
If you forsake me:
For Doll the dairymaid
Laughed on me lately,
And wanton Winifred
Favours me greatly.
One throws milk on my clothes,
T'other plays with my nose:
What wanton signs are those!
Phillada flouts me!

I cannot work and sleep
All at a season;
Love wounds my heart so deep,
Without all reason.
I 'gin to pine away,
With grief and sorrow,
Like to a fatted beast
Penned in a meadow.
I shall be dead, I fear,
Within this thousand year,
And all for very fear!
Phillada flouts me!

ANONYMOUS.

What queer looking words—thought Miss Ann
 To tag at the tail of a distich! [Thrope,
 So she clapp'd her eye to a microscope,
 To get at their sense cabalistic.
 He swore in the Hellespont he'd fall,
 If she would not go with him to Istambol;
 But all she would answer was, *tol de rol lol*—
 (O Thrope! Ann Thrope! Oh Miss Ann Thrope!)
 To his lordship's rhymes Hellenistic.

Then the peer he said—Oh Miss Ann Thrope,
 Since life is a fading flower,
 You'll do me the favour to elope
 With your own dear faithful Giaour.
 And as for your father and mother and aunt,
 The family all I will enchant,
 By reading of a Romaic Romaunt—
 (Oh Thrope! Ann Thrope! Oh Miss Ann Thrope!)
 Till they shed of tears a shower.

His lordship he read:—and Miss Ann Thrope
 Was obliged to praise his wit;
 But as the poetry seemed rather sop-
 orific, she dozed a bit.
 Till, quite overwhelm'd with slumber and sorrow,
 A yawn or two she begged leave to borrow—
 And said if he'd call again to-morrow—
 (Oh Thrope! Ann Thrope! Oh Miss Ann Thrope!)
 He might read a second Fytte.

He read till he wept;—but Miss Ann Thrope
 Declared it was all my eye;
 She call'd him a Jew, and wished the Pope
 Had his Hebrew melody.

Says my lord—‘ I beg you will call it ee ;
 ‘ And as *whilom* you have listen’d æ,
 I’ll be off to the *Paynims* beyond the sea—
 (Oh Thrope! Ann Thrope! Oh Miss Ann Thrope!)
 And leave you *eftsoons* to die.’

Ah! who could resist?—Not Miss Ann Thrope—
 A Corsair hove in sight;—
 My lord he bid him throw out a rope,
 And hold it fast and tight.
 So then they put it to the vote,
 He tipp’d the Lozel a one pound note,
 And they jump’d together into the boat—
 (Oh Thrope! Ann Thrope! Oh Miss Ann Thrope!)
 And bid her papa good night.

ANONYMOUS.

TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE.

A Tale.

As Yorkshire Humphry t’other day
 O’er London Bridge was stumping,
 He saw with wonder and delight
 The water-works a pumping.

Numps gazing stood, and, wondering how
 This grand machine was made,
 To feast his eyes, he thrust his head
 Betwixt the ballustrade.

A sharper, prowling near the spot,
 Observes the gaping lout;
 And soon with fish-hook finger turns
 His pocket inside out.

Numps feels a twitch, and turns around—
The thief, with artful leer,
Says, ' Sir, you'll presently be robb'd,
For pickpockets are near.'

Quoth Numps, ' I don't fear London thieves,
I'se not a simple youth;
My guinea, measter, 's safe enow :
I've put'n in ma mouth!'

' You'll pardon me,' the rogue replies,
Then modestly retires;
Numps reassumes his gaping post,
And still the works admires.

The artful prowler takes his stand
With Humphry full in view,
And now an infant thief drew near,
And each the other knew:

When thus the elder thief began :
' Observe that gaping lout!
He has a guinea in his mouth,
And we must get it out.'

' Leave that to me,' young Filcher says,
' I have a scheme quite pat:
Only observe how neat I'll queer
That gaping country flat!'

By this time Numps had gazed his fill,
Was trudging through the street,
When the young pilferer, tripping by,
Falls prostrate at his feet.

' O Lord! O dear! my money's lost!'
The artful urchin moans;
While halfpence, falling from his hand,
Roll jingling o'er the stones.

The passengers now stoop to find
And give the boy his coin,
And Humphry, with this friendly band,
Most cordially does join.

‘ There is thy pence,’ quoth Numps, ‘ my boy,
Be zure thee haulds ’em faster.’—

‘ My pence!’ quoth Filch, ‘ here is my pence;
But where’s my guinea, master?

‘ Help, help! good folks, for God’s sake, help!’
Bawls out this hopeful youth;
He pick’d my guinea up just now,
And has it in his mouth!’

The elder thief was lurking near,
Now close to Humphry draws;
And, seizing by the gullet, plucks
The guinea from his jaws!

Then roars out, ‘ Masters, here’s the coin,
I’ll give the child his guinea;
But who’d have thought to see a thief
In this same country ninny?’

Humphry, astonish’d, thus begins,
‘ Good measters, hear me, pray;’
But Duck him! duck him! is the cry:
At length he sneaks away.

‘ And now,’ quoth Numps, ‘ I will believe
What often I’ve heard zaid,
That London thieves will steal the teeth
Out of a body’s head!’

ANONYMOUS.

OLD WYSCHARD.

VOLUMES of historic lore
Read, and you'll find that heretofore
Flourish'd a brood of *strapping dogs*,
To whom this present race of men are frogs.
Ajax a rock in's arms could take
And hurl it at your pericrane,
Which half a dozen folks of modern make,
With force combined, would strive to lift in vain.

By gallant Guy of Warwick slain
Was Colbrand, that gigantic Dane;
Nor could this desperate champion daunt
A dun cow bigger than an elephant:
But he to prove his courage sterling,
His whyniard in her blood imbrued;
He cut from her enormous side a sirloin,
And in his porridge-pot her brisket stew'd;
Then butcher'd a wild boar and ate him barbecued.

When Pantagruel ate salt pork
Six waiting-jacks were set at work
To shovel mustard into 's chops.—
These you will allow were men of mould,
And made on purpose for an age of gold;
But we, their progeny, are mere milk sops:
They drank whole tuns at a sup, to wet their
throattles,
But we are a race of starvelings—I'll be shot else—
Begotten with the rinsings of the bottles.

'Twas so the sage Monboddo wrote:
And many a learned clod of note

You'll see come forward and advance
 Positions every whit as wise :
 And that they tell their friends no lies
 'll show you by collateral circumstance.

There lived—though that is somewhat wide
 O'the purpose—I should say, there died
 A squire, and Wyschard was his name :
 Pictish and Saxon ancestry
 Illustrated his pedigree,
 And many a noble imp of fame :
 Yet these renowned ancestors,
 As if they had been vulgar sons of whores,
 Were long, long since by all the world forgot
 Save by himself: he knew the very spot
 Where they had each been coffin'd up to rot;
 And in his will directions gave exact
 Amongst those venerable dads to have his carcass
 pack'd.

Now deep the sexton burrows to explore
 The sepulchre that these old worthies hid;
 Something at last that seem'd a huge barn-door,
 But was no other than a coffin lid,
 Opposed his efforts; long it spread, and wide,
 And near the upper end a crevice he espied.
 Hence on his ear strange uncouth utterance broke,
 As of some sullen slumberer half awoke,
 Who, yawning, mutter'd inarticulate
 And angry sounds; yet could not this abate
 The courage of the clown: 'Speak out!' quoth he,
 Raw head and bloody bones ne'er yet affrighted
 me !'

A thundering voice replies, 'What miscreant
knave

Dares break the sabbath of old Wyschard's grave?

'No miscreant knave, worm-eaten sir, am I,
But Hodge the sexton:—knave! I scorn the word,
I at my honest calling work, for why?
Your kinsman's just brought down to be interr'd.'

'My kinsman's to be buried here?—Oh, oh!
What year of our Lord is it, fellow, let me know.'

'Tis eighteen hundred, sir, and two.'—

'Ay, goodman sexton, say you so?

Then Time on me a march hath stole;

'Twas near seven hundred years ago

That I became the tenant of this hole:

Men like myself behind I left but few;

Since then the world, I wot, is fangled all anew!

'Tell me, in sooth, are other folks like thee?

For, by thy voice, thou seem'st a tiny elf.'

'Tiny!' quoth Hodge: 'Zooks, I am six feet three!

There's no man in the hundred but myself

Can say as much—thy namesake that is dead,
I'll warrant him, was shorter by the head.'

'Thy words lack proof: I prithee, honest friend,
Thrust through this chink thy little finger's end!

Whence I may know if thou the truth doth state,
And judge, by sample small, of thy dimensions
great.'

Thought Hodge—'Although I little fear the
dead,

'Fool-hardy mortals perils strange environ.'

His finger then withheld he, but, instead

Thrust in his pickaxe nozzle, sheath'd with iron:

And he was in the right,
 For at a single bite
 Old Wyschard snapp'd it off clean as a whistle.—
 'Hence, lying varlet, bear
 Your pigmy corpse elsewhere,
 'Twould Wyschard's grave disgrace!
 In the stoutest of your race
 There's no more substance than *a bit of gristle.*'

REV. G. HUDDSFORD.

SONNET

ON A RUINED HOUSE IN A ROMANTIC COUNTRY.

AND this reft house is that, the which he built,
 Lamented Jack! and here his malt he piled,
 Cautious in vain! Those rats that squeak so wild,
 Squeak, not unconscious of their father's guilt.
 Did ye not see her gleaming through the glade!
 Belike, 'twas she, the maiden all forlorn,
 What though she milk no cow with crumpled horn,
 Yet aye she haunts the dale where erst she stray'd:
 And aye beside her stalks her amorous knight!
 Still on his thighs their wonted brogues are worn,
 And through those brogues, still tatter'd and
 betorn,
 His hindward charms gleam an unearthly white,
 As when through broken clouds, at night's high
 noon, [moon!
 Peeps in fair fragments forth the full orb'd harvest

COLERIDGE.

PARODY UPON GRAY'S ODE OF 'THE
BARD.'

This parody was written at Trinity College, Cambridge, and arose from the circumstance of the author's barber coming too late to dress him at his lodgings, at the shop of Mr. Jackson, an apothecary at Cambridge, where he lodged, till a vacancy in the College, by which he lost his dinner in the hall; when, in imitation of the despairing bard, who prophesied the destruction of King Edward's race, he poured forth his curses upon the whole race of barbers, predicting their ruin in the simplicity of a future generation.

THE BARBER.

'RUIN seize thee, scoundrel Coe!
Confusion on thy frizzing wait;
Hadst thou the only comb below,
Thou never more shouldst touch my pate.
Club nor queue, nor twisted tail,
Nor e'en thy chattering, barber! shall avail
To save thy horsewhipp'd back from daily fears,
From Cantab's curse, from Cantab's tears!'
Such were the sounds that o'er the powder'd pride
Of Coe the barber scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Jackson's slippery lane
He wound with puffing march his toilsome tardy
way.

In a room where Cambridge town
Frowns o'er the kennels' stinking flood,
Robed in a flannel powdering gown,
With haggard eyes poor Erskine stood:
(Long his beard, and blowzy hair,
Stream'd like an old wig to the troubled air);

with clung guts, and face than razor thinner,
 re the loud sorrows of his dinner.
 urk! how each striking clock and tolling bell,
 a awful sounds, the hour of eating tell!
 thee, oh Coe! their dreaded notes they wave,
 shall such sounds proclaim thy yawning
 - grave;
 al in vain, through all this lingering day,
 grace already said, the plates are swept away.
 ld is Beau **'s tongue,
 : soothed each virgin's pain;
 ht perfumed M** has cropp'd his head:
 acks, you moan in vain!
 a youth whose high toupee
 e huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-capp'd head
 umble Tyburn-top we see;
 ash'd with dirt and sun-burn'd face;
 on before the ladies mend their pace,
 Macaroni sneers, and will not see.
 r lost companions of the coxcomb's art,
 r as a turkey to these famish'd eyes,
 r as the ruddy port which warms my heart,
 unk amidst the fainting misses' cries—
 nore I weep—They do not sleep:
 onder ball, a slovenly band,
 r them sit; they linger yet,
 rgers of fair Nature's hand;
 me in dreadful resolution join, [line.
 rop with one accord, and starve they cursed
 eave the warp, and weave the woof,
 windingsheet of barber's race;
 ample room and verge enough
 r lengthen'd lanthorn jaws to trace.

Mark the year, and mark the night,
When all their shops shall echo with affright,
Loud screams shall through St. James's turrets
To see, like Eton boy, the king! [ring,
Puppies of France, with unrelenting paws
That scrape the foretops of our aching heads,
No longer England owns your fribblish laws,
No more her folly Gallia's vermin feeds.
They wait at Dover for the first fair wind,
Soup-meagre in the van, and snuff roast beef behind.

" Mighty barbers, mighty lords,
Low on a greasy bench they lie!
No pitying heart or purse affords
A sixpence for a mutton pie!
Is the mealy 'prentice fled?
Poor Coe is gone all supperless to bed.
The swarm that in thy shop each morning sat
Comb their lank hair on forehead flat: [beaux,
Fair laughs the morn, when all the world are
While vainly strutting through a silly land,
In foppish train, the puppy barber goes,
Lace on his shirt, and money at command;
Regardless of the skulking bailiff's sway,
That hid in some dark court expects his evening
prey.

" The porter mug fill high,
Baked curls and locks prepare;
Reft of our heads, they yet by wigs may live!
Close by the greasy chair
Fell thirst and famine lie,
No more to art will beauteous nature give.

Heard ye the gang of Fielding say,
 Sir John*, at last we've found their haunt,
 To desperation driven by hungry want, [way.
 Through the crammed laughing Pit they steal their
 Ye towers of Newgate! London's lasting shame,
 By many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 Revere poor Mr. Coe, the blacksmith's† fame,
 And spare the grinning barber's chuckle head.

"Rascals! we tread ye under foot,
 (Weave we the woof; the thread is spun):
 Our beards we pull out by the root;
 (The web is wove; your work is done)."
 'Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 Leave me uncurl'd, undinner'd, here to mourn.
 Through the broad gate that leads to College Hall,
 They melt, they fly, they vanish all.
 But, oh! what happy scenes of pure delight,
 Slow moving on their simple charms unroll!
 Ye rapturous visions, spare my aching sight,
 Ye unborn beauties, crowd not on my soul!
 No more our long lost Coventry we wail:
 All hail, ye genuine forms; fair Nature's issue,
 hail!

'Not frizz'd and fritter'd, pinn'd and roll'd,
 Sublime their artless locks they wear,
 And gorgeous dames and judges old
 Without their têtes and wigs appear;
 In the midst a form divine,
 Her dress bespeaks the Pennsylvanian line;
 Her port demure, her grave religious face
 Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.

* Sir John Fielding, the active police magistrate of that day.

† Coe's father, the blacksmith of Cambridge.

What sylphs and spirits wanton through the air!
What crowds of little angels round her play!
Hear from thy sepulchre, great Penn! oh hear!
A scene like this might animate thy clay.
Simplicity now, soaring as she sings, [wings
Waves in the eye of Heaven her Quaker-colour'd

' No more toupees are seen
That mock at Alpine height,
And queues with many a yard of ribbon bound;
All now are vanish'd quite.
No tongs or torturing pin,
But every head is trimm'd quite snug around:
Like boys of the cathedral choir,
Curls, such as Adam wore, we wear,
Each simpler generation blooms more fair,
Till all that's artificial shall expire.
Vain puppy boy! think'st thou yon essenced cloud
Raised by thy puff, can vie with Nature's hue?
To-morrow see the variegated crowd
With ringlets shining like the morning dew!
Enough for me: with joy I see
The different dooms our fates assign:
Be thine to love thy trade and starve;
To wear what Heaven bestow'd be mine.'

He said, and headlong from the trap-stairs' hei,
Quick through the frozen street he ran in sha
plight.

LORD ERSKIN

MODERN MARRIAGE.

DORINDA and her spouse were join'd,
As modern men and women are,
In matrimony, not in mind,
A fashionable pair.

Fine clothes, fine diamonds, and fine lace,
The smartest vis-a-vis in town,
With title, pin-money, and place,
Made wedlock's pill go down.

In decent time by Hunter's art
The wish'd-for heir Dorinda bore;
A girl came next; she'd done her part,
Dorinda bred no more.

Now education's care employs
Dorinda's brain—but ah! the curse;
Dorinda's brain can't bear the noise—
'Go, take them to the nurse!'

The lovely babes improve apace
By dear ma'amselle's prodigious care;
Miss gabbles French with pert grimace,
And master learns to swear.

'Sweet innocents!' the servants cry,
'So natural he, and she so wild;
Laud, nurse, do humour them—for why?
'Twere sin to snub a child.'

Time runs—'My God!'—Dorinda cries,
'How monstrously the girl is grown!
She has more meaning in her eyes
Than half the girls in town.'

Now teachers throng; miss dances, sings,
Learns every art beneath the sun,
Scrawls, scribbles, does a thousand things
Without a taste for one:

Lapdogs and parrots paints, good lack!
Enough to make Sir Joshua jealous;
Writes rebuses, and has her clack
Of small talk for the fellows:

Mobs to the milliners for fashions,
Reads every tawdry tale that's new,
Has fits, opinions, humours, passions,
And dictates in virtù.

Ma'amselle to miss's hand conveys
A billet-doux; she's très commode,
The dancing master's in the chaise,
They scour the northern road.

Away to Scottish land they post,
Miss there becomes a lawful wife;
Her frolic over, to her cost,
Miss is a wretch for life.

Master meanwhile advances fast
In modern manners and in vice,
And with a schoolboy's heedless haste
Rattles the desperate dice;

Travels no doubt by modern rules
To France, to Italy, and there
Commences adept in the schools
Of Rousseau and Voltaire;

Returns in all the dernier goût
Of Brussels point and Paris clothes,
Buys antique statues vamped anew,
And busts without a nose.

**Then hey! at Dissipation's call
To every club that leads the ton,
Hazard's the word; he flies at all,
He's pigeon'd and undone.**

Now comes a wife, the stale pretence,
The old receipt to pay new debts ;
He pocket's city madam's pence,
And doubles all his betts.

**He drains his stewards, racks his farms,
Annuityizes, fines, renews,
And every morn his levee swarms
With swindlers and with Jews.**

The guinea lost that was his last;
Desperate at length the maniac cries—
'This through my brain!'—'tis done; 'tis pass'd;
He fires—he falls—he dies!

CUMBERLAND.

RONDEAU.

BY two black eyes my heart was won :
 Sure never wretch was so undone
 By two black eyes !
 To Celia with my suit I came ;
 But she, regardless of her prize,
 Thought proper to reward my flame
 By two black eyes.

ANONYMOUS.

**ELEGIAC EXPOSTULATION TO AN UN-
FORTUNATE TAILOR.**

O THOU whose visionary bills unpaid,
Long as thy measure, o'er my slumber stream;
Whose goose; hot hissing through the midnight
shade,
Disturbs the transport of each softer dream!

Why do imaginary needles wound?
Why do thy shears cut short my fleeting joys?
Oh! why, emerging from thy hell profound,
The ghost of shreds and patches, awful rise?

Once more look up, nor droop thy hanging head;
The liberal linings of that breast unfold;
Be smiles, far brighter than thy buttons, spread;
And nobly scorn the vulgar lust of gold.

Though doom'd by Fortune, since remotest time,
No meaner coin of moderate date to use,
Lo! I can well reward with sterling rhyme,
Stamp'd by the sacred mintage of the Muse.

Why mourn thy folly, why deplore thy fate,
Why call on every Power in sore dismay?
Thy warmest orisons, alas! are late:
Reflect—didst thou e'er know a poet pay?

Vain from thy shopboard the eternal sigh;
Vain thy devotions from that sable shrine:
Can guineas from the vacant pocket fly?
Can sorrow fill this empty purse of mine?

Ah me! so long with dire consumption pined,
When shall that purse ill omen'd proudly swell
Full as the sail that holds the favouring wind?
Mysterious ministers of Money, tell!

Fond man! while pausing o'er that gloomy page
That tells thee what thou art in terms too plain,
O'er the capacious ledger lose thy rage,
Nor of unsettled debts again be vain.

There lords and dukes and mighty princes lie,
Nor on them canst thou for prompt payment call.
Why starts the big drop in thine anguish'd eye!
One honest genuine bard is worth them all.

A common garment such as mortals wear
(Dull sons of clay, the ready price who give),
Thou madest, and lo! it lasted one short year;
But in *my* garment thou shalt ever live.

Time ne'er shall rip one consecrated seam
Of cloth, from Fancy's loom all superfine;
Nor shall I cruel haunt thy softer dream,
E'en when I dress thee in a suit divine.

Let sage philosophy thy soul inform
With strength heroic every ill to bear:
Not better broadcloth braves the angry storm;
And constant patience is delightful wear.

Be patient then, and wise, nor meanly shrink
Beneath Despondency's tumultuous blast:
The reckoning day may come when least you think,
A joyful day, though miracles are pass'd.

DERMODY.

TIZZY; OR JUDICIOUS PRECAUTION.

COLONEL Patrick O'Blarney, as honest a teague
 As ever took snuff to repel pest or plague,
 Having got a French snuff-box of papier machée,
 Which to open required much pains, do' you see,
 Always kept a bent sixpence at hand in his
 pocket,

And call'd it his key by the which to unlock it;
 As, by niggling and wedging it under the lid,
 He came at his rappee, which was under it hid.
 But one day, when he wanted a pinch for a friend,
 He search'd for his tester, but all to no end,
 Till at last 'twixt the pocket and lining he found it;
 When in rage he cried, 'Arrah, the devil con-
 found it!

I'll engage you don't serve me the same trick again,
 For to make me be after thus hunting in vain.'
 So opening the lid by the help of the tizzy,
 And feaking his nose till his noddle grew dizzy,
 He chuck'd in the coin, and exclaim'd, with a
 shrug, [snug!
 While right went the rim down, 'So there you lie
 And, my hide and seek friend, I beg leave to re-
 mind you, [find you.'
 That the next time I want ye I'll know where to

ANONYMOUS.

 LIKE MASTER LIKE MAN.

WHEN Euclio a snug fuddle chose,
 For want of better conversation,
 His man was call'd (the story goes)
 To share a tête-à-tête potation.

By the mere force of grave hob-nob,
Bumpers flew faster still and faster;
' Master, my service!'—' Thank ye, Bob!'—
' Here's to ye, Robert!'—' Thank ye, master!'

Such business, follow'd up so close,
Soon brought them to the' end o'the tether;
They pass'd their day; they took their dose;
Stared, stutter'd, stagger'd, snored together.

Thus bout, at home, succeeded bout;
For *there* was no restraint before 'em;
But when occasion call'd them *out*,
'Twas proper to preserve decorum:

And therefore they agreed to make
A *bonâ fide* stipulation,
Strict turn and turn, abroad, to take,
One drunk, one sober, in rotation.

The first day was the master's right,
And each perform'd the part decreed him;
The squire was reeling ripe by night,
And Robert cool enough to lead him.

Soon after, Robert's day came round,
When to a neighbouring peer's they sallied;
Whose tap so free, whose ale so sound,
With Robert's taste exactly tallied:—

But in the pith of all his pride,
A summons from his master caught him,
Who took him cunningly aside,
And thus in soothing style besought him:

' Robert, I've had *my* day, I know;
And this, I know, to thee is due for't;
But wouldst thou now thy claim forego,
Hereafter I'll allow thee two for't.'

'Tis hard,' quoth Robert, 'to deny,
 And from my soul I pity you, sir;
 But what you ask is more than I,
 'Tis more than fate itself can do, sir.

'Though mild as mother's milk it be,
 His lordship's stingo's wondrous heady:—
 The day is three parts spent, you see,
 And I am *three parts gone already!*'

BISHOP.

ODE,

IN THE MANNER OF SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Addressed to a Girl in the Temple.

1777.

WHILE the calescent sanguine flood,
 By vile Vulgarity call'd blood,
 Pervades this mortal frame;
 Amazed at your translucid charms,
 You I solicit to these arms,
 Though of procacious name!

When in your dim nocturnal rounds,
 Erratic from the Temple's bounds
 Through devious lanes you stray,
 With friendly auscultation deign
 To audit amatorial pain
 Subvected in this lay.

Satellite of the Paphian dame,
 Whose rays, though darken'd by thy fame,

Illuminate my mind :
 Desert the street, resume the plain,
 Rejoin your derelicted swain,—
 Be prudent as you're kind.

My brows, obumbrated with age,
 Hang scowling o'er life's latter page—
 But you, like lunar beam,
 Through my nimboosity arise ;
 Dispensing, from your lucid eyes,
 Refocillating gleam.

ANONYMOUS.

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

ON A PHYSICIAN LAMPOONING A FRIEND OF THE
 AUTHOR.

As Doctor **** musing sat,
 Death saw, and came without delay :
 Enters the room, begins the chat
 With ' Doctor, why so thoughtful, pray ?'
 The doctor started from his place,
 But soon they more familiar grew :
 And then he told his piteous case,
 How trade was low, and friends were few.
 ' Away with fear,' the phantom said,
 As soon as he had heard his tale :
 ' Take my advice and mend your trade,
 We both are losers if you fail.
 ' Go write, your wit in satire show,
 No matter whether smart or true ;
 Call **** names, the greatest foe
 To dulness, folly, pride, and you.

' Then copies spread, there lies the trick,
Among your friends be sure to send them:
For all who read will soon grow sick,
And when you're call'd upon, attend them.

' Thus trade increasing by degrees,
Doctor, we both shall have our ends:
For you are sure to have your fees,
And I am sure to have your friends.'

GARRICK.

PARODY ON SAPPHO'S ODE.

TO A CERTAIN REVIEWER.

WHEN in the Aristarchal chair
You sit to make the people stare;
That wight, who reads your solemn stuff,
That wretched wight is damn'd enough.

At every pert and pompous line
Where cavils, quips, and quibbles shine,
My fingers itch, I fairly own,
To knock so grave a blockhead down.

I sicken at your paltry gibes,
And doze upon your diatribes;
Till in the spirit of all evil
I wish your gabble at the devil:

Page after page, behind my grate,
Of quillet, quirk, and Billingsgate
Catch in their turn the creeping fire,
Flutter in tinder, and expire.

C. A. ELTON.

THE CHEAT'S APOLOGY.

'Tis my vocation, Hal! *Shakspeare.*

Look round the wide world, each profession you'll
find [call ;

Hath something dishonest, which mystery they
Each knave points another, at home is stark blind,
Except but his own, there's a cheat in them all :
When tax'd with imposture the charge he'll evade,
And like Falstaff pretend he but lives by his trade.

The hero ambitious (like Philip's great son,
Who wept when he found no more mischief to do)
Never scruples a neighbouring realm to o'errun,
While slaughters and carnage his sabre imbrue ;
Of rapine and murder the charge he'll evade,
For conquest is glorious, and fighting his trade.

The statesman, who steers by wise Machiavel's
rules,
Is ne'er to be known by his tongue or his face ;
They're traps by him used to catch credulous fools,
And breach of his promise he counts no disgrace ;
But policy calls it, reproach to evade,
For flattery's his province, cajoling his trade.

The priest will instruct you this world to despise,
With all its vain pomp, for a kingdom on high ;
While earthly preferments are chiefly his prize,
And all his pursuits give his doctrine the lie ;
He'll plead you the gospel your charge to evade :
The labourer's entitled to live by his trade.

The lawyer, as oft on the wrong side as right,
 Who tortures for fee the true sense of the laws,
 While black he by sophistry proves to be white,
 And falsehood and perjury lists in his cause;
 With steady assurance all crime will evade,
 His client's his care, and he follows his trade.

The sons of Machaon, who thirsty for gold
 The patient past cure visit thrice in a day,
 Write largely, the Pharmacop league to uphold,
 While Poverty's left to diseases a prey;
 Are held in repute for their glittering parade;
 Their practice is great, and they shine in their trade.

Since then in all stations imposture is found,
 No one of another can justly complain;
 The coin he receives will pass current around,
 And where he is cozen'd he cozens again:
 But I, who for cheats this apology made,
 Cheat myself by my rhyming, and starve by my
 trade. J. ELLIS.

CEREALIA *.

AN IMITATION OF MILTON, 1706.

Per ambages, Deorumque ministeria
 Præcipitandus est liber spiritus. *Petronius.*

Of English tippie and the potent grain
 Which in the conclave of celestial powers
 Bred fell debate, sing, Nymph of heavenly stem!
 Who on the hoary top of Penmanmaur

* This poem was taken from a folio copy printed in 1706, and communicated from the Lambeth Library by Dr. Duarell, in .

Merlin the seer didst visit, while he sat
With astrolabe prophetic, to foresee
Young actions issuing from the Fates' divan.
Full of thy power, infused by nappy Ale,
Darkling he watch'd the planetary orbs
In their obscure sojourn o'er heaven's high cope,
Nor ceased till the gray dawn with orient dew
Impearl'd his large mustaches, deep ensconced
Beneath his overshadowing orb of hat,
And ample fence of elephantine nose;
Scornful of keenest polar winds or sleet
Or hail, sent rattling down from wintry Jove,
(Vain efforts on his sevenfold mantle made
Of Caledonian rug, immortal woof!)
Such energy of soul to raise the song,
Deign, goddess! now to me; nor then withdraw
Thy sure presiding power, but guide my wing,
Which nobly meditates no vulgar flight.

Now from the' ensanguined Ister's reeking flood,
Tardy with many a corse of Boïan knight
And Gallic deep ingulf'd, with barbed steeds
Promiscuous, Fame to high Olympus flew,
Shearing the' expanse of heaven with active plume;
Nor swifter from Plinlimmon's steepy top
The stanch gerfalcon through the buxom air
Stoops on the steerage of his wings, to truss
The quarry, hern or mallard, newly sprung
From creek, whence bright Sabrina bubbling forth
Runs fast a Naïs through the flowery meads,
To spread round Uriconium's towers her streams.

which the name of Philips was inserted in the hand-writing of Archbishop Tennison. It was published by T. Bennet, the bookseller for whom Blenheim was printed; a strong presumptive proof of this being by the same author.

Her golden tramp the goddess sounded thrice,
Whose shrilling clang reach'd heaven's extremest
sphere.

Roused at the blast, the gods with winged speed
To learn the tidings came: on radiant thrones
With fair memorials and impresses quaint
Emblazon'd o'er they sat, devised of old
By Mulciber, nor small his skill, I ween.
There she relates what Churchill's arm had wrought
On Blenheim's bloody plain. Up Bacchus rose,
By his plump cheek and barrel-belly known:
The pliant tendrils of a juicy vine
Around his rosy brow in ringlets curl'd;
And in his hand a bunch of grapes he held,
The ensigns of the god. With ardent tone
He moved, that straight the nectar'd bowl should
flow,

Devote to Churchill's health, and o'er all heaven
Uncommon orgies should be kept till eve,
Till all were sated with immortal must,
Delicious tipples! that in heavenly veins
Assimilated, vigorous ichor bred;
Superior to Frontinac, or Bordeaux,
Or old Falern, Campania's best increase;
Or the more dulcet juice the happy isles
From Palma or from Forteventura send.

Joy flush'd on every face, and pleasing glee
Inward assent discover'd, till uprose
Ceres, not blithe; for marks of latent woe
Dim on her visage lower'd: such her deport
When Arethusa from her reedy bed
Told her how Dis young Proserpine had raped,
To sway his iron sceptre, and command
In gloom tartareous half his wide domain:

Then, sighing, thus she said—‘ Have I so long
Employ’d my various art to’ enrich the lap
Of Earth, all-bearing mother, and my lore
Communicated to the’ unweeeting hind,
And shall not this preeminence obtain?
Then from beneath her Tyrian vest she took
The bearded ears of grain she most admired,
Which gods call Crithe, in terrestrial speech
Ycleped Barley. ‘ ’Tis to this (she cried)
The British cohorts owe their martial fame
And far redoubted prowess, matchless youth!
This, when returning from the foughthen field,
Or Noric or Iberian, seam’d with scars,
(Sad signatures of many a dreadful gash!)
The veteran, carousing, soon restores
Puissance to his arm, and strings his nerves.
And as a snake, when first the rosy hours
Shed vernal sweets o’er every vale and mead,
Rolls tardy from his cell obscure and dank;
But when by genial rays of summer sun
Purged of his slough, he nimbler thrids the brake,
Whetting his sting, his crested head he rears
Terrific, from each eye retort he shoots
Ensanguined rays, the distant swains admire
His various neck and spires bedropp’d with gold;
So at each glass the harass’d warrior feels
Vigour renate; his horrent arms he takes.
And rusting falchion, on whose ample hilt
Long Victory sat dormant: soon she shakes
Her drowsy wings, and follows to the war.
With speed succinct; where soon his martial port
She recognises, whilst he haughty stands
On the rough edge of battle, and bestows
Wide torment on the serried files, so used

Frequent in bold emprise, to work sad rout
And havoc dire ; these the bold Briton mows,
Dauntless as deities exempt from fate,
Ardent to deck his brow with mural gold,
Or civic wreath of oak, the victor's meed.
Such is the power of Ale : with vines embower'd,
While dangling bunches court his thirsting lip,
Sullen he sits, and sighing oft extols
The beverage they quaff, whose happy soil
Prolific Dovus laves, or Trenta's urn
Adorns with waving crithe (joyous scenes
Of vegetable gold!) Secure they dwell,
Nor feel the' eternal snows that clothe their cliffs ;
Nor curse the' inclement air, whose horrid face
Scowls like that Arctic heaven, that drizzling sheds
Perpetual winter on the frozen skirts
Of Scandinavia and the Baltic main,
Where the young tempests first are taught to roar.
Snug in their straw-built huts or darkling earth'd
In cavern'd rock they live (small need of art
To form spruce architrave or cornice quaint
On Parian marble with Corinthian grace
Prepared)—There on well-fuel'd hearth they chat,
Whilst black pots walk the round with laughing Ale
Surcharged, or brew'd in planetary hour,
When March weigh'd night and day in equal scale ;
Or in October tunned, and mellow grown
With seven revolving suns, the racy juice,
Strong with delicious flavour, strikes the sense ;
Nor wants on vast circumference of board,
Of Arthur's imitative, large sirloin
Of ox or virgin-heifer, wont to browse
The meads of Longovicum (fattening soil,
Replete with clover grass and foodful shrub:)

Planted with sprigs of rosemary it stands,
Meet paragon (as far as great with small
May correspond) for some Panchæan hill,
Imbrown'd with sultry skies, thin set with palm
And olive rarely interspersed, whose shade
Screens hospitably from the Tropic Crab
The quiver'd Arab's vagrant clan that waits
Insidious some rich caravan, which fares
To Mecca, with Barbaric gold full fraught.

' Thus Britain's hardy sons, of rustic mould,
Patient of arms, still quash the' aspiring Gaul,
Bless'd by my boon; which when they slightly
prize,

Should they, with high defence of triple brass
Wide-circling, live immured (as erst was tried
By Bacon's charms, on which the sickening moon
Look'd wan, and cheerless mew'd her crescent
horns,

Whilst Demogorgon heard his stern behest),
Thrice the prevailing power of Gallia's arms
Should there resistless ravage, as of old
Great Pharamond, the founder of her fame,
Was wont when first his marshall'd peerage pass'd
The subject Rhine. What though Britannia boasts
Herself a world, with ocean circumfused?
'Tis Ale that warms her sons to' assert her claim,
And with full volley makes her naval tubes
Thunder disastrous doom to' opponent powers.

' Nor potent only to enkindle Mars,
And fire with knightly prowess recreant souls;
It science can encourage, and excite
The mind to ditties blithe and charming song.
Thou Pallas! to my speech just witness bear;
How oft hast thou thy votaries beheld

At Crambo merry met, and hymning shrill
With voice harmonic each, whilst others frisk
In mazy dance, or Cestrian gambols show,
Elate with mighty joy, when to the brim
Critheian nectar crown'd the lordly bowl
(Equal to Nestor's ponderous cup, which ask'd
A hero's arm to mount it on the board,
Ere he the' embattled Pylians led, to quell
The pride of Dardan youth in hostile dire):
Or if, with front unblest'd, came towering in
Proctor armipotent, in stern deport
Resembling turban'd Turk, when high he wields
His scimitar with huge two-handed sway,
Alarm'd with threatening accent, harsher far
Than that ill omen'd sound, the bird of night,
With beak uncomely bent, from dodder'd oak
Screams out, the sick man's trump of doleful doom;
• Thy jocund sons confront the horrid van
That crowds his gonfalon of seven-foot size,
And with their rubied faces stand the foe;
Whilst they of sober guise contrive retreat,
And run with ears erect; as the tall stag
Unharbour'd by the woodman quits his lair,
And flies the yearning pack which close pursue;
So they, not bowsy, dread the' approaching foe;
They run, they fly, till flying on obscure,
Night-founder'd in town-ditches, stagnant gurge
Soph rolls on soph promiscuous—Caps aloof
Quadrate and circular confusedly fly,
The sport of fierce Norwegian tempests, toss'd
By Thracia's coadjutant, and the roar
Of loud Euroclydon's tumultuous gusts.'

She said:—the sire of gods and men suprer
With aspect bland, attentive audience gave,

Then nodded awful; from his shaken locks
 Ambrosial fragrance flew: the signal given
 By Ganymede, the skinker soon was ken'd;
 With Ale he heaven's capacious goblet crown'd,
 To Phrygian mood Apollo tuned his lyre,
 The Muses sang alternate, all caroused,
 But Bacchus murmuring left the' assembled
 powers.

J. PHILIPS.

PANEGYRIC ON OXFORD ALE.

1748.

————— Mea nec Falernæ
 Temperant vites, neque Formiani
 Pocula colles.

Hor.

BALM of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,
 Hail, juice benignant! O'er the costly cups
 Of riot-stirring wine, unwholesome draught,
 Let Pride's loose sons prolong the wasteful night;
 My sober evening let the tankard bless,
 With toast embrown'd, and fragrant nutmeg
 fraught,
 While the rich draught with oft repeated whiffs
 Tobacco mild improves. Divine repast!
 Where no crude surfeit or intemperate joys
 Of lawless Bacchus reign; but o'er my soul
 A calm Lethæan creeps; in drowsy trance
 Each thought subsides, and sweet oblivion wraps
 My peaceful brain, as if the leaden rod
 Of magic Morpheus o'er mine eyes had shed

Its opiate influence. What though me sore ills
Oppress, dire want of chill-dispelling coals
Or cheerful candle (save the make-weight's gleam
Haply remaining), heart-rejoicing Ale
Cheers the sad scene, and every want supplies.

Meantime, not mindless of the daily task
Of tutor sage, upon the learned leaves
Of deep Smiglecious much I meditate ;
While Ale inspires, and lends its kindred aid,
The thought-perplexing labour to pursue,
Sweet Helicon of logic! But if friends
Congenial call me from the toilsome page,
To pothouse I repair, the sacred haunt
Where, Ale, thy votaries in full resort
Hold rites nocturnal. In capacious chair
Of monumental oak and antique mould,
That long has stood the rage of conquering years
Inviolatè (nor in more ample chair
Smokes rosy Justice, when the' important cause,
Whether of hen-roost or of mirthful rape,
In all the majesty of paunch he tries),
Studious of ease and provident, I place
My gladsome limbs ; while in repeated round
Returns replenish'd the successive cup,
And the brisk fire conspires to genial joy :
While haply, to relieve the lingering hours
In innocent delight, amusive Putt
On smooth jointstool in emblematic play
The vain vicissitudes of fortune shows.
Nor reckoning, name tremendous! me disturbs,
Nor, call'd for, chills my breast with sudden fear ;
While on the wonted door, expressive mark,
The frequent penny stands described to view,
In snowy characters and graceful row.—

Hail, Ticking! surest guardian of distress!
Beneath thy shelter pennyless I quaff
The cheerful cup, nor hear with hopeless heart
New oysters cried;—though much the poet's
Ne'er yet attempted in poetic strain, [friend,
Accept this tribute of poetic praise!

Nor proctor thrice with vocal heel alarms
Our joys secure, nor deigns the lowly roof
Of pothouse snug to visit: wiser he
The splendid tavern haunts, or coffeehouse
Of James or Juggins, where the grateful breath
Of loathed tobacco ne'er diffused its balm;
But the lewd spendthrift, falsely deem'd polite,
While steams around the fragrant Indian bowl,
Oft damns the vulgar sons of humbler Ale:
In vain—the proctor's voice arrests their joys
Just fate of wanton pride and loose excess!

Nor less by day delightful is thy draught,
All powerful Ale! whose sorrow-soothing sweets
Oft I repeat in vacant afternoon,
When tatter'd stockings ask my mending hand
Not unexperienced; while the tedious toil
Slides unregarded. . Let the tender swain
Each morn regale on nerve-relaxing tea,
Companion meet of languor-loving nymph:
Be mine each morn with eager appetite
And hunger undissembled, to repair
To friendly buttery; there on smoking crust
And foaming Ale to banquet unrestrain'd,
Material breakfast! Thus in ancient days
Our ancestors robust with liberal cups
Usher'd the morn, unlike the squeamish sons
Of modern times: nor ever had the might

Of Britons brave decay'd, had thus they fed,
With British Ale improving British worth.

With Ale irriguous, undismay'd I hear
The frequent dun ascend my lofty dome
Importunate : whether the plaintive voice
Of laundress shrill awake my startled ear ;
Or barber spruce with supple look intrude ;
Or tailor with obsequious bow advance ;
Or groom invade me with defying front
And stern demeanour, whose emaciate steeds
(Whene'er or Phoebus shone with kindlier beams,
Or luckier chance the borrow'd boots supplied)
Had panted oft beneath my goring steel.
In vain they plead or threat : all powerful Ale
Excuses new supplies, and each descends
With joyless pace and debt-despairing looks :
E'en Spacey with indignant brow retires,
Fiercest of duns ! and conquer'd quits the field.

Why did the gods such various blessings pour
On hapless mortals, from their grateful hands
So soon the shortlived bounty to recall ?—
Thus while, improvident of future ill,
I quaff the luscious tankard uncontrol'd,
And thoughtless riot in unlicensed bliss ;
Sudden (dire fate of all things excellent !)
The' unpitying bursar's cross-affixing hand
Blasts all my joys and stops my glad career.
Nor now the friendly pothouse longer yields
A sure retreat, when night o'ershades the skies ;
Nor Sheppard, barbarous matron, longer gives
The wonted trust, and Winter ticks no more.

Thus Adam, exiled from the beauteous scenes
Of Eden, grieved, no more in fragrant bower

On fruits divine to feast, fresh shade and vale
 No more to visit, or vine-mantled grot;
 But, all forlorn, the dreary wilderness
 And unrejoicing solitudes to trace:
 Thus too the matchless bard*, whose lay resounds
 The Splendid Shilling's praise, in nightly gloom
 Of lonesome garret, pined for cheerful Ale;
 Whose steps in verse Miltonic I pursue,
 Mean follower: like him with honest love
 Of Ale divine inspired, and love of song.
 But long may bounteous Heaven with watchful
 Avert his hapless lot! Enough for me [care
 That burning with congenial flame I dared
 His guiding steps at distance to pursue,
 And sing his favourite theme in kindred strains.

T. WARTON.

WASHING DAY.

and their voice,
 Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in its sound.

THE Muses are turn'd gossips; they have lost
 The buskin'd step, and clear high-sounding phrase,
 Language of gods. Come then, domestic Muse,
 In slipshod measure loosely prattling on
 Of farm or orchard, pleasant curds and cream,
 Or drowning flies, or shoe lost in the mire
 By little whimpering boy, with rueful face;
 Come, Muse, and sing the dreaded Washing Day.

* J. Phillips.

Ye who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend
With bowed soul, full well ye ken the day
Which week, smooth sliding after week, brings on
Too soon ; for to that day nor peace belongs
Nor comfort ; ere the first gray streak of dawn,
The red-arm'd washers come and chase repose.
Nor pleasant smile nor quaint device of mirth
E'er visited that day ; the very cat,
From the wet kitchen scared, and reeking hearth,
Visits the parlour, an unwonted guest.
The silent breakfast meal is soon dispatch'd
Uninterrupted, save by anxious looks
Cast at the louring sky, if sky should lour.
From that last evil, oh ! preserve us, heavens !
For should the sky pour down, adieu to all
Remains of quiet ; then expect to hear
Of sad disasters—dirt and gravel stains
Hard to efface, and loaded lines at once
Snapp'd short—and linen horse by dog thrown
And all the petty miseries of life. [down,
Saints have been calm while stretch'd upon the rack,
And Montezuma smiled on burning coals ;
But never yet did housewife notable
Greet with a smile a rainy washing day.

But grant the welkin fair, require not thou,
Who call'st thyself perchance the master here,
Or study swept, or nicely dusted coat,
Or usual 'tendance ; ask not, indiscreet,
Thy stockings mended, though the yawning rents
Gape wide as Erebus ; nor hope to find
Some snug recess impervious ; shouldst thou try
The custom'd garden walks, thine eye shall rue
The budding fragrance of thy tender shrubs,
Myrtle or rose, all crush'd beneath the weight

Of coarse check'd apron, with impatient hand
Twitch'd off when showers impend : or crossing
lines

Shall mar thy musings, as the wet cold sheet
Flaps in thy face abrupt. Woe to the friend
Whose evil stars have urged him forth to claim
On such a day the hospitable rites.
Looks, blank at best, and stinted courtesy
Shall he receive ; vainly he feeds his hopes
With dinner of roast chicken, savoury pie,
Or tart or pudding :—pudding he nor tart
That day shall eat ; nor, though the husband try,
Mending what can't be help'd, to kindle mirth
From cheer deficient, shall his consort's brow
Clear up propitious ; the unlucky guest
In silence dines, and early slinks away.

I well remember, when a child, the awe
This day struck into me ; for then the maids,
I scarce knew why, look'd cross, and drove me
from them ;

Nor soft caress could I obtain, nor hope
Usual indulgences—jellies or creams,
Relique of costly suppers, and set by
For me their petted one ; or butter'd toast,
When butter was forbid ; or thrilling tale
Of ghost or witch or murder—so I went
And shelter'd me beside the parlour fire ;
There my dear grandmother, eldest of forms,
Tended the little ones, and watch'd from harm,
Anxiously fond, though oft her spectacles
With elfin cunning hid, and oft the pins
Drawn from her ravell'd stocking, might have
One less indulgent.— [sour'd
At intervals my mother's voice was heard,

The grateful flavour of the Indian leaf,
Or Mocha's sun-burnt berry glad receive ;
The nobler metal claims more generous use,
And mine should flow with more exalted juice.
Did I for this my native bed resign,
In the dark bowels of Potosi's mine ?
Was I for this with violence torn away,
And dragg'd to regions of the upper day ?
For this the rage of torturing furnace bore,
From foreign dross to purge the brightening ore ?
For this have I endured the fiery test, [crest ?
And was I stamp'd for this with Britain's lofty
 ' Unbless'd the day, and luckless was the hour
Which doom'd me to a Presbyterian's power :
Fated to serve the Puritanic race,
Whose slender meal is shorter than their grace ;
Whose moping sons no jovial orgies keep ;
Where evening brings no summons—but to sleep ;
No carnival is even Christmas here,
And one long Lent involves the meagre year.
Bear me, ye powers to some more genial scene,
Where on soft cushions lolls the gouty dean
Or rosy prebend, with cherubic face,
With double chin, and paunch of portly grace,
Who, lull'd in downy slumbers, shall agree
To owe no inspiration but to me.
Or to some spacious mansion, Gothic, old,
Where Comus' sprightly train their vigils hold ;
There, oft exhausted and replenish'd oft,
Oh ! let me still supply the' eternal draught ;
Till care within the deep abyss be drown'd,
And thought grows giddy at the vast profound.'
 More had the goblet spoke, but lo ! appears
An ancient Sibyl, furrow'd o'er with years,

aspect sour, and stern ungracious look,
sudden damp the conscious vessel struck :
'd at her touch, its mouth it slowly closed,
in long silence all its griefs reposed :
still low murmurs creep along the ground,
the air vibrates with the silver sound.

MRS. BARBAULD.

EPISTLE

FROM

Pompey in the Country to his Mistress in Town.

is cut into portions of good and of ill,
the first we but taste, of the last have our fill :
, they tell us at least, is the fortune of man—
dog-fortune too is on just the same plan.
sweet little morsels poor Pompey has had,
now he must gulp down abundance of bad !
as, set is the sun of my prosperous and gay day,
fed by the hand of a charming young lady ;
loved by my mistress, by servants attended,
somers and goers caress'd and befriended ;
ported with puss, or on warm mat reclined,
a great satisfaction of body and mind.
now am I sentenced to live at a poor rate,
the parsonage cabin of slovenly curate.
in a sprightly young puppy, brisk, courteous,
and witty,
I, pray let me add too, remarkably pretty,
living with inmates as dull as a log,
a grown a coarse, glum, philosophical dog.

But had I not heard of a far higher sphere,
Perhaps I might still have been satisfied here;
Well pleased to frisk out with my black-coated
master,

And, barking, invite him to trot along faster;
Then, seizing his skirts when his great coat he
throws off,

To show my affection by tearing his clothes off;
Or stretch'd on the hearth gnawing madam's old
shoe,

Or slumbering as sweet as the cit in his pew.

But all these delights are grown trivial and poor,
Since long-ear'd Miss Flora first yelp'd at the door:
The elegant lady who usher'd her in
Esteems her, they say, for her very fine skin;
And has made her companion for dogs of high
station,

By a very polite and complete education;
Yet she deign'd to converse with so rustic a spark,
And we had an intelligent tête-à-tête bark.

I find, at this season, to London's thick air
All dogs of good breeding and fashion repair;
There on sofas of satin delighted they lie,
Or reposing on carpets of Persia's bright dye,
Or, with ears all prick'd up, from proud sashes
behold

Stars and garters roll by in their chariots of gold.
But some of our race, with amazement I heard,
Walk erect on two legs, and are highly preferr'd;
When by foreign wig weavers their heads are
deck'd out,

They're convey'd in sedans to the concert or rout,
And learning to bark in a soft pretty way,
Are admired by the fair and caress'd by the gay:

But sure, if my person as much was assisted,
My head as well frizz'd and my tail as well twisted,
In air and behaviour, at opera or ball,
Poor Pompey would shine smartest puppy of all!—

Ah, lady! you're gentle and kind beyond measure—

Then let me behold those dear regions of pleasure!
From valleys ignoble, that scarce have a name,
Let me fly where my talents may raise me to fame:
But ere I appear among ladies and beaux,
Send the tailor to make me a new suit of clothes.

If this my request your indulgence should meet,
All the trophies I gain I will lay at your feet;
And whether I growl, bark, or cringe into favour,
You shall reap the best fruits of my alter'd behaviour:

In witness whereof, in the due form of law,
I hereunto set both my seal and my paw.

POMPEY. (L. S.)

REV. S. HOOLE.

THE HARE HUNTER.

A BURLESQUE IMITATION OF VARIOUS PARTS OF
L'ALLEGRO AND IL PENSEROSO.

Lo I, who erst, at break of day,
To Nelston Wiggs* betook my way,
Alarming all the country round
With barbarous shout and babbling hound;
And many a fox in vain pursued
To Bardon Hill* or Button Wood*;
And oft returned in evening dark
With empty hands from Horsely Park*;

* Fox covers.

And thought myself a clever lad,
While all the neighbours thought me mad ;
Now condescend with nicest care
To look the hedge-row for a hare.

Hence, Fox-hunting ! thou fiend forlorn,
Of Uproar wild and Tumult born :
No more expect me on the hill,
Obedient to thy summons shrill,
Where late with joy I saw thee stand,
The whip new corded in thine hand,
In boots thy legs entrenched strong,
Thy heels well arm'd with rowels long,
The cap close fitted to thy head,
The blue plush coat, the waistcoat red ;
Thy person trim, succinct, and light,
Breeches'd high in buckskin tight ;
Mounted on a courser fleet,
With ardent eyes and pawing feet ;
Hence, with thy tall tail-curling hound,
Of tongue so shrill and ears so round.
No more I listen to the noise
Of ' wind him, rogues,' and ' to him, boys,'
The ' touch,' the ' drag,' and ' tallihoe,'
And ' gone away,' and ' there they go ;'
And how we earth'd him at Crick Chase,
Or lost him at some cursed place ;
From all such ills that did attend us,
Henceforth, good Jupiter, defend us !

But come, thou genius of ' Loo Whoore,'
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
Clad in a coat of clumsy size,
Of double drab or knotted frize,
O'er which is drawn the warm surtout,
With flourish'd girdle bound about ;

Thy vacant forehead broad and fat,
Shadow'd beneath the round-cropp'd hat.
Sweet power of Thistle-whipping, hail !
Whom in a solitary vale
To prone-eyed Dulness long of yore
The moping nymph Tantarra bore.
Come, but keep your wonted state
On a horse of sluggish gait ;
Your looks commercing with the ground,
Where the close-couching hare is found ;
And as across the lands you creep,
Forget yourself and fall asleep :
Till the dull steed shall break your nap,
Stumbling through the' accustom'd gap.
And first the waddling beagle bring,
That looks as just escaped the string,
With sneaking tail and heavy head,
Such as by neighbour Dash are bred ;
And join sharp Cold with Ache severe,
And Patience, that can bear to hear
The pack with melancholy tone
Around the scented hillock moan,
And with such discord as they keep,
Tempt pitying travellers to weep.
Me, Genius, shalt thou often find
On some hill side beneath the wind,
On fallows rough or stubbles dry,
Where the lone leveret loves to lie,
While such mean merriment invites,
Doing thy sadly-pleasing rites.

Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I see the fat pack puzzling round,
Where the game went long before,
Sounding sad with sullen roar ;

With slow-paced heed, and tedious cunning,
Through all her artful mazes running,
Untwisting every knotty wile
Both of the double and the foil;
In notes with many a winding bout
Of drowsy murmurings long drawn out,
Bewailing their dull master's folly,
Most pitiful, most melancholy.
But chiefly let the Southern's tongue
Drag its deep dismal tone along,
In bellowings loud, and utterance hoarse,
Such as its mournful way may force
Through all my hearing's cavities,
And bring the tears into my eyes.

But let my due sight never fail,
Where beaten paths divide the vale,
With anxious skill and cunning care,
To prick the footsteps of the hare,
While I cheer the beagle's toil,
With 'hoo the way,' and 'hark the foil.'
And when at last old age and gout
Prevent my longer going out,
O, may I from my easy chair
The wonders of my youth declare,
Extol at large myself and steed,
And talk of hounds of my old breed,
Till I become through neighbouring shires
The oracle of country squires.
These pleasures, Hare Hunting, impart,
And I am thine with all my heart.

MUNDY.

A TRIO.

I.

HERE sits J— P—, and could I but find
 A pallet well charged with the colours of mind,
 I would venture to paint, with inadequate plan,
 The lights and the shades of this great little man.
 Achilles, 'tis said, had a skin made of steel,
 And was callous to all, save the kibe on his heel;
 But our friend feels all over the sting or the smart,
 And wherever you touch 'tis a pulse from the heart;
 With such sense and such soreness I can't under-
 stand [hand.
 Why he ne'er feels an itch—in the palm of the
 Acute, argumentative, agile, yet strong,
 With a heart ever right, and a head seldom wrong;
 With passions too prompt to sit quiet and still;
 In his principles fix'd, with a wandering will;
 Perplex'd in his creed, and too apt so to tell us;
 In his friendships a little too lovingly jealous;
 Still eager to get or to give satisfaction,
 He drives after motives, and misses the action:
 No axiom so clear but he'll make it more plain,
 No action so fair but he likes to explain;
 Too nice in the right, too sincere for profession,
 And with meanings so full that he fails in expression;
 For when crowds of ideas all strive to run out,
 Each must elbow his neighbour and shove him
 about;
 But his life and his language have masculine merit,
 Both are deeply impress'd with the print of his
 spirit;

It burns in his eyes, it enlarges his frame,
 And it tempers his clay, not with water, but flame.
 His words burst asunder the shackling of art,
 And the pen that he writes with is dipp'd in his
 heart.

'Tis not from a fountain like this you can draw
 Any languid harangue of loquacious law ;
 'Tis clear sense gushing out, unconfined, uncom-
 press'd,
 From the pure and perennial spring in the breast.
 When all was at sea, all confusion and fear,
 Like the seamen's small needle he show'd how to
 steer ;
 Nor ever declined from the patriot direction,
 Till the lightning of Grattan once hurt the attrac-
 tion ;
 But the transient dip, and the slight deviation,
 Prove the needle points true in its natural station.

II.

No prancing, curvetting, episcopal pony,
 No desk petit-maitre, no church macaroni
 (With his curl carved as stiff as the top of the
 crosier,
 And manners mere pliant and loose than an osier);
 But tall and erect, and with resolute air, [hair,
 And with head that disdains e'en one hypocrite
 Here stands W—m C—ll, the *stem* of our table,
 A column of prelacy, stately and stable ;
 The capital doric—and doric the base,
 It excels more in strength than Corinthian grace.
 Without flourish or frieze or Parisian plaster,
 A pillar for use, not a showy pilaster.

Such a pillar, when Samson was call'd out for sport,
Perhaps might have saved the whole Philistine
court. [weight,
Sam might crack all his sinews, and bow with his
But Will would uphold both the church and the
state.

On all who dare shake that convenient alliance
He bends his black brows, and he scowls a defiance.
Yet forgets, while he thunders against reformation,
That what is establishment *was* innovation.
Our patriots, alas! are all dwarfish and weak,
Too puny to make aristocracy quake;
But O! could *thy* principles change to the Whig,
Couldst thou throw *them* as readily off as thy wig,
That old tyrant call'd Custom, in vain would resist
The momentum of such a republican fist:
His strong castle would tumble, like Jericho's wall,
And his talisman broken, the giant must fall.

More solid than shining, more weighty than
wordy;

In the right very stout; in the wrong very sturdy;
Both sudden and sure, in the grasp of conception,
But too fond of the rule to admit the exception;
Too tenacious in tenet to sport an opinion,
Each dogma with him has despotic dominion;
Too apt to mistake argumentative strife,
And to lay down a word as he'd lay down his life;
He takes always good aim, but too quick in the
timing,

He flushes the bird, and his temper burns priming;
His heart always flames with good fuel, well fed,
But it sends up at times a thick smoke to the head;
And till that clears away 'tis not easy to know
The fact or the motive, the friend or the foe.

Then take up this tankard of rough massy plate,
 Not for fashion preferr'd, but for value and weight;
 When you lift up the cover, then think of our vicar,
 And take a hard pull at the orthodox liquor,
 That keeps hale and hearty in every climate,
 And makes the poor curate as proud as the primate.

III.

But when *genius* and *judgment* are called to the
 feast, [taste,
 Make the trio complete and cement them with
 And for taste let me call on our courtly *Collector*,
 Not the king of his company, but the protector;
 Who, with easy hilarity, knows how to sit
 In a family compact with wisdom and wit;
 With the art to know much, without seeming to
 know it, [show it.
 Joins the art to have wit, without straining to
 For his mind, not case-harden'd by form or pro-
 fession, [cession.
 Always yields with a spring, and impels by con-
 True politeness, like sense, is begotten, not made,
 But all our professions smell strong of a trade.
 All vocation is craft, both the black and the scarlet,
 The doctor, the pleader, the judge, and the harlot.
 No collector of medals or fossils so fine,
 He gathers good fellows around his good wine;
 No collector of shells or of stuff'd alligators,
 But of two-legged, unfeather'd, erect mutton-
 eaters,
 That join heart in hand to drive round the de-
 canter, [senter.
 While the bishop hob-nobs with the lowly dis-

Here the puddle of party ne'er rises in riot,
 But the oil of urbanity keeps the waves quiet :
 Neither faction nor feud his good humour espouses,
 He's the happy Mercutio who curses both houses ;
 With a pretty plump place and a cellar well stored,
 Makes his bow to the bench and his bow to the
 board ;

In political faith knows how much to believe,
 And when 'tis convenient to laugh in his sleeve ;
 His sense is well set, not a word out of joint,—
 Rather too much in epigram, too much for *point* ;
 With some effort, his ease,—with some stiffness, his
 His spirit is free, the expression is tense : [sense ;
 His brand on our hogsheads he lawfully puts,
 But 'tis harder to brand with his wit all our butts.
 'Tis our Irish primum, our raw manufacture,
 That keeps well through all seasons, nor needs
 an inspector.

Thus, in mind and in manners, a man '*comme il*
faut,' [flow,
 He glides smoothly through life with a serpentine
 That still tends to a point, when it seems to incline ;
 And the curve gently blends with the rigid right
 line.

DR. DRENNAN.

POLITICS AND POETICS :

OR,

THE DESPERATE SITUATION OF A JOURNALIST UN-
 HAPPILY SMITTEN WITH THE LOVE OF RHYME.

AGAIN I stop ; again the toil refuse !
 Away, for pity's sake, distracting Muse ;
 Nor thus come smiling with thy bridal tricks
 Between my studious face and politics.

Is it for thee to mock the frowns of fate?
Look round, look round, and mark my desperate
Cannot thy gifted eyes a sight behold, [state.
That might have quell'd the Lesbian * bard of old,
And made the blood of Dante's self run cold?
Lo, first, this table spread with fearful books
In which, whoe'er can help it, never looks;
Letters to Lords, Remarks, Reflections, Hints;
Lives, snatch'd a moment from the public prints;
Pamphlets to prove, on pain of our undoing,
That rags are wealth, and reformation ruin;
Journals and briefs and bills and laws of libel;
And, bloated and blood red, the placeman's annual bible.

Scarce from the load, as from a heap of dead,
My poor old Homer shows his living head;
Milton, in sullen darkness, yields to fate,
And Tasso groans beneath the courtly weight:
Horace alone (the rogue!) his doom has miss'd,
And lies at ease upon the Pension List.
Round these, in tall imaginary chairs,
Imps ever grinning, sit my daily cares;
Distastes, delays, dislikings to begin,
Gnawings of pen, and kneadings of the chin.
Here the blue demon keeps his constant stir,
Who makes a man his own barometer;
There nightmare, horrid mass! unfeatured heap!
Prepares to seize me if I fall asleep:
And there, with hands that grasp one's very soul,
Frowns Headache, scalper of the studious poll;
Headache, who lurks at noon about the courts,
And whets his tomahawk on East's Reports.
Chief of this social game, behind me stands,
Pale, peevish, perriwigg'd, with itching hands,

* Alcæus.

A goblin, double-tail'd, and cloak'd in black,
 Who, while I'm gravely thinking, bites my back.
 Around his head flits many a harpy shape
 With jaws of parchment and long hairs of tape,
 Threatening to pounce, and turn whate'er I write,
 With their own venom into foul despight.
 Let me but name the court, they swear and curse,
 And din me with hard names; and what is worse,
 'Tis now three times that I have miss'd my purse.
 No wonder poor Torquato went distracted,
 On whose gall'd senses just such pranks were
 acted;
 When the small tyrant, God knows on what ground,
 With dungeons and with doctors hemm'd him
 round*.

* See Black's Life of Torquato Tasso, which, if it does not evince a mature judgment in point of style, is written at once with great accuracy of investigation and enthusiasm of sympathy. One can never bear without indignation of the state to which this unfortunate genius was reduced by a petty Italian prince, the Duke of Ferrara, who from some mysterious jealousy, chose to regard his morbid sensibility as madness, and not only locked him up, but drenched him with nauseous medicines. It is truly humiliating to hear the illustrious poet, in spite of his natural highmindedness, humbly petitioning to be relieved from his inordinate quantity of physic, or promising, in the event of obtaining a small indulgence, to take it more patiently. One of the miseries with which disease, persecution, and fancy, conspired to torment him during his confinement in St. Anne's Hospital, was an idea that he was haunted by a mischievous little goblin, who tumbled his papers about, stole his money, and deranged his contemplations. The following wild and simple touch of pathos is supposed to have been written by him during these afflictions:—

Tu che ne vai in Pindo
 Ivi pende mia cetra ad un cipresso,
 Salutala in mio nome, e dille poi,
 Ch'io sou dagli anni, e da fortuna oppresso.

O thou who to Parnassus takest thy way,
 Where hangs my harp upon a cypress tree,
 Salute it in my name, and say
 That I am old, and full of misery.

Last, but not least, (methinks I see him now!)
With stare expectant and a ragged brow,
Comes the foul fiend, who,—let it rain or shine,
Let it be clear or cloudy, foul or fine,
Or freezing, thawing, drizzling, hailing, snowing,
Or mild, or warm, or hot, or bleak and blowing,
Or damp, or dry, or dull, or sharp, or sloppy,
Is sure to come;—the Devil who comes for copy!

If sights like these my gentle Muse can bear,
Thy visage may be seen, capricious fair,
In courts and taverns, and the Lord knows where.
Gifford may yet his courtly chains forego,
Or leave Reviews to those who dare say no;
Old Brinsley too, with whiskey dead alive,
Look up once more, and feel his flame revive;
And Canning, for a public joke, prefer
Some merrier fiction than his character.
Even Walter Scott may see thee now and then,
Spite of the worn out sword he wields for pen,
And all that ancient state in which he sits,
Of spears, plaids, bugles, helms, and border wits,
Enchanter Scott, who in black letter read,
Gains a rank life by raising of the dead,
Sure but to fix his destiny more fast,
And dying like themselves, be damn'd at last.

But see! even now thy wondrous charm pre-
vails:

The shapes are moved: the stricken circle fails:
With backward grins of malice they retire,
Scared at thy seraph looks and smiles of fire.
That instant, as the hindmost shuts the door,
The bursting sunshine smites the window'd floor:
Bursts too, on every side, the sparkling sound
Of birds abroad; the' elastic spirits bound;
And the fresh mirth of morning breathes around.

Away, ye clouds :—dull politics give place :—
Off, cares and wants and threats and all the race
Of foes to freedom and to graceful leisure !
To day is for the Muse and dancing pleasure !

Q for a seat in some poetic nook,
Just hid with trees, and sparkling with a brook,
Where through the quivering boughs the sun-
beams shoot

Their arrowy diamonds upon flower and fruit,
While stealing airs come fuming o'er the stream,
And lull the fancy to a waking dream !

There shouldst thou come, O first of my desires,
What time the noon had spent its fiercer fires,
And all the bower, with chequer'd shadows strown,
Glow'd with a mellow twilight of its own.

There shouldst thou come, and there sometimes
with thee

Might deign repair the staid Philosophy,
To taste thy freshening brook, and trim thy groves,
And tell us what good taste true glory loves.

I see it now ! I pierce the fairy glade,
And feel the' enclosing influence of the shade.

A thousand forms, that sport on summer eves,
Glance through the light and whisper in the leaves,
While every bough seems nodding with a sprite ;
And every air seems hushing the delight ;
And the calm bliss, fix'd on itself a while,
Dimples the' unconscious lips into a smile.

Anon, strange music breathes :—the fairies show
Their pranksome crowd, and in grave order go
Beside the water, singing, small and clear,
New harmonies unknown to mortal ear,
Caught upon moonlight nights from some night-
wandering sphere.

I turn to thee, and listen with fix'd eyes,
And feel my spirits mount on winged ecstasies.

In vain :—For now with looks that doubly burn,
Shamed of their late defeat my foes return.
They know their foil is short; and shorter still
The bliss that waits upon the Muse's will.
Back to their seats they rush, and reassume
Their ghastly rites, and sadden all the room,
O'er ears and brain the bursting wrath descends,
Cabals, misstatements, noise of private ends,
Doubts, hazards, crosses, cloud-compelling va-
pours,

With dire necessity to read the papers,
Judicial slaps that would have stung Saint Paul,
Costs, pityings, warnings, wits, and worse than all,
(O for a dose of Thelwall or of poppy!)
The fiend, the punctual fiend, that bawls for copy!
Full in the midst, like that Gorgonian spell
Whose ravening features glared collected hell,
The well-wigg'd pest his curling horror shakes,
And a fourth snap of threatening vengeance takes!
At that dread sight the Muse at last turns pale,
Freedom and fiction's self no more avail;
And lo, my bower of bliss is turn'd into a jail!
What then? What then? my better genius cries;—
Scandals and jails!—All these you may despise.
The' enduring soul, that, to keep others free,
Dares to give up its darling liberty,
Lives wheresoe'er its countrymen applaud,
And in their great enlargement walks abroad.
But toils alone, and struggles, hour by hour,
Against the' insatiate, gold-flush'd lust of power,
Can keep the fainting virtue of thy land
From the rank slaves that gather round his hand.

Be poor in purse, and law will soon undo thee;
 Be poor in soul, and self-contempt will rue thee.

I yield, I yield.—Once more I turn to you,
 Harsh politics! And once more bid adieu
 To the soft dreaming of the Muse's bowers,
 Their sun-streak'd fruits and fairy-painted flowers.
 Farewell, for gentler times, ye laurel'd shades;
 Farewell, ye sparkling brooks and haunted glades,
 Where the trim shapes, that bathe in moonlight
 eves,

Glance through the light, and whisper in the leaves,
 While every bough seems nodding with a sprite,
 And every air seems hushing the delight.

Farewell, farewell, dear Muse! and all thy pleasure!
 [leisure.

He conquers ease who would be crown'd with

LEIGH HUNT.

A SCHOOL ECLOGUE.

EDWARD.

HIST, Henry! hist! what means that air so gay?
 Thy looks, thy dress bespeak some holiday;
 Thy hat is brush'd; thy hands, with wondrous
 pains,

Are cleansed from garden mould and inky stains;
 Thy glossy shoes confess the lacquey's care;
 And recent from the comb shines thy sleek hair.

*What god, what saint, this prodigy has wrought!
 Declare the cause; and ease my labouring thought.

* Sed tamen, ille Deus qui sit, da Tityre nobis.

HENRY.

John, faithful John, is with the horses come,
Mamma prevails, and I am sent for home.

EDWARD.

* Thrice happy who such welcome tidings greet!
Thrice happy who reviews his native seat!
For him the matron spreads her candied hoard,
And early strawberries crown the smiling board;
For him crush'd gooseberries with rich cream
combine,
And bending boughs their fragrant fruit resign:
Custards and syllabubs his taste invite;
Sports fill the day, and feasts prolong the night.
† Think not I envy, I admire thy fate.
‡ Yet, ah! what different tasks thy comrades wait!
Some in the grammar's thorny maze to toil,
Some with rude strokes the snowy paper soil,
Some o'er barbaric lines in maps to roam,
Far from their mother tongue and dear-loved home.
Harsh names of uncouth sound their memories
load,
And oft their shoulders feel the' unpleasant goad!

WILLIAM.

Doubt not our turn will come some future time;
Now, Harry, hear us twain contend in rhyme;
For yet thy horses have not eat their hay,
And unconsumed as yet the allotted hour of play.

* *Fortunate senex, hic inter flumina nota.*

† *Non equidem invideo, miror magis.*

‡ *At nos hinc alii sitientes ibimus Afros,
Pars Scythiam, et rapidam Creta venissemus Oaxam.*

HENRY.

* Then spout alternate, I consent to hear,
Let no false rhyme offend my critic ear;
But say, what prizes shall the victor hold?
I guess your pockets are not lined with gold.

WILLIAM.

A ship these hands have built, in every part
Carved, rigg'd, and painted with the nicest art;
The ridgy sides are black with pitchy store,
From stem to stern 'tis twice ten inches o'er.
The lofty mast a straight smooth hazle framed;
The tackling silk, the Charming Sally named;
And—but take heed lest thou divulge the tale,
The lappet of my shirt supplied the sail;
An azure riband for a pendant flies:
Now if thy verse excel, be this the prize.

EDWARD.

For me at home the careful housewives make,
With plums and almonds rich, an ample cake.
Smooth is the top, a plain of shining ice,
The West its sweetness gives, the East its spice:
From soft Ionian isles, well known to fame,
Ulysses' once, the luscious currant came:
The green transparent citron Spain bestows,
And from her golden groves the orange glows.
So vast the heaving mass, it scarce has room
Within the oven's dark capacious womb;
'Twill be consign'd to the next carrier's care,
I cannot yield it all—be half thy share.

* *Alternis dicetis.*

WILLIAM.

Well does the gift thy liquorish palate suit,
* I know who robb'd the orchard of its fruit.
When all were wrapp'd in sleep one early morn,
While yet the dewdrop trembled on the thorn;
I mark'd when o'er the quickset hedge you leapt,
† And, sly, beneath the gooseberry bushes crept;
Then shook the trees, a shower of apples fell,
And where the hoard you kept, I know full well;
The mellow gooseberries did themselves produce,
For through thy pocket oozed the viscous juice.

EDWARD.

I scorn a tell tale, or I could declare
How, leave unask'd, you sought the neighbour-
ing fair;
Then home by moonlight spurr'd your jaded steed,
And scarce return'd before the hour of bed.
Think how thy trembling heart had felt affright,
Had not our master supped abroad that night.

WILLIAM.

On the smooth whitewash'd ceiling near thy bed,
Mix'd with thy own, is Anna's cipher read;
From wreaths of dusky smoke the letters flow;
Whose hand the waving candle held, I know.
Fines and jobations shall thy soul appal,
Whene'er our mistress spies the sullied wall.

EDWARD.

Unconn'd her lesson once, in idle mood,
Trembling before the master, Anna stood;

* Non ego, te vidi, Damonis.

† ——— Tu post carecta latebas.

I mark'd what prompter near her took his place,
And, whispering, saved the virgin from disgrace;
Much is the youth belied, and much the maid,
Or more than words the whisper soft convey'd.

WILLIAM.

Think not I blush to own so bright a flame,
Even boys for her assume the lover's name;
* As far as alleys beyond taws we prize,
Or venison pasty ranks above school pies;
As much as peaches beyond apples please,
Or Parmesan excels a Suffolk cheese;
Or P***** donkeys lag behind a steed,
So far do Anna's charms all other charms exceed.

EDWARD.

Tell, if thou canst, where is that creature bred,
Whose widest stretch'd mouth is larger than its head;
† Guess, and my great Apollo thou shalt be,
And cake and ship shall both remain with thee.

WILLIAM.

Explain thou first, what portent late was seen,
With strides impetuous, posting o'er the green:
Three heads, like Cerberus, the monster bore,
And one was sidelong fix'd, and two before;
Eight legs, dependent from his ample sides,
Each well built flank unequally divides;
For five on this, on that side three are found,
Four swiftly move, and four not touch the ground.
Long time the moving prodigy I view'd,
By gazing men, and barking dogs pursued.

* *Lenta salix quantum pallenti cedit olivæ.*

† *Dic quibus in terris, et eris mihi magnus Apollo.*

HENRY.

Cease! cease your carols both! for I
With jarring notes, has rung out plea
Your startled comrades, ere the gam
Quit their unfinish'd sports, and tren
Haste to your forms before the mast
With thoughtful step he paces o'er th
Does with stern looks each playful lo
Counts with his eye, and marks each
Intense, the buzzing murmur grows
Loud through the dome the usher's
Sneak off, and to your places slily st
Before the prowess of his arm you fe

MRS. B

DORINDA.

A Town Eclogue.

IN that sad season when the hapless
With steps reluctant bids the town fa
When surly husbands doom the' unw
To quit Saint James's for a purer air,
And, deaf to pity, from their much lo
Relentless bear the beauteous exiles
To dismal shades, through lonely gro
And sigh the summer livelong month
With all the bloom of youth and bea
One morn Dorinda, at her toilet plac
With looks intent, and pensive air, st
The various charms her faithful glass
Eyes, that might warm the frozen br
Or melt to tenderness the tyrant's raj

Smiles, that enchanting with resistless art,
Stole, unperceived, the heedless gazer's heart ;
Dimples, where love conceal'd in ambush lay,
To aim his arrows at the destined prey ;
And lips, that promised in each balmy kiss,
Luxurious harvest of ambrosial bliss.

Musing she sat, and watch'd each rising grace
That shed its lustre o'er her heavenly face,
Till labouring grief her anxious silence broke,
And sighing thus the lovely mourner spoke—
Were charms like these by erring nature meant

For sober solitude and calm content ?

Must eyes so bright be doom'd to waste their fires
On hungry parsons and unfeeling squires ?
Heaven, whose decrees (if true what priests have
taught)

Are framed by justice, and with wisdom fraught,
Sure ne'er created such a form as this,
For the dull purpose of domestic bliss.

Ah ! no, these eyes were given in courts to shine ;
Shall impious man, then, thwart the wise design ?

A shortlived sway of some few years at most

Is all, alas ! the brightest belle can boast ;

Ere yet the hand of all devouring time

Lay waste her graces and destroy her prime,

By slow degrees she feels her power decay,

And younger beauties bear the palm away.

Whilst envious fate thus hastens to destroy

The fleeting period of all female joy,

Shall barbarous husbands (whose tyrannic rage

Nor prayers can mitigate, nor tears assuage)

E'en in those years, whilst youth and beauty bloom,

To exile half her precious moments doom ?

She goes like some neglected flower to fade,

And waste her sweetness in the lonely shade,

Till winter (so the pitying gods decree)
Returning, sets the' impatient captive free;
Then, swift emerging from the dull retreat,
To town she flies, admiring crowds to meet;
Her happy hours glide on from morn to night,
One ceaseless round of exquisite delight:
Balls, operas, concerts, Almack's, and Soho,
By turns attended, various joys bestow;
E'en crowded routs, where dulness ever dwells,
Can yield delight to fashionable belles.
Old maids and prudes each night, to feed their
spleen.

There, seeking whom they may devour, are seen,
And still repining that they must be chaste,
Would mar those pleasures they're forbid to taste;
With envious eyes the brilliant nymph they view,
Whilst eager crowds, where'er she moves, pursue.
If to the playhouse she by chance repair
(Not oft frequented by the well bred fair),
When through the house a solemn silence reigns,
Each bosom feeling what the actor feigns,
E'en in the midst of some affecting part
That wakes each soft emotion of the heart,
The doors fly open, whilst the pit beneath
Their discontent in sullen murmurs breathe:
Forward she steps with graceful air, and spreads
A blaze of beauty o'er their wondering heads:
Pit, boxes, galleries, all at once concur,
Forget the play, and fix their eyes on her.
Scarce to the stage she turns her high plumed head,
Or seems to mark one syllable that's said:
But careless sits, and on her arm reclined
Hears civil speeches from the beaux behind;
Or gently listens while some well dress'd youth
In whisper'd accents vows eternal truth.

Obedient still to pleasure's sprightly call
She quits the play and seeks the livelier ball:
Each white-gloved beau with haste his suit prefers,
Presents his hand, and humbly begs for hers.
Well pleased she hears the suppliant crowd entreat,

And feels the triumph of her charms complete.
Should some bless'd youth be to the rest prefer'd,
Whose vows in private are with favour heard,
As through the dance with graceful ease she moves,
Their meeting hands express their conscious loves.
Malicious eyes the lover's looks restrain,
And cold discretion seals his lips in vain:
The faithful hand can unobserved impart
The secret feelings of a tender heart:
And, O! what bliss, when each alike is pleased,
The hand that squeezes, and the hand that's squeezed!

But whither, whither does my fancy roam?
Ah! let me call the idle wanderer home.
Already Phoebus, with unwelcome ray,
Has chased, alas! the winter's fogs away;
Through the sad town, at each deserted door,
Less frequent now the footman's thunders roar;
And waggons, loading in the dusty street,
Forebode the horrors of a long retreat.
Ye sister sufferers, who must, soon or late,
All share my sorrows and partake my fate;
Who, when condemn'd these bless'd abodes to quit,
Like me may weep, but must like me submit;
When overcome by man's superior force,
Revenge is still the injured fair's resource:
Revenge at least may make our sufferings less,
A husband's anguish soothes a wife's distress.

When far from town, in some sequester'd spot,
You mourn the hardship of our sex's lot,
Ill humour, vapours, sullenness, and spleen,
May add fresh horrors to the gloomy scene,
And make the tyrants who contrive your fate
Partake the misery themselves create.
If, press'd by cares, they need a friend's relief,
Be all your study to augment their grief;
If pleased or gay, your utmost arts employ
To sink their spirits and dispel their joy;
Oppose their projects, cross their favourite views,
Their wishes frustrate, their requests refuse;
And make them feel that discontented wives
Can prove the torment of their husbands' lives.

RT. HON. R. FITZPATRICK.

NOON.

GENTLEMEN of the session round,
With reverence and respect profound,
I on the spot, before you, here,
Counsel for plaintiff Noon appear:—
For why?—Said Noon in sundry cases,
Things, matters, premises, and places
(As per instructions in my brief),
Stands much aggrieved; and claims relief.

My client, gentlemen, refers
To clouds of evidence;—and avers
That Morn and Afternoon combining,
Plotting, contriving, and designing
By covert guile and overt act
(*Contra statut' provis' et fact'*)

From his undoubted claim and right,
 Have partly, and would oust him quite,
 Cancel all proofs of his identity,
 And make him a downright nonentity;
 Scarce to be found by search or trial,
 Save on the surface of a dial:
 For this he owns, and owns with pride,
 Hurt as he is by all beside,
 Spite of ill luck, spite of ill will,
 His friend the Sun sticks by him still.

The special *damage* he sustains,
 Thus with submission Noon explains.

Time was (he warrants me to say)
 When people rose because 'twas day;
 Rising so soon, they *dress'd* as soon;
 And all the world was gay by Noon,
 Whose presence twofold lustre threw:
 Nature's meridian, and Day's too.
 Think, then, how Noon held up his head!
 But oh! that golden age is fled!
 The' intruder Morn, too near allied
 To luxury, indolence, and pride,
 By such encroachments has crept on,
 That Noon is fairly pass'd and gone,
 And westward far his journey takes
 Ere half the *modern* world awakes:
 Whereby he mourns his honour lost,
 His joy abridged, his influence cross'd;
 And fears, among politer folk
 (Should fashion carry on the joke)
 His very name may soon be hiss'd hence,
 As much a bore as his existence.

So close his neighbour Morning shaves!
 Now mark how Afternoon behaves!—

In palace, college, hall, of yore
Bounce went at Noon the buttery door ;
The mutton-bell the guests convoked ;
His rosy gills the chaplain stroked ;
All stomachs and all spirits up ;
They sliced, they laugh'd, they smack'd t
Then with new glee new toils begun ;
And seem'd to live two days in one.
Now, appetite at four, at five,
At six is scarcely yet alive ;
And Afternoon usurps the place
Which Noon once held with twice the gra
Yet let not Afternoon presume ;—
Himself may meet an equal doom ;
To modish whim, perforce may yield,
And quit, ere dinnertime, the field ;
Though past the hour, when stretch'd for
Our sires were in their nightcaps dress'd.
(This by the by.)—Poor Noon meanwhile
Scouted by taste and ton and style,
Scarce sees a dinner in a year,
Save where daylabourers club for beer ;
Or gipsies stolen fuel store,
To cook the mess—they stole before.

Here Noon aforesaid ends his charge,
And hopes he need not now enlarge
On merits held, agreed, and known,
Time immemorial for his own.
If haply in life's earlier day
He gave you many an hour of play,
If e'er intenser rays he shoot,
Ripening your grain, mellowing your fruit
If oft in winter's dire extreme,
He treats you with a casual gleam ;

And though oblique, and though oppress'd,
Faint as he shines, yet shines his best,
Hear and redress a case so hard !
He'll not demur from your award ;
But, sure of candour and support,
Rest on the judgment of the court.

BISHOP.

TO THE REV. MR. FAYTING :

ON A BROOMSTICK.

' WRITE on a broomstick, friend,' you cried :
' Write *on*, and *for* YOURSELF,' says Pride.
How shall I both commands fulfil ?
You ought to rule me, and Pride will.

What if I try, in one design
Duty and Vanity to join ?—
And while I urge the broomstick's plea,
Describe how it resembles me ?
Perhaps you may approve the hint ;
Though if you should, there's danger in't :
Approval, such as yours, to get,
Would only make me prouder yet.
' Can prouder be ?' quoth critic Laughter,
That's even as shall appear hereafter :
Inquire we now, wherein and why,
Such as the broomstick is, am I.

When once 'tis sever'd from the tree
None heeds the broomstick's pedigree :
And who, I wonder, cares a pin
From whom I sprung, to whom I'm kin ?

Before the broomstick of to-day
Came, as a broomstick, into play,

'Twas pluck'd and peel'd and lopp'd and clipp'd
Of boughs, as I of fortune stripp'd ;
Then, like myself, at random hurl'd,
A bare adventurer on the world.

Most broomsticks to a twist incline,
Just like this poking pate of mine :
Nor can you set, by art or might,
The wood quite straight, the head upright :
Nor is the head nor is the wood
Worth half the trouble if you could.

A broomstick's point (if you attend)
Is always near its bigger end ;
So (this dull ditty makes it plain)
My thickest part is next my brain.

Humour a broomstick as you may,
'Twill crack before it will give way :
And I, for my own whims contending,
Bear great antipathy to bending.

Though oft in squabbles it appear,
No broomstick fights a volunteer ;
Press'd into combat, if it break
One's head, 'tis for another's sake :—
Such would I be ;—my friends to guard,
Would smite ; and if I smote, smite hard ;
But never, through the whole of life,
Stand forth a principal in strife.

The broomstick ne'er affects extremes,
Content to be the thing it seems :
May I, with steadfast mind and phiz,
Taking the world as the world is,
Make such philosophy my own ;
Glad to let—*well enough* alone !

True to its proper part and place,
The broomstick scorns to push a face :

And I that maxim to a tittle
Pursue, some think too far a little;
More prone to quit the ground I've got,
Than claim a rank I merit not;
Conscious how scanty, at the most,
Is all Truth *can*, or Sense *would* boast.

Witches, 'tis said, on Lapland's coast,
Astride their broomsticks travel post:
So when the Muse is pleased to back
My *wooden* genius for a hack,
Away she scampers, like a witch,
Through thick and thin, cross hedge and ditch;
As if resolved, before we part,
To break her own neck or my heart.

Broomsticks on no punctilios stand,
Ready alike for every hand:
So I my skill and powers would suit
(Powers how confined! skill how minute!)
To any need, at any call!—
Be useful—or not be at all.

One semblance more of me (God knows)
The broomstick too exactly shows;
By bands—long! long! perhaps to last!—
'Tis like myself, to *birch* bound fast*!
And shall things ever thus remain?—
'Tis fair to hope, though not complain.
I bear, meanwhile, what must be borne:
And when to a mere stump I'm worn,
Let this eulogium on my tomb stick,
' *Here lies—THE MODEL OF A BROOMSTICK!*'

BISHOP.

* Mr. Bishop was master of Merchant Tailor's school.

MODERATE WISHES.

LET Alexander's discontented soul
Sigh for another world's increased control !
Ill weaved Ambition has no charm for me,
Nor, sordid Avarice, am I slave to thee.

I only ask twelve thousand pounds a year,
And Curwen's countryhouse on Windermere—
A beauteous wife, and sensible as fair,
And many a friend, and not a single care.

I am no glutton—no ! I never wish
A sturgeon floating in a golden dish—
At the Piazza satisfied to pay
Three guineas for my dinner every day.

What though shrewd Erskine at the bar we
view,
As famed as Crassus and as wealthy too ;
I only ask the eloquence of Fox,
To jump like Ireland, and like Belcher box,
To act as Garrick did—or any how
Unlike our heroes of the buskin now ;
To range, like Garnerin, through fields of air,
To win, like V——s, England's richest fair—
I only ask, these blessings to enjoy,
And every varied talent well employ,
Thy life, Methuselah ! or, if not thine,
An immortality of love and wine.

HODGSON.

A TENEMENT TO BE LET.

SPOKEN AT A MASQUERADE, IN THE CHARACTER OF
A TOWN CRIER.

O YEZ! This is, that all may learn,
Whom it may happen to concern,
To any lady, not a wife,
Upon a lease, to last for life,
By auction will be let this day,
And enter'd on some time in May,
A vacant heart; not ornamented
On plans by Chesterfield invented;
A plain, old fashion'd habitation,
Substantial, without decoration,
Large, and with room for friends to spare;
Well situate, and in good repair.

Also the furniture; as sighs,
Hopes, fears, oaths, prayers, and some few—lies;
Odes, sonnets, elegies, and songs,
With all that to the above belongs.

Also,—what some might have been glad,
Though in a separate lot, to have had,—
A good rich soil of hopeful nature,
Six measured acres (feet) in stature.

Likewise, another lot—a heap
Of tatter'd modesty, quite cheap.
This with the rest would have been sold,
But that by several we were told,
If put up with the heart, the price
Of that it much might prejudice.

Note well; the estate, if managed ably,
May be improved considerably:

Love is our money, to be paid
Whenever entry shall be made;
And therefore have we fix'd the day
For entering in the month of May.
But if the buyer of the above
Can on the spot pay ready love,
Hereby the owner makes profession
She instantly shall have possession.
The highest bidder be the buyer,
You may know further of the *Crier*.

F. LAURENCE.

PARODY ON GRAY'S ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

ST. PAUL's proclaims the solemn midnight hour,
The weary cit slow turns the master key;
Time-stinted prentices up Ludgate scour,
And leave the streets to darkness and to me.
Now glimmering lamps afford a doubtful ray,
And scarce a sound disturbs the night's dull ear;
Save where some rambling hack directs its way,
Or frequent tinklings rouse the tavern bar.
Save that in yonder iron-grated tower
The watchmen to the constable complain
Of such as, in defiance to their power,
Molest their ancient solitary reign.
Beneath those butchers' stalls, that penthouses shed,
Where rankling offals fret in many a heap,
Each in his several sty of garbage laid,
The dexterous sons of Buckhorse soundly sleep.

The cheerful call of ' Chair, your honour, chair!'
 Rakes drunk and roaring from the Bedford
 Head,
 The tongues of coachmen squabbling for a fare,
 No more can rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them the blazing links no longer burn,
 Or busy bunters ply their evening care;
 No setters watch the muddled cit's return,
 In hopes some pittance of the prey to share.

Oft to their subtilty the fob did yield,
 Their cunning oft the pocket string hath broke!
 How in dark alleys bludgeons would they wield!
 How bow'd the wretch beneath their sturdy
 stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their humble toil,
 Their vulgar crimes and villany obscure;
 Nor rich rogues hear with a disdainful smile,
 The low and petty knaveries of the poor.

The titled villain, and the thief of power,
 The greatest rogue that ever bore a name
 Awaits alike the inevitable hour,
 The paths of wickedness but lead to shame.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If justice round their necks the halter fix,
 If from the gallows to their kindred vault
 They ride not pompous in a coach and six.

Gives not the lordly axe as sure a fate?
 Are peers exempt from mouldering into dust?
 Can all the gilded scutcheons of the great
 Stamp on polluted deeds the name of just?

Beneath the gibbet's self, perhaps is laid
Some heart once pregnant with infernal
Hands which the sword of Nero might have;
And midst the carnage tuned the' exulting
Ambition to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with such monstrous crimes, did ne'er
Chill Penury repress'd their native rage,
And froze the bloody current of their souls
Full many a youth fit for each horrid scene
The dark and sooty flues of chimneys to
Full many a rogue is born to cheat unseen
And dies unhang'd for want of proper
Some petty Chartres, that with dauntless
Each call of worth and honesty withstood
Some mute inglorious Wilmot here may lie
Some ———— guiltless of his ————'s
The votes of venal senates to command,
The worthy man's opinion to despise;
To scatter mischief o'er a ruin'd land,
And read their curses in a nation's eye
Their lot forbade, nor circumscribed alone
Their growing fortunes, but their crimes
Forbade with libels to insult the throne,
And vilify the noblest of mankind.
The struggling pangs of conscious guilt to
To bid defiance to all sense of shame,
Their country's toil and labours to deride
And heap fresh fuel on sedition's flame
To such high crimes, such prodigies of vice
Their vulgar wishes ne'er presumed to
Content on wheelbarrows to cog the dice
Or pick a pocket at the playhouse door

Yet e'en these humble vices to correct,
Old Tyburn lifts his triple front on high ;
Bridewell, with bloody whips and fetters deck'd,
Frowns dreadful vengeance on the younger fry.

Their years, their names, their birth, and parentage,
Though doubtful all, the Grub Street bard
supplies,
Prints but what first debauch'd the tender age,
And with what words the ripen'd felon dies.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
When to the dreadful tree of death consign'd,
But yearns to think upon the fatal day
That first seduced to sin his pliant mind ?

No soul so callous but remorse may sting,
No heart so hard but guilt may teach to sigh ;
Contrition forces heartfelt tears to spring,
And melts to tenderness the sternest eye.

For him, the master of the pilfering herd,
Whom certain punishment attends though late,
If when his wretched carcass is interr'd,
Some curious person should inquire his fate ;

Haply some hoary headed thief may say,
Oft have I seen him with his lighted link
Guide some unwary stranger cross the way,
And pick his pocket at the kennel's brink.

There at the foot of yonder column stretch'd,
Where the Seven Dials are exalted high,
He and his myrmidons for hours have watch'd,
And pour'd destruction on each passer by.

Oft did the Classics mourn their critic rage,
While still they found each meaning but the
true;

Oft did they heap with notes poor Ovid's page,
And give to Virgil words he never knew:

Yet ere the partial voice of critic scorn
Condemn their memory, or their toils deride,
Say, have not we had equal cause to mourn
A waste of words, and learning ill applied?

Can none remember?—Yes, I know all can—
When readings against different readings jarr'd,
While Bentley led the stern scholastic van,
And new editions with the old ones warr'd.—

Nor ye, who lightly o'er each work proceed,
Unmindful of the graver moral part,
Contemn these works, if, as you run and read,
You find no trophies of the engraver's art.

Can Bartolozzi's all enrapturing power
To heavy works the stamp of merit give?
Could Grignion's art protract oblivion's hour,
Or bid the epic rage of Blackmore live?

In this lone nook, with learned dust bestrew'd,
Where frequent cobwebs kindly form a shade,
Some wondrous legend, fill'd with death and
blood,

Some monkish history, perhaps, is laid;

With store of barbarous Latin at command,
Though arm'd with puns, and jingling quibble's
might,

Yet could not these soothe Time's remorseless
Or save their labours from eternal night.

Full many an Elegy has mourn'd its fate,
Beneath some pasty cabin'd, cribb'd, confined ;
Full many an Ode has soar'd in lofty state,
Fix'd to a kite, and quivering in the wind.

Here too perhaps, neglected now, may lie
The rude memorial of some ancient song,
Whose martial strains and rugged minstrelsy
Once waked to rapture every listening throng.

To trace fair Science through each wildering
course,

With new ideas to enlarge the mind,
With useful lessons drawn from classic source,
At once to polish and instruct mankind ;

Their times forbade : nor yet alone repress'd
Their opening fancy ; but alike confined
The senseless ribaldry, the scurvy jest,
And each low triumph of the vulgar mind.

—Their humbler science never soar'd so far ;
In studious trifles pleased to waste their time,
Or wage with common sense eternal war,
In never ending clink of monkish rhyme.

Yet were they not averse to noisy fame,
Or shrank reluctant from her ruder blast,
But still aspired to raise their sinking name,
And fondly hoped that name might ever last.

Hence each proud volume, to the wondering eye,
Rivals the gaudy glare of Tyrrel's* urn ;
Whereships, wigs, Fame, and Neptune blended lie,
And weeping cherubs for their bodies mourn.

* Vide Admiral Tyrrel's monument, in Westminster Abbey.

For who with rhymes e'er rack'd his wear
 Or spent in search of epithets his day
 But from his lengthen'd labours hoped to
 Some present profit or some future prize

Though folly's self inspire each dead-born
 Still flattery prompts some blockhead
 to mend ;

Perhaps e'en Timon hath not toil'd in vain
 Perhaps e'en Timon hath as dull a friend

For thee, whose Muse with many an uncounted
 Dost in these lines neglected worth bestow
 If chance (unknowing how to kill the time)
 Some kindred idler should inquire thy name

Haply some ancient Fellow may reply—
 ' Oft have I seen him, from the dawn
 E'en till the western sun went down the
 Lounging his lazy listless hours away

' Each morn he sought the cloister's cool
 At noon at Tom's he caught the daily
 Or from his window looking o'er the street
 Would gaze upon the travellers passing

' At night, encircled with a kindred band
 In smoke and ale roll'd their dull lives
 True as the college clock's unvarying hour
 Each morrow was the echo of to-day

' Thus, free from cares, and children, and
 wife, [c
 Pass'd his smooth moments ; till, lo !
 A lethargy assail'd his harmless life,
 And check'd his course, and shook his
 ing sand.

‘ Where Merton’s towers in Gothic grandeur rise,
And shed around each soph a deeper gloom,
Beneath the centre aisle interr’d he lies,
With these few lines engraved upon his tomb—’

THE EPITAPH.

OF vice or virtue void, here rests a man,
By Prudence taught each rude excess to shun;
Nor Love nor Pity marr’d his sober plan,
And Dulness claim’d him for her favourite son.

By no eccentric passion led astray,
Not rash to blame, nor eager to commend,
Calmly through life he steer’d his quiet way,
Nor made an enemy, nor gain’d a friend.

Seek not his faults—his merits—to explore,
But quickly drop this uninformative tale:
His works—his faults—his merits—are no more,
Sunk in the gloom of dark oblivion’s veil.

SIR J. H. MOORE.

AYLESBURY RACES.

A Ballad.

O GEORGE*, I’ve been, I’ll tell you where,
But first prepare yourself for raptures;
To paint this charming, heavenly fair,
And paint her well would ask whole chapters.

* George Ellis, Esq. is probably here addressed.

Fine creatures I've view'd many a one,
With lovely shapes and angel faces,
But I have seen them all outdone
By this sweet maid at Aylesbury Ra

Lords, commoners alike she rules,
Takes all who view her by surprise,
Makes e'en the wisest look like fools,
Nay, more, makes foxhunters look v
Her shape—'tis elegance and ease,
Unspoil'd by art or modern dress,
But gently tapering by degrees,
And finely, beautifully less.

Her foot—it was so wondrous small,
So thin, so round, so slim, so neat,
The buckle fairly hid it all,
And seem'd to sink it with the weig

And just above the spangled shoe,
Where many an eye did often glance
Sweetly retiring from the view,
And seen by stealth, and seen by cha

Two slender ankles peeping out,
Stood like Love's heralds, to declare
That all, within the petticoat,
Was firm and full and round and fai

And then she dances—better far
Than heart can think or tongue can
Nor Heinel, Banti, or Guimar
E'er moved so gracefully, so well.

So easy glide her beauteous limbs,
True as the echo to the sound,
She seems, as through the dance she sl
To tread on air and scorn the ground

And there is lightning in her eye,
One glance alone might well inspire
The clay cold breast of apathy,
Or bid the frozen heart catch fire.

And zephyr on her lovely lips
Has shed his choicest, sweetest roses,
And there his heavenly nectar sips,
And there in breathing sweets reposes.

And there's such music when she speaks,
You may believe me, when I tell ye,
I'd rather hear her than the squeaks
Or far famed squalls of Gabrielli :

And sparkling wit and steady sense
In that fair form with beauty vie,
But tinged with virgin diffidence
And the soft blush of modesty.

Had I the treasures of the world,
All the sun views, or the seas borrow,
(Else may I to the devil be hurl'd)
I'd lay them at her feet to-morrow.

But as we bards reap only bays,
Nor much of that, though nought grows on it,
I'll beat my brains to sound her praise,
And hammer them into a sonnet.

And if she deign one charming smile,
The bless'd reward of all my labours,
I'll never grudge my pains or toil,
But pity the dull squires, my neighbours.

SIR J. H. MOORE.

O TAM O' SHANTER.

A Tale.

Of Brownies and of Bogies full is this Bul
Gavin

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We thinkna on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering stor
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shante
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpass
For honest men and bonnie lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wis
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum
That frae November till October,
Ae market day thou wasna sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;

That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd, that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah! gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And aye the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious;
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious:
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;

Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.—
Nae man can tether time or tide—
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o'night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he takes the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles hauding fast his guid blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scot's sonnet;
Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;

And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.
Before him Doon pours all her floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering-thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil!—
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'dna deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, Wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o'beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—

By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cuttet frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red rusted;
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amazed, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans
A' plump and strapping, in their teens!
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwiddie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping an' flinging on a cummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach,

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night inlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore !'
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear),
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
Ah ! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever graced a dance of witches !

But here my Muse her wing maun cour ;
Sic flights are far beyond her power ;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jade she was and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd ;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidged fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main ;
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, ' Weel done, Cutty-sark !'
And in an instant all was dark :
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke ;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;

As eager runs the market crowd,
 When, ' Catch the thief!' resounds aloud;
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane * o' the brig;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they darena cross.
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient a tail she had to shake!
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain grey tail:
 The carlin clautht her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

.....

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son, tak heed:
 Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys owre dear,
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare. BURNS.

* It is a well known fact, that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream.—It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with *bogles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

AN ALLEGORY ON MAN.

A THOUGHTFUL being, long and spare,
Our race of mortals call him Care
(Were Homer living, well he knew
What name the gods have call'd him too);
With fine mechanic genius wrought,
And loved to work, though no one bought.

This being by a model bred
In Jove's eternal sable head,
Contrived a shape impower'd to breathe,
And be the worldling here beneath.

The man rose staring, like a stake;
Wondering to see himself awake!
Then look'd so wise, before he knew
The business he was made to do,
That, pleas'd to see with what a grace
He gravely show'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An under-something of the sky.

But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a poet's god
(For which his curls ambrosial shake,
And mother Earth's obliged to quake),
He saw old mother Earth arise,
She stood confess'd before his eyes;
But not with what we read she wore,
A castle for a crown before,
Nor with long streets and longer roads
Dangling behind her, like commodes:
As yet with wreaths alone she dress'd!
And trail'd a landscape-painted vest.
Then thrice she raised, as Ovid said,
And thrice she bow'd her weighty head.

Her honours made, ' Great Jove! (she cries)
This thing was fashion'd from my side ;
His hands, his heart, his head are mine ;
Then what hast thou to call him thine ?'

' Nay, rather ask (the monarch said)
What boots his hand, his heart, his head,
Were what I gave removed away ?
Thy part's an idle shape of clay.'

' Halves, more than halves ! (cried honest Cato)
Your pleas would make your titles fair ;
You claim the body, you the soul,
But I, who join'd them, claim the whole.'

Thus with the gods debate began,
On such a trivial cause as Man.
And can celestial tempers rage ?
Quoth Virgil, in a later age.

As thus they wrangled, Time came by ;
(There's none that paint him such as I,
For what the fabling ancients sung,
Makes Saturn old, when Time was young.)
As yet his winters had not shed
Their silver honours on his head ;
He just had got his pinions free,
From his old sire Eternity.
A serpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth, before ;
By which our almanacks are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.
A staff he carried, where on high
A glass was fix'd to measure by,
As amber boxes made a show
For heads of canes an age ago.
His vest, for day and night, was pied ;
A bending sickle arm'd his side ;

And Spring's new months his train adorn!
The other Seasons were unborn.

Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cause.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
Where since his hours a dial made;
Then leaning heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounced the words of Fate:—

' Since body from the parent Earth,
And soul from Jove received a birth,
Return they where they first began;
But since their union makes the Man,
Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,
To Care who join'd them, Man is due.'

He said, and sprung with swift career
To trace a circle for the year;
Where ever since the Seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.

' 'Tis well (said Jove), and for consent
Thundering he shook the firmament.
Our umpire Time shall have his way,
With Care I let the creature stay:
Let business vex him, avarice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion speak,
And want afflict, and sickness break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy distract, and sorrow kill.
Till, arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long destructive blow;
And wasted Man, whose quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his day,
Shall only find by this decree,
The soul flies sooner back to me.'

PARNELL.

POVERTY AND POETRY.

'Twas sung of old how one Amphion
Could by his verses tame a lion,
And, by his strange enchanting tunes,
Make bears or wolves dance rigadoons ;
His songs could call the timber down,
And form it into house or town ;
But it is plain that in these times
No house is raised by poets' rhymes ;
They for themselves can only rear
A few wild castles—in the air ;
Poor are the brethren of the bays,
Down from high strains, to ekes and ayes :
The Muses too are virgins yet,
And may be—till they portions get.

Yet still the doting rhymer dreams,
And sings of Helicon's bright streams ;
But Helicon, for all his clatter,
Yields only uninspiring water ;
Yet, even athirst, he sweetly sings
Of nectar and Elysian springs.

What dire malignant planet sheds,
Ye bards, his influence on your heads ?
Lawyers, by endless controversies,
Consume unthinking clients' purses,
As Pharaoh's kine, which strange and odd is,
Devour'd the plump and well fed bodies.

The grave physician who, by physic,
Like death, dispatches him that is sick,
Pursues a sure and thriving trade ;
Though patients die, the doctor's paid :
Licensed to kill, he gains a palace
For what another mounts the gallows.

In shady groves the Muses stray,
And love in flowery meads to play ;
An idle crew ! whose only trade is
To shine in trifles, like our ladies ;
In dressing, dancing, toying, singing,
While wiser Pallas thrives by spinning :
Thus they gain nothing to bequeath
Their votaries, but a laurel wreath.

But love rewards the bard ! the fair
Attend his song, and ease his care :
Alas ! fond youth, your plea you urge ill
Without a jointure, though a Virgil.
Could you like Phœbus sing, in vain
You nobly swell the lofty strain ;
Coy Daphne flies, and you will find as
Hard hearts as hers, in your Belindas.

But then some say you purchase fame,
And gain that envied prize, a name ;
Great recompense ! like his who sells
A diamond for beads and bells.
Will fame be thought sufficient bail
To keep the poet from the gaol ?—

Thus the brave soldier, in the wars,
Gets empty praise and aching scars :
Is paid with fame and wooden legs ;
And, starved, the glorious vagrant begs.

BROOME.

THE BUSY INDOLENT.

JACK CARELESS was a man of parts,
Well skill'd in the politer arts,
With judgment read, with humour writ,
Among his friends pass'd for a wit ;

But loved his ease more than his meat,
And wonder'd knaves could toil and cheat,
To' expose themselves by being great.
At no levees the suppliant bow'd,
Nor courted for their votes the crowd ;
Nor riches nor preferment sought,
Did what he pleased, spoke what he thought ;
Content within due bounds to live,
And what he could not spend, to give :
Would whiff his pipe o'er nappy ale,
And joke, and pun, and tell his tale ;
Reform the state, lay down the law,
And talk of lords he never saw ;
Fight Marlborough's battles o'er again,
And push the French on Blenheim's plain ;
Discourse of Paris, Naples, Rome,
Though he had never stirr'd from home :
'Tis true he travell'd with great care
The tour of Europe—in his chair ;
Was loath to part without his load,
Or move till morning peep'd abroad.

One day this honest idle rake,
Nor quite asleep nor well awake,
Was lolling in his elbow-chair,
And building castles in the air ;
His nipperkin (the port was good)
Half empty at his elbow stood,
When a strange noise offends his ear,
The din increased as it came near,
And in his yard at last he view'd
Of farmers a great multitude,
Who that day, walking of their rounds
Had disagreed about their bounds ;
And sure the difference must be wide,
Where each does for himself decide.

Volleys of oaths in vain they swear,
Which burst like guiltless bombs in air ;
And, 'Thou'rt a knave!' and 'Thou'rt an oaf!'
Is bandied round with truth enough.
At length they mutually agree
His worship should be referee,
Which courteous Jack consents to be ;
Though for himself he would not budge,
Yet for his friends an arrant drudge ;
A conscience of this point he made,
With pleasure readily obey'd,
And shot like lightning to their aid.
The farmers, summon'd to his room,
Bowing with awkward reverence come.
In his great chair his worship sat,
A grave and able magistrate :
Silence proclaim'd, each clack was laid,
And flippant tongues with pain obey'd.
In a short speech he first computes
The vast expense of law disputes,
And everlasting chancery suits.
With zeal and warmth he rallied then
Pack'd juries, sheriffs, talesmen,
And recommended in the close
Good neighbourhood, peace, and repose.
Next weigh'd with care each man's pretence,
Perused records, heard evidence ;
Observed, replied, hit every blot,
Unravel'd every Gordian knot ;
With great activity and parts
Inform'd their judgments, won their hearts,
And without fees or time mispent
By strength of ale and argument,
Dispatch'd them home, friends and content.

Trusty, who at his elbow sat,
And with surprise heard the debate,
Astonish'd, could not but admire
His strange dexterity and fire,
His wise discernment and good sense,
His quickness, ease, and eloquence :
' Lord ! sir (said he), I can't but chide ;
What useful talents do you hide !
In half an hour you have done more
Than Puzzle can in half a score,
With all the practice of the courts,
His cases, precedents, reports.'

Jack with a smile replied, ' 'Tis true,
This may seem odd, my friend, to you :
But give me not more than my due.
No hungry judge nods o'er the laws,
But hastens to decide the cause.
Who hands the oar, and drags the chain,
Will struggle to be free again.
So lazy men and indolent,
With cares oppress'd, and business spent,
Exert their utmost powers and skill,
Work hard ; for what ? why, to sit still.
They toil, they sweat, they want no fee,
For even sloth prompts to industry :
Therefore, my friend, I freely own
All this address I now have shown,
Is mere impatience, and no more,
To lounge and loiter as before.
Life is a span, the world an inn—
Here, sirrah, the' other nipperkin.'

SOMERVIL

TO VACUNA.

Sceptre of Ease!—whose calm dominion spreads
Through the chill Chronian, or whose lagging weeds
Fan to repose the southern realms! whose throne
More slaves obey than swarm around the courts
Pelim or Agra—universal queen!

ME haply dozing through a summer's day,
Thy meanest subject, thou hast often deign'd
Even here to visit.—If thy poppy then
Was ever shed upon my careless quill;
If e'er the nodding Muse was bless'd with power
To lull the reader with her opiate verse;
Come, goddess; but be gentle, not as when
On studious heads attendant, thou art seen
At the night's twinkling lamp, with poring eye
Immersed in meditation, Slumber's foe:
Where the bewilder'd casuist unwinds
Perplexities, or Halley from his tower,
Explores the world of stars.—In other guise
Thee I invoke; serene and mild approach,
With forehead smooth and sauntering gait—put on
Smiles of no meaning, or in sober mood
Fix the dull visage, and the leaden eye
Lethargic, when it stares, and seems to think—
Reserve, by thee directed, keeps at home,
Intent upon his volume, or applies
The needle's reparation to his hose,
Or scissors to the paper. Taught by thee,
Dullman takes snuff; but ever and anon
Turns o'er the page unread.—Others, more sage,

Place, year, and printer, ably noted, well
Examine the whole frontispiece ; or, if
Yet stricter their inspection, venture in
From leaf to leaf, and, curious, there select
Italicks, or consult the margin ; pleased
With hero, or with anecdote ;—all else,
The observation, maxim, inference,
Disturb him into thought.—It sure were long
To name thy several votaries, power supreme,
Or all thy varied realms. Why should I speak
Of news and coffee, or where eunuchs play,
And where the buskin'd Roscius. These and
more

Flock to thy temple, where thou sitt'st enshrined
In apathies profound, and waste of time
The sacrifice.—About thee dice and cards
Lie scatter'd, and a thousand vassal beaux
Officiate in thy worship.—Not from shade
Of solitude withhold thy gentle sphere :
There, unattended, thou canst ever shroud
Thy beauties, and thy attributes with me,
By vale or brook to loiter, not unpleased,
And listen to the current, or the bee
That hums her fairy tunes in Flora's praise,
Or to loud rooks, on aged elm or oak,
Where perch'd aloft, the legislature sits
Debating in full senate points of state.

My bower, my walks, and studies, all are th
For thee my shade of yew extends, my lawn
Spreads the soft lap, and waters whisper sh
Here thou mayst reign secure ; nor hostile tho
Nor argument, nor logic's dread array,
Make inroad on thy kingdoms. What tho
Malicious tongues accuse me, and report

That I am false to thee ; for that I hold
Forbidden commerce with Parnassian maids,
With Phœbus, and thy foes ; or, more severe,
Impeach me as a lurking satirist ;
Known is my innocence to thee. 'Tis true
That I can scribble, but the pen is thine :
Accept in proof, O goddess, this my verse.

DR. SNEYD DAVIES.

VERSES.

TEASE me no more, nor think I care
Though monarchs bow at Kitty's shrine,
Or powder'd coxcombs woo the fair,
Since Kitty is no longer mine.

Indifferent 'tis alike to me,
If my favourite dove be stole,
Whether its dainty feathers be
Pluck'd by the eagle or the owl.

If not for me its blushing lips
The rosebud opens, what care I
Who the odorous liquid sips,
The king of bees or butterfly ?

Like me, the Indians of Peru,
Rich in mines of golden ore,
Dejected see the merchant's crew
Transport it to a foreign shore.

Seeks the slave despoiled to know,
Whether his gold, in shape of lace,
Shine on the coat of birth-day beau,
Or wear the stamp of George's face ?

GLYNN.

ESSAY

ON

THE CONTRARIETIES OF PUBLIC VIRTUE.

SOCIETY, like thong of leather,
Fast binds in clusters men together ;
And though it cannot be forgotten
That some are ripe, and some are rotten,
Yet,—let it still be understood,
They all promote the general good.
For this the Patriot's fire arises,
That glows at every trying crisis ;
With each inferior strife, and stir too,
Whence spring they ? but from public virtue.
Though different plans, like streams, 'tis true,
By different rills their course pursue ;
Though oft they seem, to mortals blind,
Repugnant to the end design'd,
Appearing, as by error led,
To flow through many a mazy bed ;
Yet still at length we see them glide,
Meandering to the common tide.

Smile on, ye grave, in deep derision,
I shrink not from my proposition,
But still aver all Britons merit
The praise of Patriotic Spirit ;
As far as e'er their power can stretch,
From N——— descending down to Ketch.
That statesmen guard the public weal,
We all must own, for all must feel :
'Tis theirs to watch with ardour keen,
And careful drive the grand machine ;

To charm the passengers from fretting,
And keep the whole from oversetting.
But still inferior hands may bring
Some little help,—may oil a spring,—
May point,—‘ There, round that corner turn ye,’
And wish the folks a pleasant journey.

All have their use,—there’s nothing plainer,
From this each traveller’s a gainer ;
And, though the merits be but few,
Let’s give to every imp his due.
This social fire though all possess,
In some there’s nothing blazes less ;
So many a close attempt is made
O’er the bright flame to hold a shade,
To keep their worth from being known,
While conscience hugs itself alone :
As some of alms will never boast,
And look least pleased when giving most.

But, Cynics, spare the odd behaviour,
If well you walk, ne’er blame the paviour.
Should you, when wandering in the night,
Some scoundrel urge to set you right,
Now, though he blasts you with a curse,
You’ll take the better from the worse,
Nor think the greeting ill bestow’d,
If while he damns he shows the road ;
But straight jog home, no more affrighted
Than if an honest watchman lighted.

Learn then the best to cull from evil,
As saints take warning by the devil.
And,—if the Muse, whose judgment nice is,
Shows public good in private vices,
The holiest tongue must cease to stir,
But instant own without demur,

While modest matrons start at Drury,
The thief's as useful as the jury,
Since both the mind strong truths impress on,
And teach the world an awful lesson.
Our various patriots then revere,
Their hearts are sound, though manners queer :
Though some to outward vision seem
To sport in phrensy's antic dream,
The aims of each laborious self are
Intended for the public welfare.
This glorious end alone pursuing,
They, bold like Curtius, laugh at ruin ;
For this, if we their schemes unravel,
They drink, whore, mortgage, game, and travel.

Enthusiast in the paths of Science,
Banks bade the stormy waves defiance ;
Fair Nature's volume to explore,
He * fought with seas unsail'd before,
And earn'd, by Argonautic toil,
Fresh honours for his native soil :
Him Wisdom loved, thus worthy found,
And Britain hail'd him as she crown'd.

But say—' Can one adventurer's claim
Exhaust the trumpet voice of fame ?
No garland has my country now,
To bind another pilgrim's brow ?
Be mine the merit,'—Florio cries,
And cross the Channel gaily flies ;
Through thick and thin drives mad and giddy on,
Now here, now there, now in meridian
(Unless perchance when louis fail),
A meteor—with a fiery tail.

* With such mad seas the daring Gama fought.

Thomson.

Think you his aim in each manœuvre,
Is but to scare the astonish'd Louvre?
Ah no!—in all the dissipation
He loves the interest of his nation,
And, mindful of the Patriot rule,
For our instruction—plays the fool.

Connubial faith,—the' unbroken vow,—
How bless'd! Who dares to disallow?
Lothario strong in this agrees,
And—urges every wife he sees;
Sure—if the' attack should fail upon her,
The sex is happy in her honour:
And,—if his stratagems surprise her,
Her fall may make the' unsteady wiser.
The husband from his doze may start,
And, though he long disdain'd her heart,
May look the thief with visage fierce on,
Who dared defile the slighted person.
' Draw—draw to set the matter right,'—
But is Lothario wrong to fight?
No,—Public Virtue swells his veins,
Whoever falls,—his country gains;
This none can doubt; your feelings ask, all:
For 'tis a gain to lose a rascal.

When trade unclogg'd can turn its wheels,
The influence kind the kingdom feels;
Each hand, in fit degree and measure,
Contributes to the public treasure.
These truths Northumberland convince,
Who lives in just magnificence,
And,—while his bounty wide distils
For England's welfare—pays his bills.

But different notions Cotta strike,
For why should Patriots judge alike?

It shocks his greatness to describe
How, 'Peasants gall the courtier's kibe,'
An upstart race, that no one knows,
Who yet have folly to suppose,
That honest wealth is better far
Than guilt and want beneath a star.
'Let every man preserve his station;
, What's rule—without subordination?'
Till wiser heads confess the flaw,
And plan a sumptuary law,
Impatient some redress to get,
See Cotta plunges into débt
(From bailiffs safe)—and much commends
This practice to his hungry friends:
So war is waged with every trader,
Dear Honour! lest the rogues degrade her:
And what contrivance is more sure
To humble,—than to keep them poor?

When in contention sharp of old,
As legendary tales unfold,
Two * rival deities design'd
Their choicest presents to mankind,
With envy kindling,—warm enforcer!
This gave an olive, that a courser.

Thus some,—as other plans have miss'd the
Revere the vegetable system,
And think their virtue grounded sure
In growth of timber, and—manure.
Hence, up the slope plantations spread,
And crown the hill's once dreary head;
Hence, downward as the vale descends,
The harvest ocean wide extends;

* Minerva and Neptune.

Glad Britain—how these prospects charm her!
Her medal* decks the Patriot Farmer,
Who counts his stock,—and hopes he's shown
His country's riches in his own.
Not so the squire of bolsterous spirit,
Who, studious of equestrian merit,
To thrifty care makes no pretences,
But scours the fields and breaks the fences.
Vain may the tenant urge his speeches,
New till the soil and mend the breaches,
Yet no restraint his landlord clogs;—
Devoted as a prey to dogs,
He hates ignoble frugal ways,
And—wild in the career of praise,
Cries, as he spurs his foaming steed,
'To me Old England owes the breed.'

Do various loads the nation press?
'Tis noble sure to make them less:
This Vigil does, and labours hard
To cog the die or palm the card:
Profuse in packs, as round they lie,
He often turns the' applauding eye;
And—though he cheats, thinks nothing of it,
Since his dear country shares the profit.
Keen censure then her frown relaxes,
Without consumption what are taxes?

Taxes? But, 'why (Thersites growls)
Must every bird be stripp'd by owls?
Shall two or three, in pamper'd ease,
Lay contributions as they please,
While all the rest, in station humble,
Tame bear the loss,—nor dare to grumble!'

* Medals given by the Society for the encouraging of Arts and Sciences.

Peace, Snarler,—know, with steady soul
The Patriot can applaud the whole;
And justly crowns with equal praise
The man who levies and who pays.

'Tis true, the Doctor of finances
By nostrums oft his fund enhances:
But then his skill in physic's great,
He knows the ailments of the state,
Intent, as suits the sad disaster,
To cup, prick, purge, or spread a plaster.
A plethora's now the case, there's needing
Strict regimen and copious bleeding.
He therefore acts the subject best
Who scorns the order to contest;
But claps a calm contented face on,
And yields the most to fill the bason.

To give his part, through various stages
The Manufacturer engages;
And thinks there's merit at his door,
Whose business feeds the labouring poor,
While to the keen Exciseman's eyes
Accumulating duties rise.

'Curse on the drudge's dirty toil
(Exclaims my haughty lord of soil,
Though oft his title-deeds may rest
Safe in the usurer's iron chest);
Unpaid let other calls remain,
I'll still uphold my menial train;
Economy!—'tis base to court her,
Each Footman* is a state-supporter;
To balk the cause a coward's sin is,
I'll bravely pay the hundred guineas.'

* New tax on servants.

Deep Bibo soaks, and boasts the reason,
 'Wine's the best antidote to treason,
 Our bumpers large revenues bring,
 I drink my claret for my king.'
 Yet still his zeal by far surpasses
 Who empties first, then breaks the glasses*.

How Fungus glows with patriot pride ;
 While credit pours an even tide !
 Thus buoy'd along, through fairy scenes,
 He clubs his share to ways and means ;
 At length the dun's incessant clamour
 Dooms every chattel to the hammer ;
 Still there's decorum in his fall,
 Since now the Auction† closes all.

Smile, Walpole's ghost‡, untaught to feign,
 For private folly's public gain :
 And bid old Cecil§ smooth his brow,—
 If England thrives,—no matter how.

Vespasian thus, the bee of money,
 From every weed could gather honey :
 Though squeamish Titus leer'd and laugh'd,
 The wiser father bless'd the craft ;
 And, when his bags the cash was sure in,
 Ne'er thought the tribute smelt of urine.

PENROSE.

* New tax on glass wares.

† Ditto on auctions.

‡ Sir Robert Walpole, first Earl of Orford.

§ Probably William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, is here designated.

THE ENTAIL*.

A fable.

In a fair summer's radiant morn,
A butterfly, divinely born,
Whose lineage dated from the mud
Of Noah's or Deucalion's flood,
Long hovering round a perfumed lawn,
By various gusts of odours drawn,
At last establish'd his repose
On the rich bosom of a rose.
The palace pleased the lordly guest ;
What insect own'd a prouder nest ?
The dewy leaves luxurious shed
Their balmy odours o'er his head,
And, with their silken tapestry, fold
His limbs enthroned on central gold.
He thinks the throne's embattled round
To guard his castle's lovely mound,
And all his bush's wide domain
Subservient to his fancied reign.
Such ample blessings swell'd the fly !
Yet, in his mind's capacious eye,
He roll'd the change of mortal things,
The common fate of flies and kings.
With grief he saw how lands and honour
Are apt to slide to various owners ;
Where Mowbrays dwelt, how grocers d'
And how cits buy what barons sell.

* This piece was occasioned by the author being as he had finished the little castle at Strawberry Hill, and it with the portraits and arms of his ancestors) if he (sign to entail it on his family.

‘ Great Phoebus! patriarch of my line,
Avert such shame from sons of thine,
To them confirm these roofs,’ he said :
And then he swore an oath so dread
The stoutest wasp that wears a sword
Had trembled to have heard the word !
‘ If law can rivet down entails,
These manors ne’er shall pass to snails.
I swear’—and then he smote his ermine—
‘ These towers were never built for vermin.’
A caterpillar grovel’d near,
A subtle, slow conveyancer,
Who summon’d, waddles with his quill
To draw the haughty insect’s will.
None but his heirs must own the spot,
Begotten, or to be begot :
Each leaf he binds, each bud he ties
To eggs of eggs of butterflies.

When, lo! how Fortune loves to tease
Those who would dictate her decrees !
A wanton boy was passing by ;
The wanton child beheld the fly
And eager ran to seize the prey ;
But, too impetuous in his play,
Crush’d the proud tenant of an hour,
And swept away the mansion flower.

HORACE WALPOLE.

THE SILENT LOVER.

PASSIONS are liken’d best to floods and streams ;
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb :
So, when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.

They that are rich in words must needs discover
They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart,
The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart
Who sues for no compassion.

Since if my plaints were hot to' approve
The conquest of thy beauty,
It comes not from defect of love,
But fear to exceed my duty.

For, knowing that I sue to serve
A saint of such perfection
As all desire, but none deserve
A place in her affection ;

I rather choose to want relief
Than venture the revealing :
Where glory recommends the grief
Despair disdains the healing.

Silence in love betrays more woe
Than words though ne'er so witty ;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,
My love for secret passion ;
He smarteth most who hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.

SIR W. RALEIGH.

ON

READING MILTON WITH A YOUNG LADY.

Al no, when we study our poet divine,
Believe me, dear girl, all the profit is mine;
When he paints the first woman, the fairest of
creatures,
The bloom of creation still fresh on her features,
Never dreaming as yet or of sorrow or sin,
All faultless without, and all spotless within,
Oh, how could I think such perfection were true,
Unvouch'd by a proof so convincing as *you*! [skies,
And when, with his Muse, we shall mount to the
Oh, think what advantage to *me* must arise,
With *you* through the *birthplace of angels* to roam,
Where *I* am an alien, and *you* are at home!

HON. R. SPENCER.

THE NEEDLESS ALARM.

THERE is a field, through which I often pass,
Thick overspread with moss and silky grass,
Adjoining close to Kilwick's echoing wood,
Where oft the bitch fox hides her hapless brood,
Reserved to solace many a neighbouring squire,
That he may follow them through brake and brier,
Contusion hazarding of neck or spine,
Which rural gentlemen call sport divine.
A narrow brook, by rushy banks conceal'd,
Runs in a bottom, and divides the field;
Oaks intersperse it, that had once a head,
But now wear crests of oven wood instead;
And where the land slopes to its watery bourn
Wide yawns a gulf beside a ragged thorn,

Bricks line the sides, but shiver'd long ago,
And horrid brambles intertwine below ;
A hollow scoop'd, I judge, in ancient time,
For baking earth, or burning rock to lime.

Nor yet the hawthorn bore her berries red,
With which the fieldfare, wintry guest, is fed ;
Nor Autumn yet had brush'd from every spray,
With her chill hand, the mellow leaves away ;
But corn was housed, and beans were in the stack,
Now therefore issued forth the spotted pack,
With tails high mounted, ears hung low, and
throats

With a whole gamut fill'd of heavenly notes ;
For which, alas ! my destiny severe,
Though ears she gave me two, gave me no ear.

The Sun, accomplishing his early march,
His lamp now planted on heaven's topmost arch,
When, exercise and air my only aim,
And heedless whither, to that field I came,
Ere yet with ruthless joy the happy hound
Told hill and dale that Reynard's track was found,
Or with the high-raised horn's melodious clang
All Kilwick * and all Dingleberry * rang.

Sheep grazed the field ; some with soft bosom
press'd

The herb as soft, while nibbling stray'd the rest ;
Nor noise was heard but of the hasty brook,
Struggling, detain'd in many a petty nook.
All seem'd so peaceful, that, from them convey'd,
To me their peace by kind contagion spread.

But when the huntsman with distended cheek
'Gan make his instrument of music speak,
And from within the wood that crash was heard,
Though not a hound from whom it burst appear'd,

* Two woods belonging to John Throckmorton, Esq.

The sheep recumbent and the sheep that grazed,
All huddling into phalanx, stood and gazed,
Admiring, terrified, the novel strain,
Then coursed the field around, and coursed it
round again ;

But, recollecting, with a sudden thought,
That flight in circles urged advanced them nought,
They gather'd close around the old pit's brink,
And thought again—but knew not what to think.

The man to solitude accustom'd long
Perceives in every thing that lives a tongue ;
Not animals alone, but shrubs and trees
Have speech for him, and understood with ease ;
After long drought, when rains abundant fall,
He hears the herbs and flowers rejoicing all :
Knows what the freshness of their hue implies,
How glad they catch the largess of the skies ;
But, with precision nicer still, the mind
He scans of every locomotive kind ;
Birds of all feather, beasts of every name,
That serve mankind or shun them, wild or tame ;
The looks and gestures of their griefs and fears
Have all articulation in his ears ;
He spells them true by intuition's light,
And needs no glossary to set him right.

This truth premised was needful as a text,
To win due credence to what follows next.

A while they mused ; surveying every face,
Thou hadst supposed them of superior race ;
Their periwigs of wool and fears combined,
Stamp'd on each countenance such marks of mind
That sage they seem'd as lawyers o'er a doubt,
Which, puzzling long, at last they puzzle out ;

Or academic tutors, teaching youths,
Sure ne'er to want them, mathematic truths;
When thus a mutton, statelier than the rest,
A ram, the ewes and wethers sad address'd—

Friends! we have lived too long. I never heard
Sounds such as these, so worthy to be fear'd.
Could I believe, that winds for ages pent
In Earth's dark womb have found at last a vent,
And from their prison house below arise,
With all these hideous howlings, to the skies,
I could be much composed, nor should appear,
For such a cause, to feel the slightest fear.
Yourselves have seen, what time the thunders
All night, me resting quiet in the fold. [roll'd
Or heard we that tremendous bray alone,
I could expound the melancholy tone;
Should deem it by our old companion made,
The ass; for he, we know, has lately stray'd,
And being lost, perhaps, and wandering wide,
Might be supposed to clamour for a guide.
But ah! those dreadful yells what soul can hear,
That owns a carcass, and not quake for fear?
Demons produce them doubtless, brazen-claw'd
And fang'd with brass the demons are abroad;
I hold it therefore wisest and most fit,
That, life to save, we leap into the pit.

Him answer'd then his loving mate and true
But more discreet than he, a Cambrian ewe.

How, leap into the pit our life to save?
To save our life leap all into the grave?
For can we find it less? Contemplate first
The depth, how awful! falling there, we buy
Or should the brambles, interposed, our fall
In part abate, that happiness were small?

For with a race like theirs no chance I see
Of peace or ease to creatures clad as we.
Meantime, noise kills not. Be it Dapple's bray,
Or be it not, or be it whose it may,
And rush those other sounds, that seem by tongues
Of demons utter'd, from whatever lungs,
Sounds are but sounds, and, till the cause appear,
We have at least commodious standing here.
Come, fiend, come, fury, giant, monster, blast
From earth or hell, we can but plunge at last.

While thus she spake, I fainter heard the peals,
For Reynard, close attended at his heels
By panting dog, tired man, and spatter'd horse,
Through mere good fortune took a different course;
The flock grew calm again, and I, the road
Following that led me to my own abode,
Much wonder'd that the silly sheep had found
Such cause of terror in an empty sound,
So sweet to huntsman, gentleman, and hound.

MORAL.

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away.

COWPER.


INCOMPREHENSIBLE LOVE.

O SAY, when I tried your affection to move,
Why deaf to my sighs and my prayers?
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love—
But why did you kick me down stairs?

ANONYMOUS.

THE
LOVE OF THE WORLD REPROVED :
OR,
HYPOCRISY DETECTED.

THUS says the prophet of the Turk, .
' Good mussulman, abstain from pork ;
There is a part in every swine
No friend or follower of mine
May taste, whate'er his inclination,
On pain of excommunication.'
Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
And thus he left the point at large.
Had he the sinful part express'd,
They might with safety eat the rest ;
But for one piece they thought it hard
From the whole hog to be debarr'd :
And set their wit at work to find
What joint the prophet had in mind.
Much controversy straight arose,
These choose the back, the belly those ;
By some 'tis confidently said
He meant not to forbid the head ;
While others at that doctrine rail,
And piously prefer the tail.
Thus, conscience freed from every clog,
Mahometans eat up the hog.
You laugh—'tis well—The tale applied
May make you laugh on the' other side



Renounce the world—the preacher cries.
We do—a multitude replies.
While one as innocent regards
A snug and friendly game at cards ;
And one, whatever you may say,
Can see no evil in a play ;
Some love a concert, or a race ;
And others shooting and the chase.
Reviled and loved, renounced and follow'd,
Thus, bit by bit, the world is swallow'd :
Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,
Yet likes a slice as well as he :
With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

COWPER.

THE FIRM RESOLUTION.

Yes, you may sigh, and pout, and fret !
Vain are your efforts to secure me ;
For since, at last, I've broke the net,
There's nothing shall again allure me.

Not the dark lustre of those eyes,
At once so brilliant and so tender,
Though by each glance a lover dies,
Shall make my heart its peace surrender.

Nor care I for those coral lips,
Nor cheeks suffused with blushes roseal,
Though he who tastes them surely sips
Of more, far more, than sweets ambrosial.

So free am I, that e'en thy voice,
Whose tones might charm the angry ocean,
And bid the soul of woe rejoice,
Wakes in my breast no wild emotion.

I'll not be snared by any wile
That once before in bondage brought me.
Ah, idle boast!—that witching smile,
That witching smile again has caught me!

R. A. DAVENPORT.

THE SPLEEN.

I AM not of their mind who say
The world degenerates every day;
Nor like to hear a churl exclaim,
In rapture at Queen Bess's name,
And cry, ' what happy times were those
When ladies with the sun uprose,
And for their breakfast did not fear
To eat roast beef and drink strong beer!
Then buxom health and sprightly grace
Enlivened every blooming face,
Blooming with roses all its own;
And rouge, tea, vapours, were unknown.'

Nature, still changing, still the same,
Hath so contrived this worldly frame,
That every age shall duly share
The good or ill that flows from her.
Thus we, a spleenful race, are free
From magic and from sorcery;
While those who lived with good Queen Bess
(As they that know the truth confess)

Though spleen and vapours there were none,
Had imps and witches many a one;
And he who, 'cause he has not seen,
Will not believe, hath ne'er, I ween,
With due attention mused upon
Thy page, O British Solomon!

Thus far in preface.—Now I'll tell
How Spleen arose, when Witchcraft fell.
By vengeful laws the wizard brood
Long harass'd, and at length subdued,
Their black familiars all repair
Before the throne of Lucifer,
With sad petitions, setting forth
Their many grievances on earth,
What torments they were doom'd to bear
While tending on their witches there:
Some drown'd, to prove their innocence,
Or, scaping, hang'd on that pretence;
Some burnt within their steeple hats,
Some nine times murder'd in their cats:
Brief, they petition'd to enjoy
Some less adventurous employ,
Since witchcraft now was thought so common
They were not safe in an old woman.

Their suit was granted—up they came
New liveried in sulphur flame,
With licence through the realm to range;
But, with their power, their name they change.
Magic no longer now is seen,
And what was Witchcraft once, is Spleen:
Yet still they most delight to vex,
As first they did, the female sex;
And still, like an old witch's charm,
They tease, but have no power to harm.

Though doctors otherwise have told,
 The tale is true that I unfold :
 And with my system suits the name,
 For Spleen and Vapours are the same ;
 And all the country people know
 That these, ascending from below,
 Are devils of peculiar hue,
 And from their colour call them blue.

REV. W. CROWE.

LOVE OUT OF PLACE.

I'm a boy of all work, a complete little servant,
 Though now, out of place, like a beggar I rove
 Though in waiting so handy, in duty so fervent
 The Heart (could you think it) has turned away
 Love!

He pretends to require, growing older and older
 A nurse more expert his chill fits to remove,
 But sure every heart will grow colder and colder
 Whose fires are not lighted and fuel'd by Love

He fancies that Friendship, my puritan brother
 In journeys and visits more useful will prove
 But the heart will soon find, when it calls on
 another,
 That no heart is at home to a heart without love

He thinks his new porter, grim-featured Suspicion
 Will Falsehood and Pain from his mansion re-
 prove ; [missic
 But Pleasure and Truth will ne'er ask for aid
 If the doors of the heart be not opened by Love

Too late he will own, at his folly confounded,
My skill at a feast was all praises above;
For the heart, though with sweets in profusion
surrounded,
Must starve at a banquet unseasoned by Love!

The heart will soon find all his influence falter,
By me, by me only that influence throve;
With the change of his household his nature will
alter, [Love!
That heart is no heart which can live without
HON. W. R. SPENCER.

TO LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

Too late I staid, forgive the crime,
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of his glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftmess brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings?

HON. W. R. SPENCER.

HOW-D'Y'-DO AND GOOD-BYE.

ONE day Good-bye met How-d'y'-do,
Too close to shun saluting,
But soon the rival sisters flew
From kissing to disputing.

Away! says How-d'y'-do, your mien
Appals my cheerful nature ;
No name so sad as yours is seen
In Sorrow's nomenclature.

Whene'er I give one sunshine hour,
Your cloud comes o'er to shade it ;
Where'er I plant one bosom flower,
Your mildew drops to fade it.

Ere How-d'y'-do has tuned each tongue
To ' Hope's delightful measure,'
Good-bye in Friendship's ear has rung
The knell of parting pleasure.

From sorrows past my chemic skill
Draws smiles of consolation,
While you from present joys distil
The tears of separation.

Good-bye replied, " Your statement's true,
And well your cause you've pleaded ;
But pray who'd think of How-d'y'-do,
Unless Good-bye preceded ?

Without my prior influence
Could yours have ever flourish'd;
And can your hand one flower dispense
But those my tears have nourish'd?

How oft, if at the court of Love
Concealment be the fashion,
When How-d'y'-do has fail'd to move,
Good-bye reveals the passion.

How oft when Cupid's fires decline,
As every heart remembers,
One sigh of mine, and only mine,
Revives the dying embers.

Go bid the timid lover choose,
And I'll resign my charter,
If he for ten kind How-d'y'-do's
One kind Good-bye would barter.

From Love and Friendship's kindred source
We both derive existence,
And they would both lose half their force
Without our joint assistance.

'Tis well the world our merit knows,
Since time, there's no denying,
One half in How-d'y'-doing goes,
And t'other in Good-byeing.

HON. W. R. SPENCER.

THE

BUTTERFLY'S BALL AND THE GRASS-
HOPPER'S FEAST.

COME, take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the Butterfly's ball and the Grasshopper's feast;
The trumpeter Gadfly has summon'd the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth shaven grass by the side of a wood,
Beneath a broad oak which for ages has stood,
See the children of earth and the tenants of air
To an evening's amusement together repair.

And there came the Beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back,
And there came the Gnat, and the Dragonfly too,
And all their relations, green, orange, and blue.

And there came the Moth, with her plumage of
down,
And the Hornet, with jacket of yellow and brown,
Who with him the Wasp, his companion did bring,
But they promised that evening to lay by their
sting.

Then the sly little Dormouse peep'd out of his hole,
And led to the feast his blind cousin the Mole ;
And the snail, with her horns peeping out of the
shell, [an ell.
Came, fatigued with the distance, the length of

A mushroom the table, and on it was spread
A water-dock leaf, which their tablecloth made;
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the Bee brought his honey to crown the repast.

Then close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The Frog from a corner look'd up to the skies;
And the Squirrel, well pleased such diversion to
see, [tree.
Mounted high over head, and look'd down from a

Then out came the Spider, with fingers so fine,
To show his dexterity on the tight line;
From one branch to another his cobwebs he strung,
Then quick as an arrow he darted along;

But just in the middle, oh, shocking to tell!
From his rope in a moment poor harlequin fell;
Yet he touch'd not the ground, but his talons he
spread,
Hung suspended in air at the end of a thread.

Then the Grasshopper came with a jerk and a
spring, [wing;
Very long was his leg, though but short was his
He took but one skip, and was soon out of sight,
Then chirp'd his own praises the rest of the
night.

With steps most majestic the Snail did advance,
And he promised the gazers a minuet to dance;
But they all laugh'd so loud that he drew in his
head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed.

Then, as evening gave way to the shadows of
night, [light :

Their watchman, the Glowworm, came out with his
So home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you or for me.

ROSCOE.

ODE TO THE SPRING.

BY A MAN OF FASHION.

Lo! where the party-giving dames,
Fair Fashion's train appear,
Disclose the long-expected games,
And wake the modest year;
The Opera warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the actor's note,
The dear bought harmony of spring;
While, beaming pleasure as they fly,
Bright flambeaus through the murky sky
Their welcome fragrance fling.

Where'er the rout's full myriads close
The staircase and the door,
Where'er thick files of belles and beaux
Perspire at every pore;
Beside some faro table's brink,
With me the Muse shall stand and think
(Hemm'd sweetly in by squeeze of state)
How vast the comfort of the crowd,
How condescending are the proud,
How happy are the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care,
The drags and hacks repose ;
But, hark, how through the vacant air
The rattling clamour glows!
The wanton miss and rakish blade,
Eager to join the masquerade,
Through streets and squares pursue their fun ;
Home in the dusk some bashful skim ;
Some, lingering late, their motley trim
Exhibit to the sun.

To Dissipation's playful eye,
Such is the life for man,
And they that halt and they that fly
Should have no other plan.
Alike the busy and the gay
Should sport all night till break of day,
In Fashion's varying colours dress'd ;
Till seized for debt through rude mischance,
Or chill'd by age, they leave the dance,
In gaol or dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
Some sober quiz reply,
Poor child of Folly! what art thou ?
A Bond Street Butterfly!
Thy choice nor Health nor Nature greets,
No taste hast thou of vernal sweets ;
Enslaved by noise and dress and play,
Ere thou art to the country flown,
The sun will scorch, the spring be gone ;
Then leave the town in May.

ANONYMOUS.

THE FAIR THIEF.

BEFORE the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow;
And more,—that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn:
Stole all the sweets that ether sheds
On primrose buds or violet beds.

Still, to reveal her artful wiles,
She stole the Graces' silken smiles:
She stole Aurora's balmy breath,
And pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth:
The cherry, dipp'd in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips and hue.

These were her infant spoils, a store
To which, in time, she added more;
At twelve, she stole from Cyprus' Queen
Her air and love-commanding mien;
Stole Juno's dignity, and stole
From Pallas sense to charm the soul.

Apollo's wit was next her prey,
Her next the beam that lights the day;
She sung; amazed the Sirens heard,
And to assert their voice appear'd;
She play'd; the Muses from the hill
Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill.

Great Jove approved her crimes and art;
And t'other day she stole my heart.

If lovers, Cupid, are thy care,
Exert thy vengeance on this fair ;
To trial bring her stolen charms,
And let her prison be my arms.

EARL OF EGREMONT.

PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN.

Now see my goddess, earthly born,
With smiling looks and sparkling eyes,
And with a bloom that shames the morn,
New risen in the eastern skies.

Furnish'd from Nature's boundless store,
And one of Pleasure's laughing train ;
Stranger to all the wise explore,
She proves all far sought knowledge vain :

Untaught as Venus, when she found
Herself first floating on the sea,
And, laughing, begg'd the Tritons round,
For shame, to look some other way !

And unaccomplish'd all as Eve
In the first morning of her life,
When Adam blush'd, and ask'd her leave
To take her hand, and call her wife.

Yet there is something in her face,
Though she's unread in Plato's lore,
Might bring your Plato to disgrace
For leaving precepts taught before.

And there is magic in her eye
(Though she's unskill'd to conjure down
The pale moon from the' affrighted sky)
Might draw Endymion from the moon.

And there are words which she can speak,
More easy to be understood,
More sweet than all the heathen Greek,
By Helen talk'd, when Paris woo'd.

And she has raptures in her power,
More worth than all the flattering claim
Of learning's unsubstantial dower,
In present praise or future fame.


Let me but kiss her soft warm hand,
And let me whisper in her ear,
What knowledge would not understand,
And wisdom would disdain to hear;

And let her listen to my tale,
And let one smiling blush arise
(Bless'd omen that my vows prevail)
I'll scorn the scorn of all the wise.

ANONYMOUS.

LOVE'S LEARNING.

THOUGH never taught to measure space,
Nor versed in geometric lore,
The line of beauty I can trace,
And Chloe's finish'd form adore.



I cannot tell, a linguist sage,
And skill'd in critic ken profound,
The purport of each puzzling page,
Nor every tangled text expound;

But I can read, and run the while,
The lucid language of an eye,
The mystic meaning of a smile,
The soft compassion of a sigh.

I cannot give each light a name,
Which gems the expanse of ether blue,
Nor sing the physic and the fame
Of every herb which sips the dew ;

But I of all the charms can speak,
Which round my Chloe's image fly,
Bloom in the blossom of her cheek,
Laugh in the lustre of her eye.

All politics in truth I hate,
Save those which two fond hearts betray,
Nor any secrets know of state,
Save those of Cupid's silken sway.

Who guides the helm, who holds the scale,
Who rules the land, and who the sea,
If Russia or the Turk prevail,
'Tis just the same, I own, to me.

I only know if Delia reign,
Or Lydia sway my subject heart;
Whether I bear Melinda's chain,
Or 'neath my Chloe's anger smart.

Let others court the din of arms,
And fierce in iron fields engage;
I only wake to Love's alarms,
And Cupid's willing warfare wage.

Let others martial tactics teach,
And how to fight and how to fly;
Of Love's soft tactics I can preach,
And all his golden panoply.

To make the worse the better cause
My practised speech will ne'er persuade,
Unskill'd, indeed, in any laws
Save those alone which Love has made.

No rhetorician's robe I wear,
But can teach many a honey'd wile,
The soft persuasion of a tear,
The ruby rhetoric of a smile.

My want of wit who shall despise?
Since Love has made the world his throne;
Laws, arts has he, and policies,
And a whole science of his own.

G. A. RHODES.

END OF VOL. V.

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